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INSANITY, DISEASE, AND RELIGION.*

AN event recently occurred in the northern capital which not only startled that place like the shock of an earthquake, but also smote with doubt and trembling the hearts of many Christians throughout the land. And to the thoughtful mind this is not the least painful aspect of such a catastrophe as the death of the late Hugh Miller. The devout philosopher may be able, in the face of so tragic an event, to hold fast his deepest convictions of the promised shielding and sheltering power of Christ over his faithful servants; but the multitudes of simple-hearted, pious men need to have this dark mystery, not indeed fully opened up to their comprehension, but brought within the reach of their godly confidence and faith. The philosophy of insanity must be presented to them in Christian terms. For to them

the Christian of high profession and attainments stands forth as one to whom they are but too apt to look as a living exhibition of all the possible influences of the Gospel. They want to know how it was that the *plague did come nigh his dwelling*, since the promise made to every one that *dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High* is, that he *shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty*, who will, therefore, *satisfy him with long life, and show him His salvation*. The case was actually thus proposed to ourselves, as counter-evidence against the world's estimate of the goodness of one of the highest literary attainments and piety of the last generation, who was cut off by a supposed "pestilence." And, moreover, the fact alluded to has something like a terrible charm to certain minds which, we may suspect, have to struggle with temptations of their own, for which *they*, too, would be glad to find an excuse in the force of outward circumstances, or constitutional tendencies of sufficient potency for secret justification.

Having found it needful, for private reasons, to investigate the causes of what appeared to us to be not religious eccentricities, but forms of insanity, in cases

* 1. *The Power of the Soul over the Body, considered in relation to Health and Morals*. By GEORGE MOORE, M.D., Member of the Royal College of Physicians, etc. Third Edition. London. Longman & Co. 1846.
2. *Essays on the Partial Derangement of Mind in supposed Connection with Religion*. By JOHN CHEYNE, M.D. Dublin: Curry & Co. 1843.
3. *The Use of the Body in Relation to the Mind*. By GEORGE MOORE, M.D. Second Edition. London: Longman & Co. 1847.

brought under our own immediate observation, we think it may be important, at this time, to record them, not only in the hope of relieving some wounded sufferer under life's darker mysteries, but also of throwing a few rays of light upon the path of the professional spiritual guide, without which, we believe his best efforts in certain cases will be misdirected, vain, and possibly productive of further mischief. We make no pretensions to scientific knowledge but such as we have obtained from the careful study of professional authors, who have investigated these topics for the benefit of non-professional readers. But careful observation has long convinced us, that without some information of this kind, the spiritual guide goes forth incompletely equipped for his arduous and difficult duties. Psychology reveals to its few votaries the mysteries of the human mind; but it meddles not with the mysteries of its connection with the body; and yet it is quite certain that mental operations are so essentially dependent upon bodily conditions, that mental aberrations, greater or less, can not be satisfactorily explained but by means of this kind of knowledge. For not only is the body influenced by the mind, which most know, but also the spiritual mind is influenced, in its progress or deterioration, by the body, which fewer understand. Hence Dr. Moore has written upon *the morality of the stomach*.

We are hedged in by laws which are really what the Median and Persian only pretended to be—unalterable. Men may modify or direct, but they can not alter the laws by which the acorn becomes the oak. If the seed of the oak is cast on the sea, or set in the sands on its shore, or exposed to the atmosphere on a stone or on the hard soil, it will not grow; because it is subject to laws which all these circumstances violate. And similar remarks are applicable to every organized body with which the wants or the fancies of man induce him to deal. Steam and the electric fluid will obey him, if he will first of all obey them. Steam will do his bidding, if he will investigate the constitution of that most subtle machinery, in which alone the laws by which it is hedged in will permit it to work. And the electric fluid will pass under the ocean, and carry his messages to earth's poles, if he will expend millions for inventing for it that machinery

without which its marvellous powers will yield him no obedience.

And to follow up these cases a few steps further, for the sake of illustrating the maxim, that man and his world are hedged in by laws so stern and unyielding, that in other instances they either enforce obedience or result in death—let us look at the ship, richly freighted with human life and material wealth, which steam, obeying its own laws, is urging over the unwilling seas, winds and waves fighting together against its progress in vain. What a glorious vision for him whose thoughtful mind is stored with materials for filling up the vast chasm between the Indian's first rude attempt to make a road on the waters and that gallant ship! On she sails, man's pride, and glory, and faith! An explosion more terrible than thunder shivers the goodly vessel into fragments. That fearful crash that shook the stout heart of every sailor on board—that momentary climax of human misery, too awful and too profound for words to body forth—the floating spars, the sole remains of that noble vessel—what do they tell us? They simply tell us that some one of the laws by which steam is hedged in had been violated, and that it exacted death in some of its most terrible forms as the penalty.

But, further, a machine may not only be destroyed at once, but also damaged, and so become more or less unfit to fulfill perfectly its functions. Or, there may be latent evils at work, counteracting some one of its laws, but so slowly that the fatal issue comes on at last almost unperceived. Such has been the origin of the destruction of some steam machinery. There has been a weak or faulty part overlooked or undervalued, which was, however, contrary to the laws by which steam (to employ the phrase of another) "is hedged in;" and when, in its certain march, the evil reached the prescribed degree, the engine was destroyed by the laws of its own steam.

And this is strictly applicable to that organized machine which is hedged in with the unalterable laws of health and disease, of life and death—the human body. Not only will some sudden and palpable disaster—the knife thrust into the heart—produce instant death, but there are other evils, fostered either by ignorance or a willful violation of known laws, which will gradually, but as surely, prepare the body for premature destruction, or inefficiency,

as the overlooked or disregarded mischief in the steam-machine. For just as we have seen mechanical instruments laid aside as useless, because some law of their constitution had been gradually violated, so have we seen human bodies prematurely laid aside as useless, for like causes, either in the sick chamber or the lunatic asylum. And the two cases are philosophically, and not fancifully, parallel.

Perhaps, indeed, (if we may protract yet further these introductory remarks, pleading the importance of the theme as the excuse,) there is no subject upon which even thinking men are content to remain in such ignorance, as the laws which "hedge in" the human body. Nothing but this, we apprehend, can explain the large fortunes which have been so often made by the ignorant venders of quack medicines to such confiding crowds of patrons. We ourselves knew one of this successful but ignorant class, who, after realizing a handsome fortune by one patent pill, died prematurely, as his qualified medical attendant affirmed, through gross ignorance of the commonest laws of his own stomach; and yet myriads had trusted him with theirs! We suppose that Goethe must have had such cases in his mind when he penned the hideous scene in *Faust*, in which father and son, both amateur doctors, administered their potions to multitudes, and destroyed them them by *höllischen Latwergen*. The speaker tells Wagner that all this was done in pure ignorance, amidst the gratitude of the survivors.

*"Ich habe selbst den Gift an Tausende gegeben,
Sie welkten hin, ich muss erleben
Dass man die frechen Mörder lobt."*

And the experience of very many can trace prematurely-ailing bodies to similar ignorance of physical laws. We have often considered, therefore, whether some elementary knowledge of the structure of the human body should not enter into general education. We think it was Milton who suggested, in his book on education, that every student should at least be taught to manage his digestive organs; in addition to this, such elementary information might be given as to the structure of the brain, as would save many in after life from daily tampering with its functions and powers, with the certain penalty before them of the mournful end of the suicide, or of the inmate of the lunatic

asylum. This is thrown out for consideration, not because educated people in general are altogether without this kind of warning knowledge, but because there is always a great moral difference between that general knowledge of a danger which popular notions respecting it teach, and that which arises from the accurate teachings of science.

But the ethical bearings of our subject are, perhaps, the most important of all. The melancholy stories of insanity which have been connected with, and traced up to religion, demand such a clear statement of what insanity is, and does, or may occasion, as shall free man's noblest and best earthly heritage from so dreadful an accusation. And, fortunately, such statements have been made by those who were not only experimental Christians, but also experimental men of science; and on this subject we ourselves should not care to abide by the judgment of either the theoretic Christian or the theoretic man of science. We turn, in the first place, to the work which stands second at the head of this article. Dr. Cheyne, in his *Essays*, thus records his professional opinion:

"That mental derangement may originate in superstition or fanaticism—by either of which, behind a visor of religious zeal, all sobriety of mind is invaded, to the interruption of social and domestic duties—will be understood by those who know that insanity, in the predisposed, may arise from any cause that excites, at the same time that it agitates, the mind. But that true religion which removes doubts and distractions, explains our duties, and reconciles us to them, and teaches that all things work together for good to them that love God; and thus not only guides, but supports us, as we toil through the weary maze of life; which, in every pursuit, demands moderation and method,—that true religion should be productive of insanity, is not easily credible, and would require the clearest evidence."—Page 131.

Again, he elsewhere expresses himself thus:

"We firmly believe that the Gospel, received simply, never, since it was preached, produced a single case of insanity; the admission that it has such a tendency ought never to have been conceded to the enemies of the Cross. We have granted that fanaticism and superstition have caused insanity, as well they may; nay, derangement of the mind may often have been caused by the terrors of the law; but by the Gospel—by a knowledge of and trust in Jesus—never."—Page 144.

And the testimony of Dr. Moore is to the same effect. Thus we read:

"Some say religion is a frequent cause of insanity. No; true religion is the spirit of love, and of power, and of a sound mind; ever active in diversified duties and delights, and always busy in a becoming manner, and in a decent order. But the wild notions, unmeaning superstitions, spiritual bondage, unrequired and forbidden rites and ceremonies which wayward men have substituted for the liberty of God, begin in disobedience and end in darkness."—*Power of the Soul over the Body*, p. 296.

Upon the strength of such testimony as this, the spiritual guide can confidently, without painful and shrinking misgivings, seek to reduce any case occurring within his own experience to its true causes, always at the outset casting aside the element of religion as encumbering it, however much ignorant or interested persons may wish to introduce it.

But before proceeding to illustrate supposed cases of religious insanity, we will show how the spiritual condition is influenced by disorders of the body. By investigating the influences of food and drink on the mind, we soon discover the strongest motives for self-denial, and learn many a lesson concerning the nature and extent of our responsibility. The comfort and efficiency of the intellect, nay, the moral perception, manliness, and virtue of the mind, depend greatly on our use of aliment; and in the very means by which we sustain the strength of the body, or most directly disorder its functions, we at the same time either fortify or disable the brain. It is of course known, that the physical nature of man depends upon his food; but it is less known how much the moral nature depends upon the physical nature; or what changes in the temper and disposition are introduced by physical influences. An example, which truly illustrates this, may be fairly accepted as proving the principle, and with this view we avail ourselves of the following medical testimony. If the human body is dissected before putrefaction takes place, the dissector, if he cuts himself, or if he has a previous wound in his hand, is in danger of absorbing from the dead body a *something* that is frequently destructive of life. Many years ago, a medical gentleman, of liberal mind and amiable disposition, while engaged in the dissection of a body, imbibed the poison referred to through a

puncture in the skin, in consequence of which he well nigh lost his life. From the time of his illness, from which he slowly recovered, it was observed that he was morose and selfish. The conclusion of this short history is remarkable. Several years afterward, the same individual came under the influences of godliness, and one of the first effects of this—the only principle of true reform—was an act of great generosity; and ever after his life was a course of gentleness and unostentatious benevolence.

It is the *principle* implied in this, that in other exhibitions bears out the opinion quoted with approbation by Dr. Moore, that "it has been said, and probably with truth, that food has a higher bearing on the mind than on the physical frame of man." It has been shown experimentally, that the mind can only exert its powers through the instrumentality of the bodily organs. If the nerves which convey sensation be compressed, there will be no perception of bodily qualities; if the brain be compressed, thought will be suspended; if the nerves of motion be compressed, the will can no longer command them. And from the doctrine deducible from such facts as these, it follows, that every fresh inroad upon the mind, every example of amentia, delusion, or insanity, is connected with some corresponding change in the condition of the body. Dr. Cheyne remarks, that he never "saw a case of mental derangement, even when traceable to a moral career, in which there was not reason to believe that bodily disease could have been detected before the earliest aberration, had an opportunity offered for examination." And the same highly religious and scientific authority adds, "Not only does every deranged state of the intellectual faculties and the natural affections depend upon bodily disease, but also derangements of the *religious* and *moral sentiments* originate in diseases of the body." Hence it can be explained, that the sinking of despair is not more dreadful or extreme than the hopelessness which depends merely upon the disease of the *nervous system*. But what warnings are conveyed by such facts to him, who, instead of mastering his appetites, the indulgence of which is the fruitful parent of so many diseases, is mastered by them!

Perhaps it may startle some to be told that even the *conscience*, which is popu-

larly supposed to be the faculty most of all independent of physical causes, is yet affected by health and disease. Facts, however, seem to place this theory beyond dispute. Examples are found in such as indulge excessively in the use of ardent spirits, opium, tobacco, and other narcotics, which become insensibly attractive, partly from habit, and partly *from loss of mental energy*, caused by their acting injuriously on the nervous system. It is also known to be matter of daily observation by persons whose profession throws them in the way of such cases, that men who were originally honorable and honest become false and dishonest through habits of intemperance, and at last have their consciences deadened, as if seared with a hot iron.

Again, diseases of the brain or nervous system are said to produce similar moral changes. An instance is adduced by Dr. Cheyne, of a young woman who was affected with St. Vitus's dance, accompanied with slight palsy, who lost all respect for truth, of which, before her illness, she was by no means regardless. He also adduces the case of a young lady of fortune and family, who, under the influence of *hysteria*, would adopt the strangest means for awakening pity. One, in which she was more than once detected, was the laceration during the night of her gums with a needle, to procure blood, with which she would saturate a pocket-handkerchief; to be produced in the morning, as evidence of hæmorrhage. Dr. Cheyne knew this young lady for many years, during which neither the hysteric symptoms nor any attempt at deception took place, unless while there existed a very disordered state of the stomach.

That the conscience is more or less active, according to the condition of the body, is illustrated by the state of the latter when exhausted by pain or sickness, or even fatigue: the conscience is then less sensitive, and "in that half-dreamy state which precedes sleep, especially after great fatigue, trains of thought or lines of conduct are allowed to pass through the mind in review, which would be at once rejected were the body in vigor, and the conscience on the alert."—What a commentary on the words, *The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak!*

Since, therefore, disease affects this guide to all right conduct, it becomes im-

portant to ascertain the difference between a sound and an unsound conscience, in cases in which the condition of the bodily health must be taken into the account. Painful and humiliating as such a view may be, it only confirms the maxim so often otherwise proved, that God does not interfere with the laws of nature; and therefore adds its warning voice to urge the duty of mastering those passions and appetites whose indulgence leads to more bodily ailments than the legitimate wear and tear of a long life. All disobedience to Divine laws, says Dr. Moore, whether natural or moral, must be followed inevitably by suffering and disorder. In such cases, which the careful Christian minister is sure to meet with, the irregularity of the condition of the conscience may help to detect the true cause; for relief, without the adequate causes of confession to God, repentance, faith, and love, cannot be genuine experience, and may fairly, therefore, point to some bodily disturbance which affects the whole mind. Indeed, this theory has been confirmed beyond doubt at the dying-bed, where it has been so often needed to satisfy weaker minds, which longed to see the undisturbed departure to his heavenly mansion of one who has so often proclaimed the power of religion to triumph over death. The occasional dark cloud which enveloped the mind of Mr. Scott, the commentator, during his last illness, is justly accounted for by noting the time when it periodically returned: that is, says his biographer, "it always came on with the daily paroxysm of fever." Mr. Scott himself took this view of his case, as its true solution. And the testimony of another (medical) writer is pregnant with instruction to the careful and thoughtful spiritual visitant of dying-beds: "Good men may be unreasonably depressed, and bad men elevated, under the near prospect of death, from the mere operation of natural causes." And to prove how little any merely mental condition of calmness in the dying sufferer, to which affectionate friends cling so anxiously, can be depended on, Dr. Moore says, that "the bodily condition, immediately preceding death, generally produces, or at least is accompanied by, such a quiescence of mind, that volition itself seems to slumber, or consent to death, and there is almost always, after long and great debility, a

peaceful anticipation of the coming event." To the deeply important lessons which such unquestionable facts as these offer to the spiritual guide, we can not resist the pleasure of adding a similar but more gratifying testimony of the late Sir Henry Halford. "After forty years' experience," says Sir Henry, "of the great number to whom it has been my painful professional duty to have administered in the last hours of their lives, I have felt surprised that so few have appeared reluctant to go to the 'undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns.' Many, we may easily suppose, have manifested this willingness to die from an impatience of suffering, or from that passive indifference which is sometimes the result of debility and extreme bodily exhaustion. But I have seen those who have arrived at a fearless contemplation of the future from faith in the doctrine which our religion teaches. Such men were not only calm and supported, but even cheerful, in the hour of death: and I never quitted such a sick chamber without a wish that 'my last end might be like theirs.'"

There is another mental state with which the spiritual guide should become acquainted, because the Holy Scriptures lay much stress upon it. *We are saved by hope*, says the Apostle. *Hope unto the end. Hope that maketh not ashamed. Hope thou in God*, says the desponding Psalmist. Hope is the expectation of happiness, by the aid of which man accomplishes the pilgrimage of life. Now, even this essential element in human happiness, whether in reference to time or eternity, depends very much for its healthy condition upon the state of the body. Disease soon changes a buoyant into a desponding nature; and this again reacts upon the body, and weakens it still more. The medical statement of the case is this:—indigestion will produce despondency, even when there is no moral cause to account for the destruction of hope. And the essence, it is said, of that species of monomania which is commonly called melancholy, and which always depends upon bodily causes, is the suppression of hope. Of course, this is not the whole statement of the case. The inconsistent follower of Christ can give another account of the loss of his hope; and it is the part of a skillful spiritual guide to ascertain the true

cause of the malady, that he may be able to prescribe the proper cause to be pursued. The forty-third Psalm exhibits very beautifully and truthfully the process of the soul from despondency to the recovery of hope.

Dr. Cheyne once heard a lady of high Christian principles, whilst laboring under hopelessness from bodily disease, declare that God had doomed her to destruction, and was promoting His decree by means of the ingratitude of her dependents. An anxious dread of some temporal evils, with which attacks of hopelessness may begin in pious persons, often retires before the more dreadful anticipation of everlasting destruction. Such persons imagine they have been deceiving themselves with false hopes, and that they never had within them the root of true religion. In extreme cases of this kind there is frequently the temptation to suicide. But that such a state of soul may spring from bodily causes is confirmed by a remark of Dr. Burrowes, "that the operation of certain medicines in such persons has removed a propensity to suicide." It was remarked of the late Hugh Miller, that if he had overcome his reluctance to resort to drugs, and taken the prescribed dose on that fatal night, the catastrophe might have been averted.

In proceeding to give a few sketches of insanity in supposed connection with religion, in the hope of aiding the inexperienced guide, it is obvious to remark, that the forms of its approaches chiefly require to be understood, as the confirmed disease itself lies wholly beyond his department. The following case will illustrate the value of this kind of information, which, we believe, would be wholly mistaken, and treated with erroneous measures by one who had not been initiated in the theory we are propounding: "Such a state as mine you are probable unacquainted with, notwithstanding all your experience. I am not conscious of the suspension or decay of any of the powers of my mind. I am as well able as ever I was to attend to my business; my family suppose me in health, yet the horrors of a madhouse are staring me in the face. I am a martyr to a species of persecution from within is becoming intolerable. I am urged to say the most shocking things, blasphemous and obscene words are ever on the tip of my tongue: hitherto, thank God, I have been enabled to resist, but I

* "Essays and Orations."

often think I must yield at the last, and then I shall be disgraced and ruined for ever. I solemnly assure you that I hear a voice which seems to be within me, prompting me to utter what I should turn with disgust from if uttered by another. If I were not afraid you would smile, I should say there is no accounting for these extraordinary articulate whisperings, but by supposing that an evil spirit has obtained possession of me for the time. My state is so wretched, that, compared with what I suffer, pain or sickness would appear but trifling evils."

A somewhat similar case occurred within our own experience, with which religion was so mixed up as to lead to a suspicion of demoniacal possession. We visited the person almost daily for many weeks, and had to listen to the same sorrowful account of her temptations to utter blasphemous words and oaths, and of her struggles to repel the most impure suggestions. The case proved to be strictly a medical one, as we told her from the first, though it gave ample opportunities afterward for instruction and warning. She was punitively made to *possess the sins of her youth*; such temptations having pointed to what in former years had been the habits of her life. The object of citing these and similar cases is to verify the medical opinion, that mental derangements are invariably connected with bodily disorder; and that the Christian teacher has but little encouragement to place Divine truth before a melancholic or hypochondriacal person, until the bodily disease with which the mental delusion is connected is removed.

Hence it is clear, that a case is often referred to religious despair, which, in truth, is to be accounted for by the absence of the controlling influences of religious principles. The Christian who is ignorant of the laws by which the human body and mind are hedged in, or careless of observing them, may easily bring on diseases which will tend to render the conscience obtuse, destroy hope, and cut short his days, or deprive him of his reason. For religion frees not its most ardent votary from the yoke of physical laws. If, for the sake of subduing the flesh, or of obedience to ecclesiastical discipline, extreme fasting is practiced, the penalty will be exacted at some time, as the premature death by consumption of many an enthusiastic female has proved. And just in the same manner, if the true ser-

vant of God, disregarding the laws of the body, tasks it beyond its powers, even for the noblest ends, premature decay or dissolution will be the penalty. And the literary man goes to his work under the same unalterable conditions. The brain of every man is constituted to perform a certain amount of labor only, without receiving injury; and therefore all beyond that must entail evils which, it is plain from analogy, may accumulate by repetition until its ruin follows. Abuses of the laws of the digestive organs will in the same way accumulate by repetitions, until this instrument, by which life is built up, becomes virtually destroyed, or unequal to its necessary functions.

Before passing on to consider cases of complete insanity, it may aid our purpose of supplying information to the Christian teacher, which is capable of being turned to practical issues, to exhibit the *possible* amount of injury of which the brain is susceptible. We do not, therefore, quote the following statements in illustration of the evils of the particular crime of drunkenness, but to point out the necessity of observing all the laws under which man is intrusted with an instrument capable of the noblest uses, and the most terrible abuses. "In delirium," says Dr. Cheyne, "produced by intoxication, we have often heard sufferers declare that they saw and heard fairies, elves, devils, spirits, watching them, grinning at them, whispering together, and conspiring against them." And Dr. Moore describes this condition in the following nervous language:

"Objects around him become veiled in a haze, and obscure, bubbling, whispering sounds, as from the boiling of the witches' caldron of infernal abominations, fall on his ear, not to disturb, but to enchant his soul with a horrible spell. The mistiness fuming out from that caldron grows higher and wider, and the serpent-sounds thicken and grow louder, until all at once he seems surrounded by a living cloud full of strange forms and faces, at first pleasing as the fancies of a child, and then suddenly twisting into obscene contortions and hideous grimaces, while words of blasphemy and filthy merriment mingle their babble so closely on his ear, that they seem to issue from his heart. He starts, he roves about wildly, he breathes laboriously, he struggles for life, as if grappled with a murderer."—*Use of the Body in Relation to the Mind*, p. 324.

It is enough for our present purpose to remark upon these cases the impossibility

of determining the amount of moral wreck which a completely disordered brain may undergo.

In pointing out other initiatory approaches to insanity, Dr. Cheyne tells us that he had several opportunities of seeing a young woman, of limited understanding, but strong devotional feelings, during the commencement of an illness which terminated in insanity. At first she was disturbed in prayer; and when about to repeat the Lord's Prayer, there arose within her an almost irresistible impulse to say, "Our Father which art in hell," with a vehemence which forced her to start up as the only means for resisting it. She related the incident with deep agony of mind.

Upon this case it may not be amiss to remark, that it would be solved by some as an instance of demoniacal possession. But, with Dr. Cheyne, we can not consent to refer a mental condition to that awful mystery, whilst it can be accounted for on other principles. It is a doctrine far too liable to abuse to be admitted but upon irrefragable evidence. We cannot enter further into this topic here; but having given considerable attention to it, though we fully admit the revealed doctrine of Satanic possessions, and that Satan goeth about as a roaring lion, yet we are persuaded that, under our present dispensation, a case of assumed demoniacal possession would require to be established by a particular kind of evidence which is not vouchsafed to us.

Another example of the effect of disordered functions is not uncommon to the visitant of the dying-chamber. We ourselves had to listen to it as a proof of the soul's safety in death, that, during the night, the sick sleeper saw beautiful sights of waters and gardens, and heard angelic melodies. The experienced physician at once confidently consigns such cases to the class of delusions to be accounted for by physical laws. Far stronger claims than the above to what, after all, if they be true, must amount to a Divine revelation, are confidently referred to delusions of the senses. It is certain, however, that lasting moral changes have occasionally followed such scenes; (as in the remarkable case which resulted in the conversion of Colonel Gardiner;), and a very high authority, Jonathan Edwards, aware of the difficulty they presented to some minds, but confident of their natural origin, states

his judgment thus: "It is possible that such suggestions may be the occasional or accidental cause of gracious affections; for so many a mistake and a delusion." This decision seems to place such cases on their true footing. We feel we are treading on dangerous ground; but the facility of the abuse of such airy nothings as dreams, which every night must produce in myriads, involving awful dangers to the immortal soul, is so great, from the natural credulity of the human mind, and from its preference for such cheap evidence to the more costly but only true evidence of real repentance, trust in Christ, and the indwelling influences of the Holy Spirit, witnessed by change of life and conversation, that we deem it needful to be able to speak with confidence and decision.

In cases, however, in which a spiritual guide may feel confident that an hypothesis of demoniacal possession is wrongly assumed, and that the beautiful sights and angelic sounds are of the earth earthy, the difficulty will yet remain, how to convince the poor deluded sufferer that both the anguish and the joy are alike without a spiritual basis. In particular cases, however, this has been effectually accomplished, by explaining the causes which harass the sight during disease; that sparks, flashes of fire, haloes, and the like, are produced by disorders of the optic nerve or the brain; and that discordant noises or articulate sounds depend solely upon accelerated circulation through the brain, or affections of the auditory nerve. By medical treatment and clear explanations of natural causes and effects, persons who supposed themselves demoniacally possessed—given over to Satan—have been relieved from excruciating perplexities. Or, as it has been more tersely expressed, "Cure the cholera, and choleric operations of the devil will cease."

There are also disordered states of the *affections*, which border so closely on insanity, that all who have to do with the souls of others should understand something of their causes and the remedies. For example, through the influence of disease, loving parents have lost all regard for their children, and, deeply conscious of their condition, have mourned over that as a crime which was due to a misfortune placed beyond their control. One unhappy mother has been specified, who, from a mere sense of duty, discharged, in an exemplary manner, all her duties to-

ward her children after every emotion of parental affection had been suspended or destroyed. By understanding that such cases are indicative of real disease, the enlightened minister may have it in his power to administer relief to distressed consciences in particular instances, which no general directions and counsels could reach and allay.*

As considerable stress is laid by some upon tears as a sign of softened feelings, it may be a relief to some sufferer to know that "tears have been interrupted by a severe injury done to one of the affections, as effectually as words by the destruction of one of the faculties of the mind." For "weeping," as Dr. Cheyne beautifully says: "is as much the language of grief as speech is thought." "How often," he continues, "have we, in passing through this vale of tears, heard the following lament! 'Oh! that I could only cry! I feel as if it would so much relieve me! There seems nothing natural in my grief. I who wept so bitterly for my father, have not a single tear to shed for my child.'" This tearless condition remains in some cases to the very end of life; and we may hear individuals who were originally possessed of the liveliest affections speak to the following effect: "Ever since my husband, or son, or daughter died, my affections have been frozen, and my eyes dried up." It is very generally observable, when the first bitterness of grief is overpast, when the more violent, selfish, or ecstatic stage of the passion has had time to subside, the tears will again begin to flow.

It is confidently asserted by Dr. Cheyne, that various immoral and vicious practices ought to be ascribed to insanity. To this may be added, for the sake of the moral deducible from it, the following medical statement of the same pious physician:

"From the soul becoming the minister of the body, in consequence of the ascendancy of the carnal principle, many evil practices have arisen

* Whilst we were writing this, a friend, not at all aware of the interest with which we listened, mentioned a similar case which occurred within his own experience. It was that of a mother who was so strongly tempted to murder her child that she begged to have it removed. She could point out where and when the temptation first assailed her. The child was removed, the mother was cured of her complaint, the maternal affection again returned, and the child was restored to her.

which have still further impaired the physical constitution of individuals and families, and thereby further degraded their minds. For example, to preserve domestic purity, intermarriages between relatives are forbidden. Even from the intermarriage of first cousins, inveterate forms of scrofula are sometimes generated, and a liability to insanity. A vicious habit of intemperance will excite in children, procreated after the habit is established, a propensity to the same habit, which has descended to the third generation."—Page 160.

We may, perhaps, find in the latter part of the above extract an illustration of the mysterious doctrine of penal suffering by the supposed innocent for the guilty, as formally enunciated, under the most solemn circumstances, in the Second Commandment. The solution of this awful doctrine certainly cannot be simply this, that, *because* the parent has sinned, *therefore* the remote descendant must *arbitrarily* pay the penalty, but not according to a fixed moral law, defining and limiting the extent and nature of the punishment. He who accepts this apparently easy explanation will not be able to reconcile the statements of Ezekiel and Moses. The former thus states this doctrine: *Doth not the son bear the iniquity of the father? When the son hath done that which is lawful and right, and hath kept all My statutes, and hath done them, he shall surely live. The soul that sinneth, it shall die. The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father.* (Ezek. xviii. 19, 20.) On the other hand, the law-giver Moses says: *The sins of the father shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me.* Ezekiel, therefore, teaches that he who commits a crime shall suffer the direct and proper punishment for it. *The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father.* For each and every act of intemperance, the perpetrator shall give account at the judgment-seat of Christ: this is the doctrine of Ezekiel. But the same "vicious habit of intemperance will excite in children, procreated after the habit is established, a propensity to the same habit, which has descended to the third generation;" this we believe to be the doctrine of Moses.

This explanation would afford the judicious preacher materials for potent appeals to the strongest affections of our nature, which in few cases, perhaps, would be wholly disregarded and scorned. For

what considerations can be more replete with shame, pity, and remorse, than those suggested by the sight of children suffering in both body and soul through the depraved indulgences of a parent, by which their path to eternal life has been made so much more thorny and narrow? Many evil-living persons, indeed, manifest their truest love to their offspring, and at the same time openly pass condemnation on themselves, by doing all they can to prevent them from treading in their steps. To such self-condemned persons an appeal, founded on this view of the ordained course of nature, might be of use in aiding the execution of their better resolutions. Of the truth of this doctrine we entertain no doubt; for without it we should have been wholly unable to account for certain startling facts of human depravity which have come under our own immediate notice, in behalf of which this theory awakened within us thoughts of mercy and forbearance, as the question arose, "Who maketh thee to differ?"

There are, however, instances in which religion is supposed to be the direct agent of producing insanity, and of this part of the subject we now propose to sketch a few shadowy outlines. We recollect many years ago hearing an exceedingly ignorant keeper of a lunatic asylum (before persons of education obtained such appointments) say, in reply to a question put to him, that "religion was one of the principal causes of madness." This way of talking, at the period we allude to, was a fashionable mode of damaging religion, though it has long since given way to the scientific investigation of the true causes. In many instances, however, the effect or result of certain causes of insanity would naturally enough lead superficial observers to form such a theory.

For example, in the asylum just referred to, there was a respectable individual, whose uniform reply to inquiries after his health was given in the brief but sad formula, "Forsaken by God and man." This, of course, seemed to justify the supposition that it was a case of religious insanity, though the antecedents of the patient might easily have disproved it.

In reference to such cases an able writer observes: "We almost invariably remark, in long-continued cases of insanity, when the hallucinations are in any degree variable, that perverted ideas of religion will present themselves, though utterly uncon-

nected with the original cause of the excitement." Yet, in returns from establishments for the insane, such are, or were, usually given under the head of "Insanity from religion."

That mental derangement, amounting to insanity, may originate in examples of extreme superstition or fanaticism, may well be admitted by all who are aware that insanity, in the predisposed, may arise from any cause which excites and agitates the mind. Nor does the assertion of French philosophers, that before the great Revolution a large proportion of the insane of France were monks, help to substantiate this charge against religion; because the past history of the habits of such fraternities has amply supplied hypotheses for the solution of such cases, without having recourse to the influences of true religion. Confinement, where the desire for freedom might become a passion; daily struggles against the impulses of an unsubdued and unsubduable nature, under circumstances which excluded hope of change or escape, must but too frequently have fallen on minds unable to endure such pressure, and which therefore ultimately gave way, because outward religious practices had been undertaken too onerous to be borne where they had to find and create the corresponding nature—the religious state—instead of proceeding naturally from that state.

Hence, then, the suggestion is obvious, that when persons of religious habits have become insane, it is but right, as in other cases, to ascertain "what faculty, affection, or sentiment is primitively disordered." And if it is discovered that the presence and operation of the humbling rules of the Gospel are wanting, whilst through exaggerated pride, vanity, selfishness, or imaginativeness, the mind has become deranged, the true cause has been found. For example, we recollect hearing or reading, some time since, that a large proportion of the insane proceeded from one class, that of governesses; the explanation of which was, that so many of them have been compelled, by the vicissitudes of life, to descend in the moral scale, and find their unwelcome occupation and homes in scenes of vulgar wealth, amongst such as, wanting their own refinement and education, either could not, or would not, or did not know how to do, in such cases, as they would have wished others in like cases to do unto them.

The following facts, given on the authority of Dr. Cheyne, will illustrate the true value of popular charges of this kind against religion :

"A widow lady, who possessed considerable natural ability and a cultivated understanding, and was devoted to religion, but devoid of prudence, engaged in a speculation which required a considerable capital. She never doubted that she could find means of liquidating debts incurred by her in order to support an undertaking which had been a subject of prayer, as all her undertakings were. To doubt in this matter would be, as she thought, to dishonor God. During the week she was in a state of unceasing labor of body and mind ; and when Sunday came round, and her secular duties were suspended, her mind, instead of finding rest, was in a state of rapture. Months and years rolled round, pecuniary embarrassment increased, and bankruptcy was impending ; yet, the destitution of her children was little considered in comparison with the injury which she thought religion must sustain from her discredit. Her religious opinions gradually became even more enthusiastic, and then she lost sight of her pecuniary difficulties ; and we witnessed her first overt act of insanity in a composition on which probably some of her friends looked with admiration ; namely, a scheme of the Gospel, which she caused to be printed in the form of two inverted pyramids, which met at their pointed ends. She went shortly after to the house of a friend in the country, and proclaimed the millennium, which she said had begun that day. She has ever since been in confinement." —Page 137.

The commentary upon this case is very easy, and completely frees true religion from any share in it. To the inquiry which some would propose, "How could a merciful God permit one who consulted him in all her proceedings to go so wrong ?" the reply is found in Mr. Scott's words : "When any undertaking is inexpedient or unadvisable in the opinion of competent judges, and yet the inclination leans that way, in this case that which men call the opening of Providence is generally no more than a temptation of Satan." To pray about what we have secretly resolved at all hazards to do, to which the deceitful heart so often disposes us, is by no means, we believe, an uncertain way of courting failure. At all events, man's solemn and blessed privilege of prayer must not be taxed to bear human vagaries. Moreover, it is to be noticed in this lady's case, that on Sunday, in which the merciful command is to abstain from all manner of work, she prepared herself for

those religious exercises that stimulated an already jaded imagination by neurotic medicines.

Dr. Burrowes, in his work on insanity, mentions some cases, which he regards as referable to religion. One is of a lady regular in her devotions, who, whilst listening to the doctrines of Swedenborg, went to the Lord's Supper, and, finding the cup which was presented to her without one drop of wine, hurried from the church in dismay, the fact seeming to prove to her superstitious mind that she was rejected by God : a paroxysm of mania ensued.

Another case, told by the same authority, is that of a young lady of genius, ardent in imagination, and in every thing an enthusiast, whose disturbed mind issued in insanity, and the cause was traced up to the preaching of a "minister, not more remarkable for zeal, than for his persuasive powers in enforcing dubious tenets."

Whether or not, however, further inquiries into these bases might have placed them in other aspects, it is readily admitted by competent judges, that insanity has been known amongst true Christians ; though they as confidently affirm that it was not occasioned by their creed. Instances are named in which all sense of religion in devout persons has been permanently destroyed by insanity. But it must be ever borne in mind, that Christianity, in its purest influences, does not free its followers from those corporeal laws on which insanity always depends.

Enough has been adduced, we think, to prepare the way for some remarks confirmatory of the supposed cause of the untimely end of the lamented and eminent person alluded to in the opening of this article. Since we commenced this task, suggested to us by that event, we have read through, with keen interest and enjoyment, his auto-biographical sketch, *My Schools and Schoolmasters*, in expectation that something might be found there to throw light on the sad issue of such a remarkable and successful career. But that book exhibits only the history of the progress of a healthy understanding, under the wholesome influence of that fear of God, which is the beginning of true wisdom. We found no traces of early eccentricities, or mental aberrations, which might have augured a dark conclusion. It may, however, raise suggestions which will aid in accounting for it. For the

great change from the daily habits of his earlier life, when he lived abroad in the open air, vigorously exercising all his bodily faculties, to the close confinement of an editor's and author's closet, could not, without much self-management and self-denial, fail to affect seriously his bodily condition. We have no means of knowing how far this was affected, but the local newspapers have said enough to lead to the supposition that his health must have been much impaired. We read of terrors of robbers and burglars haunting him, and of his precautions against them, which but little correspond with the apparently fearless nature of his earlier days. And these, in other similar cases, have always proved to be the symptoms of a disordered brain. Moreover, the history of a ruined brain has been too often minutely recorded, to render the issues of such intense mental application as his at all uncertain. Dr. Moore remarks, that the strongest brain will fail under the continuance of intense thought. All persons who have been accustomed to very close mental application will recollect the utter and indescribable confusion that comes over the mind when the brain has been wearied. An illustration of this condition is furnished by the case of Dr. Spalding, who tells us, that his attention having been kept too long on the stretch, and also greatly distracted, he was called upon to write a receipt; but, having written two words, he found himself unable to proceed further. For half an hour he could neither think consecutively, nor speak, except in words not understood by himself. After the recovery of the use of his faculties, he found that, instead of writing a receipt for "so many dollars, being half a year's rent," etc., he had written, "fifty dollars through the salvation of Bra—" the last word being left unfinished, and without his having any recollection of what he had intended to write.

The same authorities (for of course we are only collecting and compressing the opinions of professional writers) tell us, that *illusive convictions* are all more or less connected with disorders of that part of the nervous system on which perception depends; and that it will be found that nervous exhaustion from over-attention is the common cause of such a condition. For it is the mind that uses up life. Men of genius (such as Mr. Miller certainly was) are usually as full of feeling as of

thought; and whatever direction their minds have received, their intellect is urged on by that love of distinction which none of that class can wholly escape. Such as these are considered to be most of all liable to insanity, their minds being employed to the full extent of nervous endurance; though they are often good men, devoted to the highest interests of humanity. Under the strain of such devotion to their pursuits, many a mighty mind has sunk into madness or imbecility, amidst the mysterious darkness of which some demon sits close at the ear to whisper its accents of despair and the only remedy. Long, however, before this dreadful state of mind is reached, the body gives unheeded warnings of the growing danger, by irregular appetite, *tormenting visions*, and uncomfortable sensations; for "*insanity is always a bodily malady.*" And it is probably the irritability of the body, which allows no respite to the mind from the constant stimulus of attention and will, that most frequently drives the maniac to commit suicide. Death seems in such cases the only refuge from the weary vigilance of morbid sensibility. The awful remedy is frequently sought under the impulse of a kind of instinct, when the mind becomes so possessed by its misery, as to be quite incapable of comparing the desire felt, with the previous convictions; and so the patient is blindly urged on, by longing for relief, to take the first opportunity for self-destruction which may present itself; association only serving to connect the means of death with the idea of escaping from a tormenting body, or some taunting impression.

Delirium, in a weakened state of the brain, arises from mental stimulants; for to make mental exertions when the brain is wearied or unduly excited, is to exaggerate the disorder, and endanger its fine fabric. Thus, persons under the pressure of urgent business, instead of yielding to the demands of a jaded mind, work on until delirium succeeds to a state of health. Dr. Moore gives the following illustration of this condition:

"The secretary of an extensive and useful institution suffers from bad health; his mind and heart find no rest at home: at this juncture the directors call for accounts, and a multitude of correspondents are urgent for replies. He finds some one of their agents is guilty of defalcation; he grows miserable, his digestion fails,

he appears flushed and hurried, his head aches, he can scarcely connect his thoughts, his hand trembles, he uses wrong words both in speaking and writing; he retires, and immediately begins to connect the feeling of his own inability to attend to business with the idea of robbing his employers, and at length fancies that he is the defaulter, by whose case his mind has been excited. He confounds his own faults and temptations with what he knows of the guilty person, and, haunted by the worst consequent phantoms, he becomes intolerable to himself, and feels as if called on to expiate his crime by destroying his life with his own hand. His pious habit still prevails, and he executes the horrible deed, in calm and devout resignation to what he deems the will of heaven."—*Power of the Soul over the Body*, p. 207.

It is noticed, also, that genius and disease are connected together, as the history of remarkable men seems to prove; not as cause and effect, but that the powerful operation of intense motives, such as stimulate master-minds, leads to disorders of the brain, and this disorder reacts to produce a perverted habit of application.

A careful attention to such medical facts and opinions as these will help to account for any particular case of insanity to which they are applicable. And true insanity, we presume, frees every one, whether previously bad or good, from moral responsibility. Every one is of course responsible for the willful misconduct which preceded and conducted to it; but when the actual condition is produced, the earthly account has been already closed; and the deeds that follow, we are sure, will be mercifully judged of by Him who knows whereof His poor, frail creatures are made, and remembers that they are but dust.

It happened within our own experience, that we had to seek for an explanation of one of these dark events, when the materials for framing a confident judgment were wanting, and had to be subsequently obtained by reading. In striving to make out a case for evangelical religion, in the place where the catastrophe must

have much jeopardized it, our arguments were then not much beyond conjectures, which were uttered with secret misgivings of their real value.

No one, we believe, in that miniature rural world where Mrs. — had so long lived, doubted that she had been a faithful and loving follower of Jesus Christ. With the prospect of urgent duties before her, she was attacked by a severe illness; for the cure of which, in an evil hour, she put herself under the care of an unscrupulous, drunken, quack doctor, of much local celebrity, who professed his ability to cure a disease in a few days, which, it was obvious from its nature, could not be cured but with the aid of time. By violent remedies she appeared to regain her strength and spirits almost at once, and confidently resumed her duties. Again the disease broke out with envenomed vehemence, and she perished by her own hand. On mere Christian grounds, such an end of a life of prayer was most shocking and inexplicable: upon physiological grounds, however, (upon which, since the days of miracles, Christianity does not profess to trench,) it could be accounted for, reconciled with all the previous conditions of Christianity, and the momentarily lost hope of those who loved and respected her, restored back to them again, in the place of despair.

And now, with sadness and awe, but in sure and certain hope, we let down the veil over that true son of genius, whom so many admired in life and, mourned over in death. The results of his scientific career will yet come before us; and from these it will probably appear that, dark and lurid as was the providence which permitted his sun to set in blood, his work was accomplished; his testimony to the truth of revelation was fully given; and who that has any intimation of the lingering horrors of a ruined mind, will not readily believe that Infinite Mercy permitted the stroke, and caught up his ransomed spirit as he passed within the shadow of the cloud?

From the National Review.

THE MUTUAL RELATION OF HISTORY AND RELIGION.*

No one who mixes in general society and talks freely with all men, can be ignorant of the fact, that disquietude and uncertainty largely and powerfully affect the religious mind of the present day. But our age, though weak in faith, is not deficient—at least in those classes where its moral force resides—in deep and fervid earnestness. That on many points it is skeptical, is unhappily true; but we can hardly pronounce it an irreligious age. The destructive revolutions of the last seventy years have not swept over Europe without leaving a profound impression on the minds of serious and thoughtful men. Providence is teaching its highest lessons through the sorrowful experiences of History. Whatever may be men's doubts and difficulties with respect to the traditional faiths, they have learned that Religion is a reality which must not be lightly dealt with; that mere science, mere intellectual culture, and all the resources of material wealth, however indispensable as the conditions of social progress, do not satisfy the deepest wants, and can not insure the permanent tranquillity and blessedness, of the human spirit. France, emerging from a century of moral dissolution and unbelieving levity, is confessedly addressing its best intellect at this time to religious questions. If Germany, the cradle of religious freedom and the centre of theological light, present for the moment a less favorable aspect, it is because the political and spiritual despotism under which she is languishing perverts and vitiates the natural and genuine results of deep learning and fearless inquiry; because the wild and eccentric—sometimes, it must be admitted, the pernicious

and destructive—views that have been thrown off by an overworked intelligence, limited to a single sphere of thought, and forced into morbid activity by excessive competition in the field of pure speculation—have had no opportunity of testing their practical worth and validity under the free ventilation of an honest public opinion, or by coming into contact with the confessions and experiences of ordinary humanity in the daily business of life. Taking Europe as a whole, however, and our own country in particular, we can not deny that society has greatly improved in moral depth and earnestness of purpose within the last century. D'Holbach and Diderot find no counterpart in Comte, notwithstanding the atheism of his *Philosophie Positive*; and Thomas Carlyle, with all his scorn of existing faiths and worships, is at every point of his character the complete antithesis of Voltaire. All this is perfectly compatible with the fact, that many of the researches and studies which particularly distinguish our age are not favorable in their immediate influence to a settled and definite belief. Geology and physiology are gradually uprooting many long-established convictions. That brilliant *résumé* of the actual results of modern science, Dr. Whewell's *Plurality of Worlds*, though put forth with the ostensible design of upholding the popular faith, left no stronger impression on the mind of the reader than the vastness of our ignorance. Scripture itself, on whose assumed infallibility the faith of earlier generations of Protestants securely reposed, and which shone in their eyes as a pure unbroken thread of heavenly light through the dark thick mass of human ignorance and doubt, has not escaped the application of those new canons of historical criticism—inevitably modifying the conception of its whole character and the principle of its treatment—which the learning and genius of a series of distinguished men, from Herder and Heyne to Niebuhr and Otfried Müller, have succe-

* *Gott in der Geschichte, oder der Fortschritt des Glaubens an eine sittliche Weltordnung.* (God in History, or the growth of the Faith in a Moral Order of the World.) By C. C. J. Bunsen. First Part. First and Second Book. Leipzig: Brochhaus, 1857.

Comparative Mythology. By Max Müller, M.A., Taylorian Professor, Oxford. (Oxford Essays, contributed by Members of the University, 1856.)

sively elaborated, and placed beyond the reach of reasonable cavil and objection, and deposited among the permanent instruments of future research. Ethnology, Comparative Grammar, and, closely allied to them both, the various theories of Mythology, that earliest phase and necessary transition-process of human reflection on the invisible realities of this marvellous Cosmos—are continually throwing fresh light on the elementary workings of human nature, individually and socially, and developing principles of uniform application which must lead to a new and juster interpretation of the history of man. The old critical field of vision has been unavoidably enlarged; and it is not in the power of man to contract it again. The Bible can no longer be regarded as one book. It is emphatically a literature, and only as such can be rightly understood and thoroughly enjoyed; a record in myth and legend and song, in chronicle and law, in prophetic utterance and moral teaching, of the highest thought and action of a remarkable people, from the infancy of their national existence, in the dim twilight of antiquity, till its final consummation in the appearance of that wonderful life whose spirit for nearly two thousand years has been silently transforming the moral condition of the civilized world; a literature which, in spite of its diversified and multifarious contents, is still essentially one in the self-consistency of the profound religious consciousness which pervades every part of it. Regarded from this point of view, every book of which it consists must be treated as a whole by itself, in reference to its age and its author, the source from which its materials are derived, and the influences of contemporaneous thought under which it grew up into its actual form. Such inquiries, inseparable from the modern criticism, can not but materially influence the interpretation of a book, and the relation of its results to their apprehension and acceptance by the mind of a later day. The effects of this new direction of thought, in all investigations respecting the past, are perceptible in very different regions of society. Oxford exhibits them, not only in the admirable volume of *Essays* published last year by members of the University, but still more prominently, and with all the recommendation of high official position, in Mr. Jewett's learned and philosophical work on the *Epistles of St. Paul*. That the same

influence has reached the more popular quarter of the Independents, is evident from the proceedings recently instituted against Dr. Davidson.

All, however, is not pure gain in this freer movement of theological thought. The need of a Scripture is not superseded by the prevalence of uncertainty as to the nature and extent of its authority: for authority is, and must be, a large element in the government of this world, especially in matters relating to the invisible and spiritual. There are times when all men like to feel that there is something higher and stronger than themselves on which they can lean. Faith lies beyond the reach of mere intellect. In many respects, present appearances cause pain and uneasiness to the religious mind. It can not, we fear, be questioned, that the scientific spirit of the age is largely imbued with pantheistic tendencies. Numbers of thoughtful men are accustomed to look on this world as a simple fact which terminates in itself, of whose origin they know nothing, of whose issue they know nothing. Behind and beyond the narrow span of mortal life all is to them a blank. Churches and sects, whose proper function it is to uphold an opposite frame of mind, notwithstanding the semblance of an outward unity, are notoriously divided and weakened in their inner life; and Scripture, which was once believed to underlie them all as an immutable basis, appears itself, on a superficial glance at the present state of theological learning, to participate in the general dissolution. Let us look fearlessly at this anxious question our time, and see if we can approximate to its solution.

There are some trusts and convictions, the certainty of which is not demonstrable by the ordinary processes of reasoning, though they involve the deepest verities of our being, and are essential to human peace and guidance; such are those of a living God, an absolute moral law, involving the consciousness of the absolute evil of sin, a progressive world-plan, an eternal life, in which death intervenes only as the crisis of transition from a lower to a higher stage of existence. These are the fundamental truths of religion, embraced within the province of faith; ever dimly latent in the human soul; capable of being overborne almost to apparent annihilation by an undue predominance of the sensuous and ratiocinative faculties; but ever re-

appearing in new forms, and with undiminished freshness, as a witness from age to age, and from land to land, of the indestructible religiousness of mankind. In the majority of men, immersed in sense and engaged with material objects, these latent perceptions of spiritual truth require to be awakened, invigorated, and called out into distinct expression by some outward utterance, which, though it comes with the authority of a higher mind and a holier life, still finds its witness and authentication in the spontaneous response of the moral nature to which it appeals. To excite and cherish such trusts and convictions is the special office of what we call a Scripture. In Scriptures, or sacred books, the prophetic minds of a people deposit the strongest and deepest of their religious intuitions—those eternal truths which come to them in immediate revelations of the Divine Spirit; and on Scriptures, differing immensely from each other, it is true, in the worth and authority of their contents, and in the untroubled clearness of their communications, the faith of the most religious nations of the world—the Indians, the Persians, the Arabs, and the Hebrews—has ever rested. On the other hand, nations in whom the spiritual element was weak, and its place supplied by imagination or philosophic reflection or reverence for ancient tradition—the Greeks and the Romans—have had nothing corresponding to the Scriptures of the East, but satisfied such religious wants as they might experience from the fables of their poets, or from the hymns and legends associated with their local sanctuaries. From the date of the Reformation, Scripture took the place of the Church among Protestants as an infallible authority in all questions of religious faith and practice; and it is the weakening of the implicit trust once attached to Scripture, in consequence of the freer modes of criticism and interpretation now employed, and the corresponding uncertainty in many minds about the relation of its teachings to the dictates of the individual reason and conscience, which causes, at the present day, so much of the moral feebleness and indecision of the Christian world, and renders the ordinary sectarian controversy so singularly disappointing and unfruitful.

Has Protestantism, then, no alternative between the retention of the whole of Scripture as plenary inspired, in the old

orthodox sense, and the resource of a cold, isolated, self-relying, rationalistic Deism? We say Protestantism, because Catholicism subjects the freedom of the individual conscience to the authority of the Church, and therefore does not come within the scope of our present inquiry; though the mental perplexities occasioned by the actual condition of Protestantism have induced some highly-gifted and accomplished minds to accept its demands and put on its yoke. The question is, what remains for those who can not with the Romanists renounce the future for the past; who can not go back, but must go forward; who, though they are too honest and intelligent to repudiate the undeniable results of modern learning, still can not afford to lose the comfort and guidance of a Scripture, if they can only understand its true character, and see where to rest its proper authority. This turns our attention to History; for a Scripture from its very nature, and especially the Scripture with which Christian nations are concerned, is a record and expression of the past. We may affirm in general, that the scientific intellect of man is mainly exercised on the coexisting phenomena of space; while his moral nature is formed and guided by the successive phenomena of time, inasmuch as these indicate to him the essential unity of his race, and suggest the law of its progress and development. In the operation of this law there is continual action and reaction. If the mind and character of the individual are fashioned to a large extent by the collective influence of the community to which he belongs—if the direction of the present is determined by the impulse of the past—great and commanding personalities, on the other hand, powerfully react on the condition of their contemporaries, and an influence is constantly issuing from present thought and action which corrects and modifies the tradition of a long antiquity. In this interchange and fluctuation of influences, where do we find the criterion of stability and permanence? what is the final test of moral and spiritual truth? In questions of the deepest moment to our inward peace, we feel perpetually that, as individuals, we are not equal to the solution of the difficulties which oppress our minds. How, then, are we to recognize what we may accept as a reliable guidance from others? This is the question of questions, involving the ultimate authority, not only

of a Scripture or written revelation, but of every medium of faith, whencesoever furnished, in invisible realities unsusceptible of rigid scientific proof. The old mode was by appeal to miracle, as conferring directly a divine authority on every doctrine and institution associated with it; and on this ground attempts have been continually made by divines to give to the evidences of religion a strictly demonstrative character. We are far from denying either the possibility, or the fact, or the advantage of such outward signs, as an excitement and attraction to the more earnest consideration of religious truths, as a visible seal and impress of the Divine hand on what commends itself at the same time by its self-evidencing light to the acceptance of the soul within. But as no accumulation of these signs could compel us to receive as divine what our inward nature rejected as immoral and absurd; as cases might arise, such as are alluded to in Scripture itself, where it would be difficult to distinguish a true from a false miracle—it is clear, that we do not through this process get at the real and ultimate criterion of spiritual truth. Without attempting on the present occasion a metaphysical investigation of that highest region of the soul which embraces necessary and universal truths, we may say that, practically, this criterion will be found in the essential unity and self-consistency of our moral and spiritual nature, opening more and more with the progressive education of the race to a consciousness of the fundamental laws on which it rests, and which we learn—partly through mutual intercourse and sympathy, partly through the awakening influence of superior minds on those that are less developed and advanced. What is the testimony of History? We observe extensive communities, whole nations of men, fall under the discipline of a certain tradition of moral and spiritual influences. Outwardly this discipline may be encumbered and burdened with all sorts of superstitions and absurdities; yet underneath them there must still exist some dim religious sense of dependence, obligation, and final destiny, which is in harmony with the primitive intuitions of the soul, and with the experiences of the daily life, or they could not carry with them, generation after generation, the submission, the reverence, and the trust which they continue to receive. It is the element of truth pre-

sent in this absurdity which binds it on the soul. At length some prophetic spirit arises among them endowed with deeper insight, who discerns more clearly the essential amidst the unessential; and who disentangles it, if not entirely, yet to some extent, from the outer integument of unmeaning forms which confine and deaden its action. At the touch of his brighter intuition, their dim consciousness kindles into intelligence. At the voice of his stronger conviction, their inner nature awakens, and acquires a new perception of truth. He speaks the interpreting word, and the dark mysteries which enveloped them become significant; they begin to understand where they are, and why they exist; they begin obscurely to discern their personal relations to that invisible life which they see and feel is working in every thing around them. He does not reason with them. He gives utterance to the belief which fills his own soul, and they embrace it with spontaneous sympathy. Consciousness, observation, experience, verify it, till it grows into harmony with their whole life, and remains with them as a permanent element of their being. From what can this sympathy, which is the ground of the deepest faith, arise, but the contact of two natures essentially identical, which differ only in their degree of development, and the greater or less openness of their perceptions to those eternal truths which emanate directly from the primal source of light? We have all of us experienced effects of a similar kind in the utterances of some great poet or original thinker. We are conscious we could not ourselves have said or thought the same thing; but once uttered, we appropriate it as our own. It is what we ought to have thought, and what we shall ever henceforth think. It belongs to us through its affinity with our own inmost nature, and becomes a part of our future mental property. No doubt, when an individual has acquired over us the influence of a superior mind and a nobler character, there will be a disposition to trust him and believe in him, even where we can not at present follow him with our personal convictions; for we feel that he is in advance of us—nearer the foundation of all truth and goodness than ourselves; and this command over human trust and sympathy forms no small part of the legitimate authority and elevating influence of a true prophet. But even in

this case, what remains with us as a permanent element of moral and religious power, is what is felt to be in harmony with our primary intuition and our collective experience; or if not yet directly attested by our personal consciousness, lies before us at least in the direction toward which our highest aspirations are continually tending. Thus there is constant action and reaction between the individual and the community. Great men rise up from time to time far above the level of their contemporaries, and infuse into society new life, new views, and a clearer intelligence. The *sensus communis* of society tests and discriminates the true and the false, the right and wrong, of the influence which is from time to time exerted on it by powerful and original minds; rejects finally whatever is the growth of an eccentric individuality, and permanently absorbs into its own life, only those elements which are in harmony with its inherent laws and develop its essential unity. Thus the growth of belief, opinion, sentiment, on all those matters which lie beyond the reach of sense, goes on from age to age, varying ever in outward form and expression; modified by the influences of contemporaneous knowledge and thought; but resting ultimately on certain deep trusts and enduring convictions, which the Creator Himself wrought into the groundwork of our moral being, and which naturally and freely spring out of it whenever the needful conditions of their manifestation are presented. The poets of all ages are justly cited as authorities by the ethical and religious philosopher, because they most truly reflect the deepest secrets of the human soul, and are consequently among the best exponents of that profound spiritual consciousness which pervades the entire history of our race, and by its essential unity and self-consistency affords the strongest assurance of the certainty of the truths which it includes.

In the remainder of this inquiry we must confine our remarks to such intuitions as are properly religious, omitting those which are simply moral and intellectual; and we must attempt to show how the preëminently clear and forcible expression of these religious intuitions confers a distinction and a value which is unique and almost *sui generis* on the sacred books now circulated and accepted in these Western lands. Great obscurity rests on the origin of the human race, and the ear-

liest forms of its belief and worship. Comparative philology, combined with a careful study of what yet subsists of aboriginal life in any part of the world, furnishes the only means of throwing light upon it. Such researches as those of Professor Max Müller are invaluable, as showing how mythology was an inevitable result of the transition of the sensuous language—the *onomatopœia* of the first ages to a more general use, and an application to the objects of moral and spiritual apprehension, and how, consequently, it was a necessary stage in the history of the human mind. His approximation, by a sort of exhaustive process, to the primitive language of the undivided Arian race, is one of the most beautiful specimens of acute philological disquisition ever offered to the world. It is more difficult to conceive how, by any mere natural process, any unaided action of the mind from within, mankind could rise from the gross pantheistic fetichism of the lowest form of human existence, and the polytheistic symbolism and anthropomorphism which succeeded it, to the earliest glimpse of the grand monotheistic truth of religion. We simply know the fact, that such a transition was made, and in a very early age, not by the generalizing intelligence of philosophers, but through the vivid intuitions of the chiefs of a race still living in the simplicity of a nomadic and patriarchal life. So that, if there be any thing which can properly claim the character of revelation in this dim twilight of human history, it must be here. Men seem to have lived at first as a part of the great material universe, hardly conscious of a personality distinct from the system of earth and seas and skies with which they were rolled round in unceasing revolution, day by day and year by year.* The religious counterpart to this state of things was a dim pantheism, and its expression in worship—fetichism. By degrees arose the sense of personality; and with it a deepening consciousness of law, obligation, religious dependence, moral destiny. The invisible powers mysteriously enfolding human life shape themselves now into more definite forms before the mental eye, corresponding to the altered condition of the mind itself. Deities acquire a more personal

* "Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees."

Wordsworth.

character, and begin to entertain a sort of personal converse with their worshipers. This phase of religious consciousness is reflected in the Vedantic hymns, and was probably, at the same time, in process of further development among the nations of Upper Asia. In the later productions of Hindoo poetry and philosophy there was a return to a more refined pantheism. Another great section of the Arian race, whose belief is expressed in the Zendavesta, rested in dualism. Their religion received its impress from the grand contrasts of nature and the great antagonism which pervades the world—light and darkness, good and evil. Above this antithesis they never rose into the solution of absolute monotheism. Of this we find the first clear and positive example among the Hebrews—in the form originally of a national God, simply one—supreme over all other gods—possessed of a distinct personal consciousness, at the furthest possible distance from every pantheistic conception—and maintaining the closest moral relations with His chosen people. This idea of God is set forth with the utmost clearness and solemnity in the law of Moses. It is developed through successive stages of higher thought and ever-widening views in the teachings of the prophets, with a constant recognition of the unity and unquestionable authority of the moral law, and of the unity of ultimate destination in the gathering of all nations in the latter days into a kingdom of God. It is consummated, expanded, spiritualized—embracing life here and life hereafter—as the last utterance of Hebrew prophecy, and the first expression of universal human religion—in the doctrine and life of Jesus of Nazareth.

These rich spiritual experiences—these remarkable spiritual developments in the literature and history of a particular race,—have been preserved for us in a Scripture. Why we accept them as a true expression of our permanent relations to the invisible and infinite, to God and eternity, results from two causes. First, the correspondence of the great trusts and convictions thus expressed to the permanent intuitions, the constant needs, and the unceasing aspirations of the human mind—the direct and irresistible appeal to the deepest sense of our inner being, of innumerable passages in the Psalms, the Prophets, and the book of Job—of the actions and discourses, the whole life and death, of Christ himself—and of the interpreta-

tion of that life and death from the highest point of view, by Paul—carry with them an evidence of truth and reality such as religious natures experience in equal strength from no other source. In regard to moral instruction and encouragement to the highest virtue, this sympathy with our sacred books is often independent of the speculative belief of the individual. Spinoza, as his own works testify, was a reverent and thoughtful student of Scripture; and no one can forget the terms of warm but discriminating eulogy with which the late James Mill, in a remarkable passage of his *History of British India*, extols the sober wisdom and practical utility of the religious teachings of the Bible, as compared with the mystic dreams of Hindoo theosophy, so often invadously set up against them by the skeptical sciolists of Europe. Secondly, the remarkable career marked out for the Hebrew race in the order of events, their position in the field of history, their relation to the civilization which preceded the last expression of their prophetic spirit, and to the ensuing one, which their ideas have so deeply impregnated—clearly indicate their mission in the world to have been preëminently providential, and commend every record of their higher thought and life, as endued with more than ordinary significance, to the earnest contemplation of all religious men. The Hebraic and the Hellenic types of mind stand out in marked contrast, as well fitted to supplement and correct each other in the highest conceivable form of human society; nor is any thing more indicative of plan in the ordering of this world's affairs, than the intermingling in the fullness of time of the calm deep stream of intuitional and prophetic influence, from the hills and vales of Palestine, with the brilliant and vivacious tide of intellectual and æsthetic activity which flowed into it from the schools and theaters of Greece. The influence of Greek ideas is traceable in some of the books of the New Testament itself, and became mischievously predominant in the development of the later dogmatic system of the Church. But though it may have powerfully molded the scholastic mind of Christendom, the Hebrew element has ever been at the bottom the strongest; and under its working the popular heart has imbibed its firmest convictions and holiest truths. How else could the Christian civilization, with all its loss of primitive

simplicity and purity, have become so different in its essential tendencies and features from the heathen? It is the peculiarity of the Hebraic form of religion, on which as its basis the Christian rests, that it cherishes a profound *religious* consciousness, not a mere intellectual apprehension of invisible things—the consciousness of a Living God, and of the action of His Spirit or Word on the individual soul—the consciousness of law and obligation, and distinct personal relationship to God—the consciousness of a kingdom of God destined to endure, and grow, and triumph in the earth—a great deal of human perfection and human harmony with God, commenced *here* in darkness, ignorance, and sin, to be completed through ceaseless purification and continual development *there*. From these fresh fountains of intuition a full tide of religious inspiration flows ever into the simple, trustful heart and open soul. Abraham, Moses, David, Isaiah, Job, without losing their personal individuality, are the organs through which God's Spirit delivers eternal truths and precious promises to the world, and awakens into uniform and consistent operation the beliefs in which the highest unity of our moral being consists. These beliefs Christ takes up and universalizes; and transmits them, through the diversified manifestation of his disciples, as a permanent heritage to mankind, bound up with their noblest traditions, their vital interests, and their most glorious prospects.

Of this great revelation of spiritual truth through the words and deeds, the fortunes and institutions, the whole inward and outward life, of a people who are called, with distinctive propriety, the people of God—Scripture is the witness and the record. It is, as we have already said, not so properly a book as a literature. It is not a passive medium of God's Spirit flowing through it, but the expression of a living organism of mind behind it, through which God wrought and spoke; a history of spiritual experiences, of men's communings with God, and of God's suggestions to them, in those simple unlearned times ere artificial culture had overlaid the religious instincts of the soul, when the fountains of inspiration still flowed fresh and strong, and the spiritual eye looked out undimmed into the material universe, and saw God working at the heart of all things. It is this direct religious inspiration which characterizes

the prophetic teachings of Scripture, and makes the books where it is recorded a sacred literature; for the Spirit, when it enters a human soul, uses all modes of utterance, and takes all forms, and flows through all media. The Divine can only manifest itself through the human. But though a vehicle of the Spirit of God—in this sense and indirectly, that is, not in letters and words and phrases, but as the faithful representative of human thought and human action, under a divine influence—Scripture is still a literature; and, like every other literature, can only be understood, and have its real character brought to light, by subjection to a free and fearless criticism, which lays open the source of its ideas, and analyzes its materials, and expounds the principle which has presided over their combination—sets it more in a point of view to be compared with other monuments of men's deepest and holiest meditation, and, judging it by rules less technical and artificial, regards it as something living, genuine, and natural, more deeply human, and therefore, in the highest sense, more divine. No criticism—however it may affect questions of age, authorship, or derivation of materials, where we have simply to follow the evidence of facts—can possibly destroy the force of utterances which speak directly to our moral and spiritual sense, or weaken the authority of those great religious minds which carry with them the spontaneous confidence and sympathy of every healthy nature and uncorrupted heart. The voice which commands our deference and our trust is the voice of God speaking through history, attested by the concurring homage of the wisest and best through thousands of years. It strengthens by a force not our own, and a witness external to ourselves, the consciousness of what we feel to be divine, yet in us is often wavering and weak; and there are times when it is an unspeakable comfort to throw ourselves with implicit faith on these solemn oracles of the past, accepted as they are in their substance by the universal heart of believing and religious men, and to feel that in them we are leaning, not on our own individual reason, but on a strength and a support which come from God himself. There are some truths which, once fully uttered, are uttered once and forever; they can not perish; they can not be renewed; they are *κτῆμα ἐς αἰῶνα*, a permanent heritage of man—the broad, im-

mutable foundation on which his moral being rests. All that remains for future times is, to give them ever-new and ever-widening application, and draw out of them the spiritual elements which they are not at first perceived to involve. The doctrines of one God, the Universal Father, and of his all-embracing providence, once committed to the faith of the human soul, lie so close to its primary instincts and clearest intuition, that, however they may be overshadowed by passing doubts, they can never wholly vanish from it again. They may fade, and they may revive, with the prevalence of philosophical theories and the moral condition of society; but there they are, and there they will remain, rooted silently in the living heart of man. Who does not recall Goethe's memorable words on the death of Wieland—that no strong-minded man ever wholly abandoned his belief in immortality? It is the clear and emphatic utterance of these great spiritual truths, affecting all our relations with the invisible world, which, once uttered, can neither be reversed nor enlarged, and their permanent embodiment in the facts of human history, that constitutes the finality of the revelation in Scripture. The Hebrews fulfilled their mission in the world's history by laying the foundation and furnishing the conditions, in their prophetic utterance and agency, of the future spiritual development of mankind. "The great nations of antiquity," says a distinguished orientalist, who has devoted his special study to the history and literature of the Hebrew race, "each pursued a separate aim, which their circumstances recommended to them, and followed it to its highest point, in some respects never reached again by any of their posterity; and as each of these nations attained its acme, and its day began to decline, it sank into a one-sided effort, as though all its powers had just sufficed to reach this highest point. But those problems of the human mind which these ancient peoples, each taking its own, solved for itself with the most entire independence and most wonderful consequentiality, have borne for all future times, and for nations the most diverse and remote, effects of immeasurable extent, and fruits of the greatest value.* This remark applies in its whole

force to the very sublime and gigantic aims which engaged the energies of the ancient people of Israel."

The value of Scripture as a source of moral power and religious influence is in one respect increased by what may seem at first view the negative, and even destructive results of modern criticism. It is taken out of the domain of theological technicality and authoritative dogmatism, which enliven and deaden the intellect, and left to make its appeal directly to the primitive sources of conviction and trust in every awakened soul; lifting us above this world by the evidence which it affords—in its holy men and prophets, and, above all, in Christ—of their intimate communion with God, and of the sensible witness vouchsafed to them of God's living presence, and of that invisible state where the spirits of the departed dwell with Him. The further we advance in what is called civilization, and in material science, the more we need the counteracting influence of those primary religious intuitions which are opened to us in a sacred history and literature like the Bible. A Scripture becomes not the less, but the more necessary, the longer society continues to exist; and Scripture, like every other genuine record of the human soul in its deepest thoughts and highest aspirations, will then first unlock to us all its treasures of spiritual wisdom, consolation, and strength, when we read it with an open eye and a trusting heart, freely yet reverently, looking for nothing but what we find, unprejudiced and sympathizing; when we ourselves are conscious in our feeble measure of the presence and action of the same Spirit which flashed forth in its words of far-revealing light, and animated its holy and self-sacrificing deeds—yea which unites us of this day in a bond of religious identity with the noble and devoted men who, taught themselves by God, showed the childhood of our race the way that it should go, and whose sublime teachings on the great themes of human duty and expectation have left modern reason little else to do than work out into applications of increasing extent and fertility, truths which it can not demonstrate, and yet, when once presented, must accept.

It is true, that doubt and uncertainty on points once unhesitatingly believed may, to some extent, have been produced by that fearless and impartial application

* Ewald, *Geschichte des Volkes Israel bis Christus*; Vorbereitung, p. 7.

to Scripture of the now-recognized laws of historical criticism, which is beginning to break down some of the old landmarks of faith, and is gradually opening to the inquirer new and vaster questions, which must carry him deeper into the interior of his own being, and its mysterious relations with God: but the final result of all this will unquestionably be to bring men back, with clearer insight, broader views, and stronger conviction, to the recognition of those eternal verities in which the soul of religion consists, and which it is the strongest witness of the divine in Scripture to reflect with such unparalleled brightness, and urge home to the soul with such resistless force. It is in this generous trust—the surest sign of faith in God—that the Chevalier Bunsen has gone to work in preparing the book of which he has just given the first part to the world. It is his object—and the effort is at once noble and courageous—to destroy all intellectual monopoly of God's universal truth; to break up the craft and mystery of professional erudition; to bring down the well-established results of theological research into the circle of the general reader; to introduce the learned and the unlearned classes to mutual understanding and spiritual communion; to show, in fine, that what is truly divine must come home to the common human heart. In how genial a spirit this work is written, the following extract will prove:

"He who preached these truths in their absolute fullness and strength—intelligible to children, yet unsearchable by the wise—He who by a holy life of love to God and man, and by a voluntary death, preached them once in the language of facts, and preaches them still in the voice of the Spirit—He was a man, yea, He was MAN, even because he was only a man. He was neither Jew nor Greek, neither prince nor priest, not a rich and mighty one, but in presence of them all, wholly a man. He lived and died for humanity. But for that very reason He is called, and was and is, God's Image and Son, as no one else before or after Him. His mortal finite being was essentially a representation of God, and had become a divine nature.

"That what he saith to thee—and, indeed, as the fulfillment of all desire, and all promise, and all history—contains divine and eternal truth, thy own reason and thy own conscience will prove the sufficient warrant, if thou dost what He sets before thee as God's commandment, standing before God in genuine thankful love, and exercising the same love toward all thy brethren. He reveals to thee—in other words, He makes plain, He discovers—to thee what lies

hidden in thy own reason and thy own conscience, oppressed by the weight of the creation and the necessity of nature.

"Thou canst close these eyes of thy spirit to the light; but thou canst not open them without seeing. Close them not. Why wouldst thou do so? Here is a book, not of signs and dreams, not for dreaming and interpretation; no, a child-like and a thoughtful book—a book to read with open eye, and to hear with open ear. And it runs over with comfort and light, since it speaks to thee the inmost language of thy being; but objectively, as reality, as what has been and is. The good and the true are in their commencement—seeking their completion in an ever-expanding kingdom of God, in a condition of mankind founded on right and justice; and through that unfolding in the finite and the temporal, the eternal thought of creation.

"This book, by its interior unity, by the truth of its single undivided consciousness of God, has guided and governed for hundreds of years our human sense, as expressed by the noblest of human races—of our relations to the universe. It has fulfilled the sublimest hopes, and verified the holiest longings, of men—those same hopes, and longings which thou experiencest in thyself in thy gravest and most thoughtful moments. Ought it not on this account to yield light and solace to thee and to thy time? Throw a free glance on its history, and thou wilt see that for more than four thousand years every step of mankind in advance toward light and truth and freedom and right goes hand in hand with belief in this book. Wonder not at these bold words: they are neither inconsiderate and fanatical, nor yet uttered in the spirit of hostility or a sect." (Pp. 100-102.)

It is not our intention to enter into a critical analysis of M. Bunsen's book, which would hardly be in accordance with the object of the present article; indeed the work is so loosely put together, that it would be difficult to analyze it; but we will select from it a few passages, both as containing in themselves some valuable suggestive matter, and as throwing light on the views and purposes of the author. He speaks thus on a point which has been referred to in the foregoing pages:

"The religious sentiment of men in Europe has perished, as far as it can perish, under the double weight of absolutism and of a theological system which has renounced reason and science. But the nations demand liberty of conscience, not from unbelief, but from longing after belief. They wish for right and freedom, not that they may lead a godless and sensual life, but to be able once more to believe honestly in the Gospel. For this liberty of conscience they will know how to act and suffer, to live and die; and the blood of their martyrs will kindle a flame by the power of God which shines through it. Misbelief and unbelief, the seeds of which have so long been

sown and cultured, will combine to perplex men's minds. When the reason of conscience, with the Bible in her hand, and Jesus set before her as a model, ascends the throne, we shall see still greater abominations of misbelief and unbelief. Our age is remarkable for great and general culture of the intellect. An honest and intelligible philosophy must take its place beside our Christian faith, to ward off sophistry and materialism; for the old scholastic system, decayed and powerless, has broken down, and every thing built on it threatens to share its ruin. The sole personality that remains as an object of faith, and the only monument of the religious consciousness which accords their equal rights to God, to the world, and to mankind—Jesus and the Bible—must be brought into harmony with the science of the positive in nature and history. The unhappy schism between faith and reason must cease. . . . How can men attain and preserve freedom within the limits of law, without reverence for man as the image of God, and for humanity as the final object of the Divine intelligence, as the expression of God's will in the history of the world? How can science understand the nature of Christ, without understanding as well the misery as the greatness of human nature? How can God's Spirit in the eternal be understood, without a recognition of the Church, whose function it is to represent it in the temporal? How can the Divine thought be understood, which penetrates the universe with its breath of creative love, without a humanity which strives in faith and thankfulness to express it? Behold our aim. We are in search of the great religious truths of the world's history; not merely, however, for the scientific intellect of the philosopher, but with reference to the deepest wounds of the present, and the intensest longings of humanity." (Pp. 17-19.)

On the renewed tendency of mankind towards religious belief, after periods of prevalent skepticism, we have the following remarks:

"Leibnitz attempted a justification of the moral order of the world, to tranquillize the reflecting portion of mankind. Bloody religious and political wars, which had terminated on the Continent (with the single exception of Holland) in a general rudeness of manners and the absolutism of princes, had exhausted and enfeebled the human mind, which required nourishment of this sort to fortify itself against the doubts of negative inquiry, and the spirit of despair which had seized the nations. Toward the close of the same century, Lessing and Kant endeavored to resist the increasing materialism, which had set in especially from England and France, by strengthening the faith of reason in itself as a moral power. Already in their time the philosophy of mind had made such an advance, that it no more occurred to any one to write a justification of the world's order than to write a justification of reason itself." (P. 80.)

A considerable part of the book is written in the form of a colloquy—sometimes beautifully expressed—with the reader. In this style he approaches another side of the subject, discussed in the last extract—the action and reaction of belief and unbelief, and shows how naturally superstition accompanies infidelity:

"And so thou standest again on the brink of the abyss, in contradiction with thyself, as with history, with the world, and with God. Consider well. To-morrow, perhaps, superstition will seize hold of thee, and thou wilt recommence in thyself the errors of centuries. Such a course numbers are now attempting, with a folly and a madness that to our fathers—nay, to ourselves thirty years ago—would have seemed impossible. They would fain recall the superstitious formulas of a by-gone age, without its natural childlike faith, and its joyous sense of life. They would bring back these formulas, without the earnest faith which once ennobled and animated them. Superstition is ever born anew with faith, folly with truth. Perhaps thou wilt again take note of bird's flight, or other natural signs, like the middle ages, or heathen antiquity. Nay, thou art in danger of falling into something much worse, self-devised signs of wood and tables. But how elevated a wisdom lies in that old faith—in the flight or cry of the living sharers of our earthly lot, which thou hast so often laughed at—as compared with the senseless and soul-destroying divination of our time! Mormonism, slavery, appeals to the deceased, star-consulting, table-turning, are signs of the lowest declension at once of the intellect and the heart." (Pp. 88-91.)

As the sole cure for such extravagances, the author suggests a rational faith in a well-attested religious system, bound up with the history of the human race—a Scripture. We will cite only one more passage:

"Whithersoever thou turnest, there remaineth for thee nothing but thy moral reason and the world's history. Yet of external histories thou dost not desire to hear. No, thou wouldst fain survey in the reflection of thousands of years the history of thy own spirit and of the eternal thought which dwells in its inner depths—yea, survey them in the mirror of a book which all can understand. It must be a book that would speak to thee of the actual, of the temporal; that would tell thee what divine consciousness it is that has actually governed the world's history. But thou art as little desirous of a mere outward history as of a philosophical system—as little of a pious legend as of a deep-thoughted myth. The book must contain a true historical kernel, and reflect back to thee a genuine, personal, human consciousness. It must possess a unity in itself—a luminous center-point for what is dark—an inner soul for its outward manifesta-

tion. It must exhibit to thee the eternal and the temporal—the eternal as the temporal, the temporal as the eternal. It must give thee answer to the questions: 'Whence comes this race of men? Whither is it going?' To this issue all thy questionings finally tend. It is after this that something within thee inquires, not from mere curiosity, or the thirst for scientific lore. It is the purely human within thee that impels thee with a divine power to ask: 'Whence do I come? Whither do I go? What ought I to do?' And simply because this longing is within thee, and thou hast the living faith that the realities of history, rightly viewed, must meet it with their verification—that there must be a divine answer to it, adjusted to the wants of our time—precisely for this reason, mankind do possess such a book. This book is called by thy own people, by the world on which thou livest—'the Book'—'the Scripture.' It is the book in the highest sense." (Pp. 92, 93.)

We may judge from this extract, in how popular—in some passages we might say, how rhetorical—a tone a large portion of M. Bunsen's book is written. Some of its best criticisms are those on the prophets, into the spirit of whose teachings it enters with a full and genial recognition. Those on Joel, Jonah, and Daniel are remarkable for their happy union of unbiased freedom of judgment with strong religious feeling. Speaking of the forced interpretations so often put on the latter writer, in defiance of history and criticism, he says: "We are not to make the pious patriot and seer a liar, in order to make him a prophet after our own system." (P. 530.) If more Scriptural criticism were expressed in this tone of mingled honesty and reverence, it would render great service to genuine religion, and help to raise the Bible, often so blindly read and so dimly felt, to its proper rank as the grandest literature in the world.

Not seldom M. Bunsen had reminded us in this book of Herder. He has all the fervor, and something of the vagueness and generality, of that graceful and suggestive writer. With many claims on our approval, the present work has some obvious defects. Its general views are often sounder than the particular applications of them. The author draws his inferences in many cases too confidently from slight resemblances and uncertain grounds. His reference of the prophetic faculty to a purified *clairvoyance* (pp. 142-151) will not, we suspect, meet with general acceptance; and his unhesitating ascription to Baruch, the amanuensis of Jeremiah, of works so different in style and in thought as Lamentations, the latter part of Isaiah,

and Job, does not appear to us to satisfy the conditions of a cautious and discriminating criticism. Altogether the work lacks compression, and a more systematic distribution of its materials. It wants also a more uniform and consistent character. It exhibits too great a mixture of the learned and the popular. It professes to be written for the instruction of the general reader; yet for this purpose the philosophical introduction is too abstruse and obscure, and is marked by too constant a recurrence of abstract formulas of thought borrowed from the schools. In some of the insulated disquisitions—the result apparently of the learned researches of former years—the author goes minutely into critical questions of which only scholars are competent to judge. Other parts of his subject, again, he has treated with a superficiality of which the learned will be apt to complain. Judging from a rapid survey of his work, we suspect that he has left himself open to attack in several points of detail. If it be so, we shall much regret it; because it will furnish those who grudge his useful labors, and are envious of his wide social influence, with a plausible pretext for depreciating them, and may blind others to the real merit and noble purpose of his undertaking. We are jealous of M. Bunsen's reputation. Germany at this time can ill afford any lessening of the moral and intellectual weight of such a man on behalf of popular enlightenment and religious freedom. His high social position, his antecedents, and his being a simple unfettered layman, qualify him in no ordinary degree for mediating between the hard material unbelief and the rigid uncompromising orthodoxy, which threaten for the present to divide his country between them; while his genial spirit, his comprehensive views, his wide and ready sympathy with all that is good and generous, must commend much of what he writes—could he only abridge its volume and simplify its expression—to the cordial acceptance of the popular mind. It would be a public misfortune, if any hasty assertions and unguarded statements, inviting hostile and unscrupulous criticism, should weaken the impression and limit the circulation of a book which, though it may not in its present form fully satisfy the demands of the scientific, nor fully meet the wants of the less instructed, is still conceived in the true spirit of religious earnestness, and is sent out bravely and honestly in the right direction.

From the London Quarterly.

THE EMPERORS OF AUSTRIA.*

On the 16th of August, 1477, the ancient city of Ghent presented an unusually gay appearance. Its streets were thronged with grave burghers and bold weavers in their holiday apparel; the quaint old houses were hung with variegated drapery, and festooned with the fairest flowers; while the windows were filled with the smiling faces of richly-attired dames and damsels, whose curiosity was this day strained to its highest pitch by the knowledge that all the stir was occasioned by the preparations for a wedding. And that was to be no common wedding, to which they were now expecting the advent of the bridegroom elect. The beautiful Mary of Burgundy, the wealthiest heiress in Christendom, had with a will of her own—which she doubtless derived from her willful father, Charles the Bold—chosen the handsome MAXIMILIAN of Austria as her future husband: and now this bridegroom of nineteen summers was about to enter Ghent, dressed bravely by means of 100,000 guilders which Mary's stepmother, Margaret of York, had sent him as provisional pocket-money.

At length he comes proudly along, a goodly target for those many curious eyes. Clad in silver-gilt armor, and riding on a noble brown horse, he wears no helmet, but a peerless garland of pearls and precious stones, which sets off to the best advantage his golden locks. His long retinue consists of electors, princes, bishops, and six hundred nobles. Thus is he escorted over many a bridge, and through many a narrow winding street, to his quarters, where he receives a message of welcome from the Princess, whom, after

supper, (so important an item to a vigorous young German,) he goes to visit at her palace. As he rides along the streets by torchlight, his fair bride comes to meet him, and, both falling on their knees in the road, they embrace each other; Mary exclaiming, with tears of delight, "Welcome to me, thou scion of the noble German stock, whom I have so long wished to see, and whom I now am so rejoiced to meet!" On the third day after this entry, the handsomest youth of the time was united to the beautiful Burgundian heiress; and thus was secured to the House of Hapsburg the splendid dower of the Netherlands, with their brisk trade and flourishing manufactures, which served first to make Austria really considerable as a European power.

Amidst all the rejoicings accompanying such an event, we may be permitted to imagine some substantial old citizen shaking his grey head, and uttering fearful forebodings as to what the Low Countries might suffer under a new sovereign, of another race, and other habits and sympathies, to whom the busy Flemings were now turned over like a peaceful flock of sheep. However, all went well while their own Mary lived: for her sake, doubtless, the sturdy Netherlanders suffered quietly many affronts and much oppression. But when she was cut off in the bloom of her youth and beauty—having been fatally injured by a fall from her horse while hawking—the flame of discontent broke forth fiercely. Maximilian, indeed, by dint of executions, managed to put down the rebellion in Ghent, and then removed to Bruges. But the fifty-two guilds of that city, under their several banners, marched upon his mercenaries in the market-place, disarmed them, and gave Maximilian himself an opportunity for reflection and repentance by confining him in the castle for four months. At length his father, the Emperor Frederick III., sent an army to his rescue; and Maximilian

* *Geschichte des Oestreichischen Hofes und Adels und der Oestreichischen Diplomatie.* Von Dr. EDUARD VEHSE. Hamburg: Hoffmann und Campe. 1851-2.

Memoirs of the Court, Aristocracy, and Diplomacy of Austria. By Dr. E. VEHSE. Translated from the German by FRANK DEMMLER. In 2 Vols. London: Longmans. 1856.

showed how much his retirement had enlightened him as to the true principles of government, by putting to death forty of the boldest burgesses of the city.

The Tyrol having come into the possession of the lucky Maximilian by the death of his crazy cousin, Sigismund, it was ever after his favorite abode. He loved to dress in its picturesque fashion—a short green coat, surmounted by a broad-brimmed hat of the same color. Its hills and valleys are full of memorials of his hunting adventures. Some of these were not of the most pleasant: one Easter Monday, in particular, found him perched on the brink of the Martinswand, a steep rock in the valley of the Upper Inn, unable to descend from the giddy height, and far from his attendants. On this perilous post he remained two long days and nights, and was at length found and saved from starving—not by an angel, as he was inclined to suppose, but—by a chamois hunter, Oswald Zips, who shouted to him, and was thereafter ennobled by the style of *Hollauer von Hohenfels*, “Halloer of High-Rock.” Maximilian was bold even to foolhardiness. Besides performing the feat of forcing open the jaws and pulling out the tongue of a caged lion—which must either have lost its spirits by durance vile, or been struck with helpless wonder at the impudence of the man—he once mounted to the highest ledge of the tower of Ulm cathedral, and stepping out upon the iron bar by which the beacon lantern was suspended, he balanced himself on one foot, while he poised the other in the air. Such luxurious quiverings in mid ether are not to be indulged in by men of vulgar birth, unless, indeed, their lives should happen to be insured for considerably more than their intrinsic worth.

Maximilian was the best archer, the most accomplished horseman, the most skillful gunner, and the worst financier of his day. His rough troops, when growling for their arrears of pay, were so in the habit of being put off with pleasant promises and the broadest of jests, that he got the nickname of *Poco Denari*, “Little Cash.” He was once, indeed, so pressed for money as to be forced to pledge the largest jewel of the time with our King Henry VII., who acted as pawnbroker on the occasion, lending his imperial cousin 50,000 crowns on that security. As an instance of Maximilian’s extreme easiness and good-nature in financial matters, it is

related, that when one of his devoted servants had embezzled a large sum of money, the Emperor asked him what the thief would deserve who should steal so many thousand florins—naming the exact *deficit*. The frail gentleman answering, earnestly, that such a fellow ought to be hanged at the very least, the Emperor quietly replied: “By no means, friend; we want your services some time longer.”

Having survived his second wife, Maximilian, who had ever been very respectful to the priesthood, expressed his intention of honoring that body by assuming the triple crown at the first vacancy. Writing to his daughter Margaret, (Sept. 18th, 1512,) he tells her that he had resolved upon living thenceforth in perfect celibacy; and that he intended to send the Bishop of Gurk the next day to Pope Julius II., (who had the ague, and could not live much longer,) to induce that Pontiff to make him his coadjutor, so that he might be sure of succeeding him on the Papal throne. He would then be ordained a priest, and in due course canonized as a saint: his dear daughter would therefore after his death be obliged to “worship” him, whereat he should feel very much “glorified.” But though the jovial Emperor pledged his best jewels with the great banker Fugger of Augsburg—the Rothschild of the day—to procure the cash necessary for “refreshing the parched throats of the Cardinals,” the ingenious project did not meet with any good success, and Max was obliged to content himself with his temporal sovereignty.

For an Austrian *Kaiser*, Maximilian was amiable, and easy of access. Among his choicest friends he numbered the great painter and engraver, Albert Dürer, the learned John Reuchlin, (or Capnio,) the warlike George von Frundsberg, and Bishop Hans von Balberg, the restorer of German art and learning. But the Emperor was neither a great statesman nor a clever strategist. Of restless activity, his energies were wasted on petty matters of detail. He did not possess a mind of power sufficient to grasp a truly grand scheme, and then to carry it out steadily and pertinaciously. Yet in his reign it is that we pass from the illuminated leaves of Middle Age romance to the paler pages of modern history. The feuds and other little matters which knights and barons had long been in the habit of settling by club-law were now brought under the

cognizance of the Imperial Court of Chancery, much to the discomfiture of many an iron-handed warrior. To Maximilian is also owing the division of Germany into those circles which are apt to puzzle the modern examiner of old maps of the Empire.

Maximilian must by no means be omitted from the list of royal authors: for he contributed, for the instruction of mankind, no fewer than twenty-two treatises, which may still be found, if nowhere else, in the *Hof-Bibliothek* at Vienna; where also may be perused the odd queries which he put to Abbot Tritheim, and among which is found the following very sensible one: "Why should witches have power over the evil spirits, whilst an honest man can not get anything from an angel?" That he had a sufficiently-high estimate of his own prowess and sagacity, may be gathered from the fact, that one of his books, under the title of *The Wise King*, records the wisdom of himself and his father; and another, *Theuerdank*, is devoted to the narration of Max's own wondrous feats and hair-breadth escapes.

Maximilian lived to see the dawn of the Reformation, one of his last acts of government being the opening of the famous Diet of Augsburg, at which Luther appeared before Cajetan. The Emperor seems to have thought this episode a very good joke—a nice quarrel among the parsons, which would a little trouble the "Holy Father" at Rome—and to have had no perception of the work which this simple monk was to make for his successors down even to the present day. He left Augsburg with regret; for he had spent many festive days there, and he felt that he should never see it again. On arriving at Innspruck, the towns-people would have none of his horses or carriages, as there was an old score due to them from the imperial attendants: so the animals had to pass a winter's night in the open street; and the poor old Emperor was thrown into a fever by intense anger at the ill-behavior of his lieges. Yet he must needs embark on the Inn, in the sharp January weather, on his way to Vienna: but he only reached Wels, where he died, January 12th, 1519, aged sixty years.

While Maximilian was bustling about his dominions, paying court to fair ladies, firing off cannon to no end but that of making a noise and smoke, and fancying

himself the greatest potentate and craftiest statesman in the world, there was growing up in the Netherlands a fair, slender, blue-eyed youth, who was eagerly fighting again the battles of the Maccabees, or poring patiently over the pages of Thucydides. Brought up in chilling splendor, the son of a melancholy-mad mother who poisoned her husband in a fit of jealousy,* CHARLES V., with no gentle domestic intercourse to foster the better qualities of the heart, was trained by circumstances to form as complete a contrast as possible to his jovial grandfather, whom he was to succeed on the imperial throne. Whatever liveliness he might inherit from his gay, good-looking father, Philip the Handsome, was counter-balanced by the intense Spanish moodiness imparted to him by his wretched mother, Joan the Insane. All youthful tendency to restlessness was broken by his stern governor, De Chièvres who would wake the boy up at any untimely hour to open dispatches, and scrawl his brief opinion on their margin.

When scarcely sixteen, Charles became King of Catholic Spain—an inheritance well suited to his temperament. Amongst his first acts on visiting the land of the Inquisition, was the dismissal of the Grand Inquisitor, Cardinal Ximenes, from its regency, with the consoling message that his merits were so great that Heaven alone could adequately reward them; and that he therefore permitted him to end his days in quiet on his archiepiscopal see. The aged Cardinal is said to have been killed by this cruelly kind communication; at all events, he died but a few hours after receiving it.

Immediately on hearing news of the death of his Germanic grandfather, Charles set about getting himself chosen as his successor in the headship of the Holy Roman Empire. Accordingly the Fuggers of Antwerp, a branch of the great Augsburg bankers, were retained as his agents—combining the duties of a Rothschild and a Coppock—in the necessary work of buying the noble electors, taking care, of course, to promise a higher premium than the rival candidate, the French King, Francis I. The firm are said to have aided Charles greatly by an expe-

* Robertson appears to have no suspicion of this fact; but Dr. Vehse asserts it on the authority of letters which Hormayr gives in his historic collections.

dient not unknown in modern politics—honoring no bills of exchange but those that came from the Spanish party. Frederick the Wise, of Saxony, having declined the crown, it was at length apportioned to Charles, but not until his ambassadors had solemnly signed an “Electoral Capitulation,” which their imperial master afterwards swore to observe—an oath which, with the usual laxity of “Catholic” monarchs, Charles felt it by no means incumbent upon him to respect. In October, 1520, clad in armor, and decked with a coat of gold brocade, he rode into Aix-la-Chapelle to be crowned Emperor. Though then but twenty years of age, his pale face and melancholy aspect made him look already an old man. After holding that Diet at Worms which forms one of the great epochs in the world’s history, Charles returned, by way of Flanders and England, to Spain. In our own land he was received with due magnificence by Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey; and a contract of marriage was concluded between him and Mary Tudor—the little Princess who, long afterward, was wedded to his son Philip.

We can not accompany Charles through the eventful history of his long reign. His wars with France, with the Turks, and with the Protestant princes, and lastly, his encounter with one who was his match in duplicity—the Elector Maurice of Saxony—can not here be detailed. The Pope having sided with the chivalrous Francis I., the Emperor, whose *public* devotion to the Church was as great as ever at home, took his revenge on the Pontiff by letting loose on Italy old Frundsberg with his lansquenets, who, having joined the Constable of Bourbon and his Spaniards, marched against the temporalities of the “Holy Father.” Frundsberg was prevented by an attack of paralysis from going farther than Ferrara; but Bourbon, taking the entire command, led on the troops to the walls of Rome itself, and was shot down while mounting a scaling ladder. His soldiers, however, rushed in, and sacked the city for ten days. Whilst Pope Clement and his satellites were kept close prisoners in the Castle of St. Angelo, the jovial lansquenets donned the hats and scarlet robes of the Cardinals, and paraded the city on donkeys. One of them often made his appearance before the Castle, dressed up like an orthodox Pope, wearing the very essential triple

crown, and, with his cardinalic comrades, drank healths and made speeches to the great horror and annoyance of the incarcerated ecclesiastics. However, peace was at length concluded with France, and afterward with the humbled Pontiff, who, in February, 1530, crowned Charles, at Bologna, King of Lombardy and Emperor of the Romans. It was a fine time for the rabble, who scrambled energetically for the gold and silver coins, and the costly banqueting vessels, which were thrown to them from the palace windows.

In tracing the course of Charles’s long reign, one can not but regret, again and again, the injurious manner in which the cause of Reformation was bought and sold by the little Princes of the empire, who mostly cared for it only as a means of increasing their own possession and power. To Luther we owe so much that is good, that it would be an unpleasing task to scrutinize with severity his political opinions which varied considerably at different stages of his life. Suffice it to say, that if he had had any fit coadjutor to take up the kindred cause of civil freedom with a wisdom and courage equal to his own in breaking the fetters from religion, Germany need never have cowered beneath the sway of the cold and crafty Charles, and Austria and her dependencies might now have been the most fruitful lands of Protestant Europe.

At the age of twenty-six, Charles was married at Seville to the graceful Isabel of Portugal; at whose death, thirteen years after, he displayed intense anguish. He had lived very happily with his fair bride; her genial influence in domestic life had modified his habits, and charmed away his moodiness; and his grief at losing her was uncontrollable. For several days he sat beside her body in silent despair, neglectful of all public affairs; and if any had the temerity to break in upon his sorrowful solitude, he flew at them with a drawn dagger. At last he suffered the Jesuit Duke of Borhía to prevail with him, and allowed the beloved form to be entombed. He afterwards relapsed into his former habits of profligacy, which were indulged with characteristic coolness and secrecy.

Charles was not handsome in his person; his long, pale face being disfigured by the ugly lower lip peculiar to the House of Hapsburg. His complexion in the prime of life is said to have been as

white as milk. We can, therefore, hardly wonder that the Protestants, at the fatal battle of Mülberg, looked upon him as a ghost, or rather a mummy, as he rode along the lines, his enfeebled limbs encased in glittering armor, his hair turned gray with the tortures of the gout, and his features pale as those of a corpse. His ordinary demeanor was proud and chilling, as might have been expected from his education; yet he knew how to bend down to those whom he liked, and to defend his low-born but faithful servants from the insults of the haughty copiers of himself. His brave captain, Antonio de Leyva, the shoemaker's son, received peculiar marks of favor, earned by his many services. Most of our readers will be familiar with the anecdote of the Emperor picking up Titian's brush, when the great painter had dropped it, and telling his astonished courtiers, "I have always people enough to bow before me, but I have not always a Titian." When a proud Castilian lady and a fair Neapolitan were quarreling for precedence at the door of the palace chapel in Brussels, Charles dexterously settled their dispute by the suggestion, "Let the most foolish go first." He used to say of the gout, "Patience and a little screaming is a good remedy against it."

In money matters Charles was very careful, letting his pages go about in somewhat tattered garments, and spending far less on his own habiliments than the plainest noble did. Unfortunately, too, for his attendants, he had such a good memory, that, if one of his shirts or handkerchiefs were missing, he was sure to make inquiry after it. Indeed, an old Saxon clerk, who saw him at a review at Naumburg, in 1547, records that he wore a new black velvet cap on the occasion, and a Spanish cloak; and that, when it began to rain, Charles doffed his new cap, and covered it up under his cloak, letting the drops fall on his gray hair. Old Schirmer, who had always been accustomed to take care of his own pate, was of course astonished, and moralizes on the incident with much pathos: "Poor Emperor! who had done such great deeds in the world, who had made war in Africa, and was the possessor of so many tons of gold, and yet let the rain fall on his uncovered head!" Yet, with all his thrift about his garments—in which he showed himself a true descendant of Rodolph of Hapsburg, who mended

his clothes with his own hands—Charles knew not how to handle large sums of money, and was almost always in financial straits.

In his later years, Charles slept but little, yet rose late in the morning. He then first attended a private mass for the soul of the Empress, gave audience to his ministers, heard a second mass for the benefit of his own soul, and went thence direct to dinner, according to the old proverbial rule, *Della messa alla mensa*, "From mass to meat." Sastrow, who had seen the Emperor at several Diets, tells us, in his "Pomeranian Chronicle," that, however many princely relatives and friends Charles might find waiting for him on his return from church, he coolly shook hands with them, left them in the entry, and walked in alone to a good dinner, with an enviable freedom from compunction. The old chronicler goes on to state, that his Majesty had no one to carve for him; but, having nodded for any little delicacy that pleased him—such trifles as "a sucking pig," or "a calf's head"—stuck in his knife just where he fancied a piece, and scooped it out, or tore it with his fingers, drawing his plate under his chin, and so eating, in "a very unaffected, but *neat and cleanly* manner," which was "very pleasant to look at." He finished his elegant repast—during which his ears were regaled with choice music, and with the free-and-easy talk of the jesters who stood behind his chair—by quaffing the *modicum* of a pint and a half of wine from a crystal tankard, which he drained to the last drop. Petitioners knew well that now were the *mollia tempora fandi*, when his lordship had picked his sacred teeth with a quill, washed himself, and taken up a position in the corner near the window, in his most accessible mood. After private audiences, which lasted two or three hours, he rested himself in an easy-chair for an hour, had another interview with his ministers, read or wrote his letters, and, after partaking (slightly, of course, for his dinner had tempted him with a variety of twenty-four dishes, some of them very substantial) of sweetmeats and preserved fruits, he and his Court retired to bed at the modest hour of nine.

In spite of his wonderful successes, of his ingenuity in political intrigue, and of some rare traits of character, Charles V. can not be pronounced a truly great man. His active and penetrating mind was de-

voted solely to the aggrandizement of his house; and the fertility and unscrupulous nature of his schemes to this end remind one of another ex-monarch, of more recent date—Louis Philippe—between whom, indeed, and Charles an amusing parallel might be run in many particulars. With a fearful disregard for the lives and liberties of his subjects, Charles was ready always to bear down the least opposition to his will by brute force. With large and rich possessions in Spain and Burgundy to afford him supplies, he was enabled, without much difficulty, to crush the first development of Protestantism in Southern Germany, and by his Spanish hauteur to cow the spirits of the knights and barons, *vassals* of the Empire hitherto in name, but now in stern reality. The question with Charles and most of his successors has been, not, "How can I benefit my subjects?" but "How can I extend my dominions, and render myself more absolute and irresponsible?" For this end were bloody battles fought, solemn oaths broken, fair territories laid waste; and though Charles was a particularly devout son of the Romish Church, yet, when its head thwarted him, he let loose his rough bandits on the "Eternal City" itself.

But the consummation of all this scheming and bullying, so far as Charles was concerned, was, at first, a disgraceful flight, and then an inglorious resignation of the imperial throne. When Maurice of Saxony had taken Ehrenburg Castle, and was about to show himself the Emperor's apt pupil, by giving him a taste of his own treacherous tactics, the master of many lands was obliged to make a precipitous flight amid torrents of cold spring rain, and agoized by the torturing gout. He had twice before attempted to escape from Innspruck to Flanders, but had been frightened back. In the course of the second elopement, when he was disguised as an old woman, a village girl, who had only seen his portrait, exclaimed, "Oh! how like she is to the Emperor!" and his warlike Majesty posted back again with fearful forebodings. Maurice appears to have had some secret encouragement in his operations from the emperor's brother, Ferdinand, who was disgusted at Charles's arrangements for the alternation of the imperial dignity between Ferdinand's family and his own, which would have made the German Empire liable to an intermit-

ting Spanish domination. Besides, Ferdinand well knew that if Don Philip once got possession of the Empire, it would be lost for ever to his own descendants. The Pope, too, afflicted at the prospect of a universal monarchy, which might interfere with pontifical pretensions, secretly abetted the Saxon Elector. But Charles's crowning difficulty was, that the great banking-houses of Italy and the Low Countries, and even the friendly Fuggers of Augsburg—one of whom had once delighted him, when staying under their roof, by re-kindling a fire with the Emperor's old bonds—refused to advance any more money to one who had ever been ready to break commercial faith, and to convert loans into unfunded debts with perpetual interest. Thus he who had thought himself a complete master of statecraft, was caught in so many false moves, and so completely checkmated, that he thought the time had at length arrived for him to throw up the hazardous game, and to carry out the design he had long talked about by retiring to some quiet convent for the remainder of his days.

Accordingly, in October the 26th, 1555, Charles publicly resigned the Netherlands to his grasping, ungrateful son, Philip II., to whom he had already ceded the Two Sicilies, in order to smooth the way for his marriage to Mary of England. In the same hall at Brussels in which, forty years before, he had entered on his reign with high and haughty hopes, all his prospects bright and cloudless, and fortune ready to favor him in all his undertakings, the infirm and broken-spirited emperor now rose painfully from his chair of state—his right hand resting on his staff, his left on the shoulder of William Prince of Orange—and in accents of deep emotion, briefly reviewed his life, begging pardon of all who had been wronged by his neglect or mismanagement, and ending with the assurance that he would never forget his faithful Netherlanders to the day of his death, and would never cease to pray to God for their welfare. Well might the large assembly be moved to tears; for it was a time to forget the faults of the ruler in the misfortunes of the man, racked with pain of body, and plagued with fits of melancholy still more dreadful. In the following January he resigned to Philip the kingdoms of Spain, with all their acquisitions in both hemispheres; and in

August he transferred the government of Germany from his own shoulders to those of his brother Ferdinand.

In September, 1556, Charles sailed for Spain; and on landing at Laredo, on the coast of Biscay, he said to have kissed the ground, exclaiming, *Naked came I out of my mother's womb; and naked shall I return thither.* Throughout all his days he had lived, like Dives, just as he liked. Autocrat of many countries, he had spurned from his gate the wounded Lazarus of Lutheranism, when it begged for scanty relief or respite. And now, having enjoyed this world's goods as much as the gout would let him, he bethought himself of improving on the example of the rich Hebrew, and making himself sure, also, of the bliss of another sphere. And this appeared to be an easy matter: for Charles was a devout son of that Church which, by its nicely graduated scale of penal prices, makes everything comfortable for the conscience of the scrupulous sinner. What could be more pleasant than being an outpatient of the convent of Yuste?—always excepting the flagellations, which, however, had the great advantage of being self-inflicted, and so their rough tone could be easily modulated when the touch of the cords was too harsh for the sensitive fibres of the back. This Jeromite monastery was situated in a valley of a mountainous district celebrated for the beauty of its scenery and the purity of its atmosphere. Surrounded by gardens and orchards, watered by cool springs and mountain torrents, the flowery little vale might well cause Charles in earlier years to exclaim, "Here is a place of rest for a second Diocletian!" A small house was built for the ex-emperor near the church of the monastery, so that, when he lay ill, his melancholy might be soothed by catching the sounds of the masses, and the sweet chanting of the choir, for which the finest voices had been selected. His apartments were lighted by many large windows, which admitted the soft breeze, laden with the fragrant scent of the lemon and orange trees, and through which the old potentate could gaze on a fair and spacious landscape, hedged in by hilly ridges, crowned with purple vines. Here, in the intervals of his religious exercises, and when tired by gardening, Charles, aided by the ingenious Gianello Torreano, busied himself in endeavoring to make a regiment of clocks keep the same time;

and, not succeeding very well, would say, "Clocks are just like men." But, as some old oracle of 'Change, who, having realized his "plum," has timely retired to a neat country-house, and is there miserable for want of his wonted occupation, consoles himself by pestering all his friends with gratuitous advice; so Charles V., believing that the world could not keep right without him, favored his son and daughter with long dispatches, replete with wisdom, no doubt, but to which, we believe, they paid but scant attention. At last, having caught cold at a sort of amateur rehearsal of his own obsequies, the ex-monarch died, repeating the words, *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum: redemisti nos, Domine, Deus veritatis.* Those of our readers who wish for further details of the most innocent part of his career, must turn to Mr. Stirling's very interesting work on his "Cloister Life," or Mr. Prescott's recent additions to Robertson.

We must now pass on to the red-bearded monarch who began to occupy the imperial chair when his brother Charles retired to cultivate cabbages in Spain. FERDINAND I. was Spanish by birth, and had been brought up at the court of his grandfather, Ferdinand the Catholic. In 1521, he followed out the auspicious motto of his house, "*Felix Austria nube,*" by wedding Anne Jagellon—bride and bridegroom being alike nineteen years old—and through this marriage obtained, in 1526, the crowns of Hungary and Bohemia. In 1530, Charles endowed his brother with the Archduchy of Austria, and the other family possessions in Germany; so that, when Charles resigned, there was little advance for Ferdinand to make, except as becoming the actual head of the Empire, under the title of "Roman Emperor *Elect.*" The Pope not acknowledging his brother's abdication as valid, because the leave of the "Holy See" had not been asked, Ferdinand consequently remained uncrowned, as all his imperial successors have done, so far as "His Holiness" is concerned.

Ferdinand was but a small man, compared with his brother, both mentally and physically. He was "an excellent man of business," in a pettifogging sense; rose early to attend mass; was almost always on his legs, except at meal-time; and was a sad chatterbox, breaking Priscian's head with royal unconcern. He was a great patron of the Jesuits, Bobadilla, one of the

founders of the Society, being his father—confessor; and under his auspices those meek soldiers of the Roman Church gained firm footing in Vienna, doctoring people in the time of the plague, and effecting many cures by means of Peruvian bark, which was then and long afterwards known as “Jesuits’ powder.”

After an unimportant reign of eight years, Ferdinand died of a slow fever, and his throne passed to his eldest son, MAXIMILIAN II., who was a merry, good-tempered Monarch, yet had more dignity of manner than his restless progenitor. In religious matters he was kind and tolerant, living in open friendship with the chief Protestant princes of the Empire. Letters of his are extant in which he tells Duke Christopher of Württemberg that he had read two volumes of the Latin, and five of the German works of Luther, and expresses a wish to possess all the writings of that great man, as well as those of Melancthon and Brentzius. His motto was, “God alone rules the consciences of men: man only rules man:” a saying for the true appreciation of which the time had not yet arrived. Acting on this principle, he granted free exercise of their religion to the Bohemians, and subsequently extended the boon to Austria Proper. He also, immediately on his accession, liberated John Augusta, the learned Bishop of the Moravian Brethren, from the imprisonment to which he had been consigned, for sixteen years, by the zealous Ferdinand. In 1562—with good intentions which are welcome from their rarity in an Austrian ruler—Maximilian tried to gain the Pope’s sanction for administering the eucharist in both kinds, and for abolishing the forced celibacy of the clergy. We can not refrain from quoting part of the letter which he wrote to his beloved adviser, General Lazarus von Schwendi, on hearing the news of the massacre on St. Bartholomew’s Day, by order of the Emperor’s son-in-law, Charles IX. of France.

“As to the foul deed which the French have tyrannically perpetrated against the Admiral and his people, I can not commend it at all; and I have heard with heart-felt grief that my son-in-law has allowed himself to be persuaded to give his sanction to such an infamous slaughter: but I know this much—that other people rule much more than he does. May God forgive those who are the cause of it! I wish to God he had consulted me: I would have advised him as a true father. It is true, as you very

sensibly write, that *religious matters ought not to be settled by the sword*. No honest man, who fears God and loves peace, will say differently; nor did Christ and His Apostles teach otherwise: for their sword was their tongue, their teaching God’s Word, and their life. And, moreover, those mad people might have seen in so many years that this tyrannical burning and beheading will never do. In short, I do not like it, nor will I ever praise it, unless God should make me foolish and mad, which I ever pray He will not do..... Let Spain and France do as they like; they will have to answer for it to God the Just Judge. As for myself, I shall, if God wills, act honestly and sincerely, like a true Christian; and if I do so, I do not care for all this wicked and graceless world. With this I commend you to the mercy of God, who, in His heavenly wisdom, may turn all things for the best, to ourselves and to all Christendom.”

Noble words these, and the more to be prized as coming from an Austrian Kaiser! Would that his successors had acted on them, and so saved themselves from the guilt, and their subjects from the manifold sufferings arising out of their fierce and bloody bigotry!

Maximilian died suddenly in the fiftieth year of his age, and the thirteenth of his reign. He had long suffered severely from that imperial torture, the gout; and his death was by some attributed to a nostrum which he had got from a quack doctor of Ulm, and which, like certain pills and elixirs of our own day, was warranted to possess miraculous virtue. Others have laid the *onus* of his sudden demise at the door of the ingenious members of the Company of Jesus, who certainly were not too fond of the liberal-minded emperor: but these zealots have so many well-authenticated murders to answer for, that we may spare them the responsibility of one more doubtful. When Maximilian was growing weaker and weaker, and death was making visible approaches, his son, the Archduke Matthias, begged him to think of his salvation, and not to neglect himself: to which advice the dying Emperor made answer: “My son, all this is needless. I hope through the mercy of God, and His merits, to be saved as surely as you can be. I have confessed all my sins to Christ, and thrown them on His passion and death; and I am sure that they are forgiven, and that I do not need any thing else.”

His eldest son and successor, RODOLPH II., though born at Vienna, was, like his father, brought up at the Court of Philip

II., and seems to have imbibed something of the spirit of that unhappy monarch. Gloomy, and passionate, and wayward, the madness of his ancestry broke out in him with renewed vigor, though under a different phase. He was excessively indolent, and spurned every approach to activity in state affairs; yet if any one else began to take in hand the necessary business of the empire, Rodolph was seized with sharp pangs of jealous rage. Whatever genius he was endowed with, developed itself in collecting nicknacks, in studying magic and alchemy, and in taming wild birds and beasts. His beautiful palace, the Hradschin in Prague, was strewn with antiquarian odds and ends, the gathering and safe stowage of which fully occupied the Emperor's time, while envoys on important business had to wait year after year for an interview in vain. How would his spirit have been chafed, could he have foreseen what treatment his treasures were to meet with from his matter-of-fact successor, Joseph II., who—honest man—sold his busts and statues cheap, disposed of his antique coins by weight, and scattered his costly gems and cameos amongst old-curiosity-shopmen!

Rodolph possessed a noble gallery of pictures, including some fine Correggios. He kept up a correspondence with many learned men; and his Court was thronged with famous mechanicians—for he possessed Charles's *penchant* for clock-making—astronomers and astrologers, and all the professors of the black art that chose to come. Amongst the motley crowd, the English alchemist and conjuror, Dr. John Dee, was very conspicuous. It is amusing to note how the doctor and the Emperor stood in admiring awe of one another, each holding the other for a great magician, and each entertaining a wholesome fear of being found out by his fellow adept to be what in modern parlance is designated “a humbug.” Yet amid these constructors of magic mirrors—these needy adventurers who came with a promise of discovering for Rodolph the elixir of life and the philosopher's stone, and who spoke of the production of living men in the crucible, and the resuscitation of mummies, as perfectly possible performances—mixed up with this motley crowd of quacks and gamblers, were one or two men of remarkable genius. It was from Prague that the illustrious Kepler announced his discovery of the planets moving

in elliptic orbits round the sun; he having succeeded the great Dane, Tycho Brahe, as “His Imperial Majesty's Mathematician”—a post of more honor than profit.

Rodolph's moodiness at length reached its highest pitch. Tycho Brahe had drawn a horoscope for him, the purport of which was, that he ought not to marry, since danger threatened him from his nearest relation, his own son. This prognostication caused him to put off his marriage with one princess or another from time to time; but he was mortally vexed when these ladies, tired of such a procrastinating wooer, were married to suitors of more punctual habits. His dread of violence from his family was excited still more by the appearance of Halley's comet in 1607, which seemed a confirmation of all his gloomy forebodings. No persons could then approach him without being searched, lest they should have weapons concealed about them. His bedroom was like a fortified place, and he would often jump up in the dead of the night, and make the governor of his palace search every nook and cranny of the building. For months together the inhabitants of Prague knew not whether he was alive or dead, it being only at long intervals that he allowed them to catch a glimpse of his “sacred” person at the palace windows.

But while Rodolph was tossing madly on his imperial bed of thorns, the world did not stand still. Protestantism had taken deep root in Austria, and was pushing its way energetically in the capital itself; and it taxed all the powers of the bigoted Ferdinand of Grätz to counteract it in Styria, Carniola, and Carinthia. But at length his rough soldiery, with fire and sword, dragooned the people into submission to the old idolatry; while many of the nobles fled to Bohemia, where they afterward fought strenuously against the dominion of Austria. Ferdinand's example was copied by Rodolph's councillors at Vienna, the ecclesiastics Dietrichstein and Clesel; and the stir caused by their reactionary measures was at its height, when, by the Family Treaty of Vienna, (concocted by Clesel,) Rodolph was forced to resign the crowns of Austria Proper and Hungary in favor of his brother, Matthias. He was soon afterward compelled by his Bohemian subjects to sign the famous *Majestäts-Brief*, which secured to them full religious liberty. In 1611 he was obliged by his brother to

renounce the crown of Bohemia also, which he had fondly hoped to retain; and so was left in possession only of his barren dignity as head of the German Empire. A few months afterward, he died very suddenly, his heart having been broken by the demise of his favorite old lion, and of two eagles, which he had fed every day with his own hands.

MATTHIAS was a little, weakly man, whose mission seemed to be to dance as long and as often as the gout would let him. His reign is principally remarkable for the *defenestratio Pragensis*, and the commencement of the Thirty Years' War. The Bohemians, in 1617, were so foolish as to elect for their King the bitterly Papistic Ferdinand of Grätz. They thought themselves safe in their liberties because he was condescending enough to swear devoutly to observe the *Majestäts-Brief*; as if, forsooth, a Popish Monarch could be bound by any the most solemn oath. The provisions of this Royal Letter were soon broken through by the Papist party, the Archbishop of Prague giving orders for the destruction of two Protestant churches which were being built under its guarantee. But the Protestants determined to oust the Papal members of the Regency; and just as Ferdinand was being proclaimed King of Hungary at Presburg, his representatives in Bohemia were expelled from the council-chamber; the two most obnoxious, Martinitz and Slawata, with the Secretary, being flung out of the window, according to an ancient custom of the country. Though these ejected councillors were thrown from a great height, their ample cloaks filling with air, broke their fall, and they alighted without much injury on a heap of waste paper and rubbish. Philip Fabricius, the polite secretary, who was forwarded last, is even said to have had presence of mind and breath enough to beg His Excellency's pardon, as he fell on the top of Baron Martinitz. This was the signal for the Thirty Years' War, the Protestant Bohemians at once taking up arms in defence of their solemn rights, and, as the first step, expelling those pestilential Marplots, the members of the Society of Jesus.

When news of this outbreak reached Vienna, the gouty old Emperor was disposed to make concessions to the Bohemian people; and was encouraged in his good intentions by the advice of his premier and confessor, Cardinal Clesel. But

the bigoted Ferdinand strongly opposed this tendency to moderation, proceeded with the levies for his army, and caused Clesel to be suddenly arrested and imprisoned. The death of Matthias followed not long after the *coup d'état* which deprived him of his favorite minister. He died in 1619, in almost the same neglect as he had brought upon his brother Rodolph. The dying monarch was in fact deserted by all, while Ferdinand's apartments were crowded with courtiers ready to prostrate themselves before the rising luminary.

Now came the stormy days of FERDINAND II., the motto of whose life was: "*Better a desert than a country full of heretics.*" Of his piety there can, of course, be no question; for did he not attend mass twice every day, with extra performances on Sunday? And what though his rough troops, year after year, ravaged whole districts, passing over the country, from end to end, like swarms of locusts, leaving behind them leveled cornfields, burned hamlets, and pale famished wretches, whose little all they had destroyed? Yet Ferdinand must be accounted one of the world's worthies: for was he not the first Austrian Emperor that joined in the Corpus-Christi procession, taper in hand? and did he not yield himself up, body and soul, to the whims of his Jesuit advisers, who had free access to him even at midnight? What more could a right-minded ruler do for the good of his people?

We have no space for the details of the Thirty Years' War; of some of the most conspicuous actors in which bloody drama a notice has recently appeared in these pages. Suffice it to say, that while Ferdinand was elected Emperor of the Romans at Frankfort, he was deposed at Prague, the Bohemians denouncing him as "the arch-enemy of liberty of conscience, and a slave of Spain and the Jesuits." They unfortunately chose in his stead the Elector Palatine Frederick, who, being a Calvinist, was almost as obnoxious to the Lutherans of Germany as a Papist would have been. Under the advice of his uncle, the Prince of Orange, and of his own court-preacher, Scultetus, the jovial, easy-tempered Frederick accepted a post of danger which demanded a man of infinite resource and dauntless courage. No Englishman can study the history of the reign of James I. without a pang of deep

regret that that cruellest of pedants, lured by the phantom of a Spanish match, afforded such scant aid to his son-in-law the Palatine, and to the Protestant cause generally. Yet if we fairly review the character of the Bohemian "Winter King," frivolous and utterly helpless as it was, we can hardly suppose that a much different result would have been secured, had James assisted him with ever such ample supplies. The battle of the White Mountain speedily put an end to his reign, and sent him, a helpless fugitive, to wander piteously up and down Europe, while his unfortunate subjects were left to the tender mercies of the Jesuitic puppet of an Emperor, who did not think it at all incumbent on him to observe the promise of amnesty given by his generals on entering Prague after their victory. So, on the 21st of June, 1621, in the *Altstadt Ring*, the chief nobility of Bohemia were beheaded, meeting their fate with the joy of martyrs strong in the faith, while, to add to their cheer, a beautiful rainbow spanned the horizon. The *Majestäte-Brief* and other charters of the kingdom were brought to Vienna, where his plain-spoken Majesty received them with the words: "These, then, are the rags of waste-paper which have given so much trouble to our predecessors." So ended the laws, liberties, literature, and language of Bohemia.

In the long contest which followed, there figured many brave soldiers on both sides. When the reigning Protestant princes abandoned the cause of their suffering brethren, a struggle was still kept up in its behalf by such bold partisans as Count Mansfield and Christian of Brunswick, who served to maintain a sort of skirmish, till the lion of the north, Gustavus Adolphus, was ready to bound upon the scene. The imperial side was not without its great warriors also—the eccentric Tilly, the dashing Pappenheim, (the Murat of his day,) and the mysterious Wallenstein. The true character and purposes of the last will always afford as much scope for dispute as do the virtues of Mary Queen of Scots in our own history. His chief merit in the eyes of many readers will be his having furnished in his life and fate a subject for Schiller's noblest drama. That he was a man remarkable in mind and body, in enterprise, success, and fate, there can be no doubt; nor yet that he saved the Austrian Empire more than once. After his discomfiture at Stralsund,

the influence of Wallenstein with his master had declined; and he had not had the opportunity of carrying out his design of rendering the Emperor still more absolute by a massacre of the troublesome nobles when he was ousted from his post as generalissimo, to please the Pope and the Jesuits, who were troubled with the notion that he was about to erect Austria into the position of a universal monarchy.

Just as the Emperor had thus cut off his own right hand, and rendered himself almost helpless, the Swedish hero landed first on German soil, and carried all before him. Yet, through the culpable opposition of the Electors of Brandenburg and Saxony, he was not at hand to prevent the taking of Magdeburg by the Imperialists, who, under Pappenheim and Tilly, sacked and burnt that fine old town, and ruthlessly slew 30,000 out of 35,000 inhabitants. For this bloody victory, a *Te Deum* was chanted with due devotion in the cathedral.

The disastrous battle of Leipsic led the Emperor to negotiate afresh with Wallenstein, and to reappoint him as commander-in-chief, with absolute power. And so the Swedish king and the great Friedlander met at last on the field of Lützen, when the former gained the battle, but lost his life. There are few characters in the annals of warfare upon whom we can dwell with such pleasure as upon Gustavus Adolphus. Especially in that wavering age of German politics, he stands out as a giant amongst a tribe of dwarfs, with his noble presence and heroic mind. His faults, conspicuous though they be, seem but as the foil to add luster to the rare jewel of his virtue. His is a story which will ever excite interest and admiration, as long as any love for war and its literature animates the mind and pulse of Englishmen. The news of his death fell like a thunder-clap on the ears of the Protestants throughout Europe; and great was the counter-joy of the Austrian Emperor, who had a jubilant *Te Deum* sung in all the churches. The banished king of Bohemia was struck with paralysis at the sad tidings, and died at the early age of thirty-six, leaving behind him thirteen young children, and his beautiful widow, who had to wander, homeless for thirty-years, plagued by relentless hate and troublesome love. Frederick, craven-heart that he was, had in 1629 offered to give up his children to the

tender care of the Vienna Jesuits, to go humbly upon his knees for pardon, and to retire as a pensioned exile to Holland, provided only that his family might be restored to their former dignities and possessions. Little could he foresee the greater honors reserved for his descendants, who were to furnish occupants for three of the principal European thrones—England, in the House of Hanover; France, in that of Orleans; and Austria, in that of Lorraine.

The Swedish giant being disposed of, Wallenstein, always accounted an evil, was now considered to be an unnecessary one; and he was very systematically trapped in the midst of his wild schemes, and done to death like a spider smothered in his own web. The details of the imperial preparations for getting rid of this two-edged tool, and of the rewards which were heaped upon those who executed the murderous deed, are but as one stone more added to that pillar of infamous ingratitude which towers over against the House of Austria, and may yet some day crush it in the dust. He was sacrificed to the intrigues of the upstart Spanish and Italian nobles at Vienna, and of those meek and holy fathers, the Jesuits, who have always bestowed considerable attention and no small pains on the rectification of any little matter which seemed to be going wrong at that congenial Court.

In the last scenes of the Thirty Years' War the most noticeable figure is that of the brave and able Bernard of Weimar, the apt pupil of a noble master—Gustavus Adolphus. His career was but short; for, in 1639, after a few days' illness, he died in the prime of life, and "Germany," says Grotius, "lost her brightest ornament and her last hope—almost her only prince who was worthy of the name." After him followed three great captains, formed in the same school—Banier, Torstensohn, and Wrangel. Two years before the Duke of Weimar's death, Ferdinand II. departed this life, holding in his hand a consecrated taper, to afford him light on his awful journey. He was succeeded by his son, FERDINAND III., another inheritor of the gout, just as intolerant as his father, but not personally so active in his bigotry. He possessed an honest Minister of State in Count Maximilian Trautmannsdorf, who was his agent in concluding the Peace of Westphalia, which terminated the horrors of the terrible Thirty Years' War.

It is exceedingly difficult for us, who live in such enviable peace and security, to realize the state of Germany in those warlike days. Our own civil wars in the seventeenth century, conducted as they were with truly English humanity, were but child's play compared with those which desolated the Continent about the same time. Let us give an example. Ferdinand II. has the infamy attached to him of being the first Emperor who took the barbarian Cossacks into pay, and employed them against his Protestant subjects. On one occasion some of these savages pounced upon a gay wedding party at Meseritz, stripped naked all the gentlemen and ladies there present, and afterward publicly sold the dresses and jewels at Vienna. But even this is a trifle compared with some of their excesses. What a pitiable sight did Germany present, when the trumpets of the heralds announced to the belligerents and to the famine-stricken people the conclusion of peace—a blessing which had been unknown to a whole generation! Austria and Bohemia had suffered most severely. The strong castles, frowning donjons, and the immense mansions of the old nobility, in the ample courtyards of which a village would have had verge enough, were leveled with the ground; and their ingenious fountains, waterworks, and cisterns, their grand galleries, noble halls, and spacious kitchens, were utterly demolished. Where formerly stood prosperous towns and thriving hamlets, was now nothing but heaps of ruin and hastily-made graves: where fields of golden grain had waved the promise of plenty, was now a tangled mass of brushwood, broken here and there by huge morasses, and serving as the lurking-place of large gangs of robbers and murderers. From that time dates the system of passports, adopted in defence against these banditti.

The weakly Ferdinand III. was frightened out of his life on Easter Day, 1657. A fire broke out, late at night, in the imperial palace, in the very room where the Emperor lay sick. A halberdier of the guard anxious to save the youngest prince, (then two months old,) was carrying it off in its little cot, when in his haste he fell and broke the cradle. The babe was not injured; but its imperial father was so terrified that he expired about three hours afterward. He was succeeded by his son, LEOPOLD I., a Prince whom the

Jesuits style "the Great," yet who was not remarkable for eminence in any good quality of head or heart, but only for his good fortune.

Being a younger son, Leopold had been brought up for the Church; and his childish play consisted in decorating images of saints and tiny altars. He was but eighteen when he was elected Emperor of Germany, there having been an *inter-regnum* of fifteen months from his father's death, during which it was very doubtful whether the house of Hapsburg would not lose the imperial crown altogether. The facetious Duc de Gramont gives in his Memoirs a lively description of the young candidate for the Roman scepter. Amongst other amusing traits, he tells us that Leopold, while playing at ninepins one day with Prince Portia, complained, when it began to rain, that the drops would keep falling into his mouth. Portia taxed his brain for a remedy, and, after much consideration, seriously advised his royal friend and master to shut his mouth, which he accordingly did, and—as we are assured by the mercurial Frenchman, and can easily believe—found himself protected from the evil. This Prince Portia was, next to the Jesuits, (of whose order Leopold was a lay member,) the chief director of all public affairs. His policy was of such a *far niente* description, that he was but a tool in the hands of the clever Spanish ambassador. On his downfall, Prince Lobkowitz took the helm of the State.

A secret partisan of France, Lobkowitz was opposed by the whole Spanish and Jesuit party in the Court. Being of a merry humor, his conversation full of wit, and his demeanor lively and pleasant, the Emperor, though himself grave and grandiose, was never happy without him. Lobkowitz was, indeed, so reckless of speech, and so habitually turned every one into ridicule, that it is wonderful how he maintained his position so long. At length, however, a formidable enemy arose against him, in the person of Leopold's second wife, the Tyrolese Princess Claudia, a woman of great energy and spirit, whom the premier had mortally offended by some indiscreet remarks which he had hazarded respecting her.

Leopold was very generous to his old friends and preceptors the Jesuits; and while his troops were plundering his provinces in default of pay, he yet kept giv-

ing largely to these greedy sons of the horse-leech. Amongst other foolish donations, he conferred on the Society the rich county of Clatz in Silesia; but the daring Lobkowitz annulled the gift by tearing the title-deed in pieces; and when they came to fetch it, he pointed them to the legend at the top of a crucifix, J. N. R. J., (*Jesus Nazarennus Rex Judæorum*), which he interpreted to them as meaning, *Jam Nihil Reportabunt Jesuitæ*, "Now shall the Jesuits carry off nothing." Even in his last will this inveterate joker and warm hater of the Society contrived a pleasing surprise for the holy fathers. After a preamble running in terms of the most devout and piteous contrition, it proceeded to bestow on these reverend men, "as a token of the love he always bore them, and for the gladdening of their hearts, 80,000"—Here the page ended, and, on turning the leaf, the eager readers would find—"board-nails for a new building."

On October 17th, 1674, Lobkowitz was suddenly arrested and deprived of all his dignities and honors, though but the preceding evening he had been received at Court with every mark of favor. He was banished to his estate of Raudnitz in Bohemia, and there as closely watched as if in a prison. Yet his high spirits never failed him. He had a hall prepared, we are told, one half with princely splendor, and the other as a wretched hovel; living in the former as befitted his previous high station, and in the latter in a style correspondent with his supposed deep fall, and covering the walls with anecdotes in ridicule of his enemies.

After Lobkowitz, succeeded as favorite the Italian Count Montecuculi, who had been the first to rout the Turks, and was a thoroughly scientific general. Though a cold, unscrupulous intriguer, he was withal a man of varied talent. He was President of the Society of Natural Philosophers; and could recite, word for word, the mystic writings of our Rosicrucian countryman, Robert Flood. After him the place of power was occupied by the apostate Sinzendorf—a scion of the younger branch of the house to which the famous Moravian Bishop Zinzendorf belonged. This personage availed himself extensively of the privilege which he possessed, according to old custom, of rendering no account of the public expenditure; and, besides accumulating wealth in

other nefarious ways, impudently and openly carried on the trade of manufacturing counterfeit money. At length, however, he was unmasked, tried before a commission, and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment and the confiscation of all his estates. But his sentence proved to be merely nominal; for he died at liberty, and worth 700,000 florins. He was followed as premier by Prince Schwartzenberg, and Baron Hoher, a "red-tapist," who left behind him a fortune of a million florins—at that time an enormous amount for one of his extraction to amass.

Though Leopold, so far as his own little person was concerned, was more discreet than warlike, yet his reign of nearly half a century was enlivened with a good deal of fighting. The Hungarians rose in insurrection against the Austrian tyranny, and gave some trouble to the Viennese Camarilla. It seems certain, indeed, that a regular plan was formed, as early as 1626, for chafing the proud Hungarians into rebellion, and then trampling all their rights for ever in the dust. This scheme was now carried out. The devout directors of Leopold's right arm thought this a favorable time for letting its weight be felt in Protestant Hungary; and those who wish to refresh their ideas of Jesuit gentleness and Austrian amiability will do well to study the details of the revenge which was taken on the hapless inhabitants of that fine country. Amongst other measures of severity, two hundred and fifty Lutheran pastors were summoned together, charged with conspiracy, and consigned to the dungeons of Bohemia, where they mostly disappeared. Thirty-eight of them, however, were sold as galley-slaves to Naples, at fifty crowns per head; and the brave Dutch Admiral, De Ruyter, had the happiness of obtaining the liberation of most of them.*

But Leopold had to deal with another and more formidable foe. The Turks, who had behaved as tolerably good neighbors for some fifty years, at last began to encroach so much on Hungary, that the emperor thought it necessary to declare war against them in 1661. His arms were at first not very successful; but at length, on August, 1664, Montecuculi won his

great victory over the infidels at St. Gotthardt; and a peace was concluded, remarkably favorable to the Turks. In July, 1683, however, the invaders returned in greater force, and the imperial family had to fly from Vienna with all haste. On stopping for the night at Korn-Neuburg, such was the confusion, that it was with difficulty they could procure some eggs, to stay the gnawings of hunger; and on the following day they traveled up the Danube drearily, the enraged peasants shouting terrible threats into the imperial carriage. Vienna was speedily invested by the unbelievers; and though its defense was conducted with consummate ability, by Count Starhemberg, it must have yielded to a dreadful fate, if, at the last hour, the King of Poland, the brave and jovial John Sobiesky, had not come to its rescue. By him and Duke Charles of Lorraine, the invading host was utterly routed; and the immense stores and luxuries of the Turks became a precious prize for the wretched remains of the Viennese population. Many landlords who had possessed houses in the suburbs, and supposed themselves to be ruined by the demolition of their property, found, on searching out the old sites of their buildings, their cellars and vaults so crammed with goods of all sorts as to enable them to erect much more handsome edifices than those which they had previously owned. For this signal deliverance, Leopold, with the characteristic insolence of his house, had scarcely the grace to thank the Polish king at all, thinking it quite proper to treat him with the most chilling coldness.

Yet the most troublesome of the enemies of Austria was the "most Christian King," Louis XIV., whose grasping ambition caused great commotion in Europe for many years. In resistance to him, however, Austria obtained the aid of the two great maritime powers, England and Holland, who thought they perceived a danger of the establishment of a universal monarchy, or at least of France acquiring an undue preponderance in Europe. Marlborough, Prince Eugene, and the Grand Pensionary Heinsius, all three personal enemies of the *grand Monarque*, now stood boldly forth against him; and to the consummate generalship of the two former, Austria owed it that she was not blotted out from the map of Europe. Even the conceited little puppet of an emperor wrote, with his own hand, (oh!

* Richard Baxter mentions this circumstance in his *Life*, and adds that "some of them were largely relieved by collections in London."—*Reliquie Baxteriana*, part iii., p. 183.

wondrous condescension!) a letter of congratulation to the accomplished English strategist, in which he said, "You have erected to the most illustrious and potent Queen of Great Britain a monument of victory in Upper Germany, whither the glorious arms of the English nation never, in the memory of man, have penetrated before." But Austria derived a yet greater benefit from close alliance with England. The very presence of a free man as a general or ambassador at the imperial court seems to have borne with it an odor of liberty; and from this time may be dated the commencement of the perceptibly increasing influence which English modes of thought have had in mitigating a stern despotism, and rendering it in practice somewhat more like the paternal rule which in theory it professes to be.

Leopold the Little was very fond of music, and managed to play pretty well on the flute, spite of his thick hanging lip. He composed trifling airs so neatly that his bandmaster one day cried ecstatically, "What a pity that your Majesty was not a musician!" to which the emperor good-humoredly replied, "Never mind: we are rather better off as it is." He was also very fond of playing at cards, and left in his "Cracow Calendar" amusingly minute particulars of his losses and gains each evening, the former being the more frequent and considerable. Like Rodolph II. he had a passion for collecting odds and ends, and paintings of all sorts; and he was the patron of all the famous alchemists then extant. His librarian, Lambeck, had also to contribute to his amusement by bringing him such "*curiosa opera*" as he could find, to while away the time which, with all his fiddling and watchmaking and performances of masses and operas, still lay heavy on his hands. Small in person as in mind, the "holy fathers" must surely have intended to satirize him when they dubbed him *LEOPOLDUS MAGNUS*. His frail and tiny figure surmounted by a huge wig, his legs (like his intellect) weak and wavering, his speech thick and mumbling, he presented altogether as perfect a burlesque on all that is kingly as could anywhere be seen. Yet his pride was so excessive, and his etiquette of such a Spanish temper, that when his body-surgeon had occasion to touch him in the course of a medical examination, he cried, "*Eheu!* this is our imperial sacro-Cæsarean limb!" But his

"sacred" person at last succumbed to mortal disease; and, having caused his private band to be summoned to his chamber to play to him once more, he died amidst sweet strains of instrumental music.

Leopold was married three times. His last spouse, who outlived him, was the devout Eleanor of Neuburg, who flogged herself till the blood came, wore spiky bracelets to torment her wrists, followed processions barefoot, and during the performance of operas, at which her husband forced her to attend, studied the Psalter bound up as a *libretto*. She at times inflicted severe chastisement on her son, JOSEPH I., who, especially after being elected King of the Romans, strongly objected to suffer such unkingly indignities. Her undue severity, however, so far from making him a devout monk, revolted his spirit, and served only to foster his favorite vices.

At the age of twenty-one, Joseph was married to the Princess Amalia of Hanover, and at twenty-six ascended the imperial throne, on the death of his father (1705.) His short reign gave promise of brighter days for the German Protestants. His education had been superintended by Prince Otto of Salm, who kept the Jesuits away from him, and strove to imbue him with principles of toleration. He was warned by a ghostly visitant to dismiss his ecclesiastical tutor, Von Rummel, a secular priest, who had unmasked many Jesuitic plots and intrigues. But Joseph communicated the mystery to his stalwart friend, Frederick Augustus of Saxony, who was then on a visit at Vienna, and who, on the next appearance of the ghost, flung it bodily into the fosse of the Hofburg, and so effectually laid it. The Jesuit Father Wiedemann having taken occasion, in a funeral oration on Leopold, to set forth the doctrine that only those princes enjoyed good luck who had been fostered by the Order of Jesus, Joseph immediately expelled him from the Austrian dominions: and when his own confessor was summoned to Rome, and feared a cruel fate there, Joseph declared that if he were really compelled to go, all the Jesuits in Austria should accompany him on his journey, and should never be allowed to return.

His chief favorite was the first Prince Lamberg, who had been his playfellow in boyhood, and like Lobkowitz, was fitted to charm the monarch by his happy tem-

per and ready wit. Joseph loaded him with favors; and when Lamberg died, in 1711, in the prime of life, his fondly-attached master survived him but four weeks, falling a victim to that fell disease, the small-pox, then terribly fatal to both high and low, its proper treatment not having been discovered.

Joseph left two daughters, but no son, and was consequently succeeded by his brother, CHARLES VI., who was the last Emperor in the direct *male* line of the House of Hapsburg. His earlier years were spent in Spain, where Austria was struggling for the succession to the crown. When he received the news of his brother's death, he was shut up in Barcelona, and, in order to reach Vienna, he had to sail to Genoa under escort of the English and Dutch men-of-war, leaving behind him his beautiful wife, Elizabeth of Brunswick, as Queen Regent of Spain. With regard to his claims to the Spanish crown, we can not but coincide with the opinion of the eccentric Earl of Peterborough, who, having Charles's portrait in his ring, and meeting the Duke of Vendôme with that of the rival king, Philip, suspended from his neck, asked that cynical personage, "Are we not a couple of good-natured old pigs, to fight so hard for these two imbeciles? Whichever way matters turn out, Spain will have a bad King." In fact, these wars of succession, intended to regulate "the balance of power"—in which England bore a part in inverse proportion to her real interests in the affair, and squandered thousands of lives and millions of money for a perfectly ideal benefit—were generally arranged by the potent hand of Death in a way quite diverse from any issue of which the several belligerents had dreamt.

Charles VI. was of middle height, and of stern and melancholy appearance. Though of a benevolent disposition, he had become so starched with the pompous affectations of the Peninsula, that he was never seen to laugh, and he showed in all his movements the true Spanish phlegm and listlessness. Yet he disappointed the hopes of his Jesuit preceptors; his intercourse with the Dutch and English, and his varied adventures in Spain, having enlarged his ideas beyond the scope of such devotees as Leopold I. He followed his brother's example in checking the influence of the Jesuits, stayed the persecution of the Bohemian Brethren, and corrected

many of the notorious abuses and scandals of conventual life. He was as passionately fond of field-sports as if he had been of British birth. Undaunted by wet or cold, he would be out for days together, pursuing his favorite pastime of hawking, or tracking the wild fowl over marsh and moor. He also was an excellent musician, had the family taste for collecting coins, patronized painting, and adorned his capital with many noble buildings. His other diversions were the processions and gaudy shows got up by the priests—those tasteful decorators of the outer form of religion. Being well acquainted with law, and quite at home in the Latin tongue, his Majesty delighted in reading and deciding on the cases sent up from the Aulic Chancery. Charles, however, labored under the same unfortunate defect as his father. Both had excellent, well-tuned ears, but both had thick tongues and mumbling mouths; a circumstance which led rude little Count Vitus Trautson on one occasion to ask Charles repeatedly, "What does your Majesty say?" adding, "I don't understand a word of all that mumbling;" and when Charles, with exhausted patience, blurted out intelligibly a piece of unpleasant news, Trautson had the gracelessness to reply to his sacro-Cæsarean Majesty, "Well, well; now I know what I am to tell my brethren. But, mum, mum, mum—who in the world is to understand that?"

Those who wish to comprehend the perfection of imperial etiquette must peruse Baron Pöllnitz's account of the daily routine at the Court of Charles VI., who was a strenuous upholder of all the preciseness of punctilio. At dinner, every dish had to pass through four-and-twenty pairs of hands, before it attained the honor of standing *vis-à-vis* to the Emperor and Empress: and at the imperial hunts etiquette was as severely exacted as at the imperial table; so much so, that two unlucky pages got into dire disgrace for having presumed, when the Emperor was in peril from an enraged boar, to draw their swords for his protection.

Amongst the notabilities of Charles's Court was the tiny Abate, Pietro Metastasio, who held the post of court poet, and wrote an enormous quantity of melodious twaddle, to be set to music in the shape of operas, oratorios, etc. He lived to see the reign of Joseph II.; and in 1780 is irreverently described by Swinburne, as a

little, sheepish-looking old Abbé, with a sallow face, and a wig of fashion long defunct. But the star of the Court was another man of small person, but of large ability—Prince Eugene of Savoy.

Eugene was brought up at the Court of Louis XIV.; but the "great Monarch" took a pique against the dark-eyed boy, because he looked him full in the face, and, as Louis probably thought, saw quite through His Christian Majesty. He therefore refused to give the little soldier a company, and so raised up for Austria her ablest defender, and for himself a mortal enemy. On betaking himself to the Court of Vienna, Eugene met with rapid promotion; and in a few years his name became famous throughout Europe by his victories over the Turks. In battling against the French King, he was an able and hearty co-worker with his friend Marlborough, and ever displayed the unaffected modesty and the freedom from jealousy which are characteristic of truly great minds. To him Austria owes more than to any of her home-born generals. Eugene was both beloved and respected by his troops, whom he liked to hear singing cheerily on a long march, and whom he would sometimes treat out of his own pocket, when the imperial treasury had no pay for them. Even in our own day and land, there is much to be learned from the tactics of the clever little man, and especially from those words of his on promotion: "Let the civilians keep up seniority as strictly as they like in their own offices: at last it will there also grow manifest that it leads to nothing but confusion. Advancement by seniority in the public service is the most fruitful source of jealousy, willfulness, and cabal. It is a slow poison, which by degrees ruins armies and whole states." Accordingly he abolished the old system of promotion in his own army, and so gained truly efficient officers.

The Prince was a sturdy resister of the Jesuits, who never forgave his keen sarcasms on their Order, and attempted to get rid of him in their own peculiar way. In 1712, he paid a visit to London; and the citizens crowded so to the landing-place to see him, that he was unable to get footing on shore, and had to go higher up the Thames and land at Whitehall Stairs. And, indeed, he deserved the best of receptions, as being not only a great general, but one of the very few honest men in a corrupt Court. He was

a great collector of paintings and engravings; and, when in London, might be seen running from shop to shop, and from stall to stall, picking up many curious books and manuscripts, of which he had a fine collection, among his MSS. being the celebrated Peutingerian Tables. In fact, he had such a library as might have tempted many a bibliophile to break the Tenth Commandment: for it numbered 15,000 volumes, which were beautifully bound in red morocco, with gilt edges. His kindness of heart led him to benefit a great number of poor people by employing them in the erection of large buildings on his various estates; and, in the time of the plague, when other employers were discharging all their laborers, Eugene took on more hands, finding work for 1500 persons. Yet, spite of the many reforms which he either carried out or projected in his adopted country, spite of his being its bulwark for forty years, the thankless Charles VI. decidedly disliked him, and consulted him but rarely. Yet when Eugene died in 1736, he was buried with the honors of an imperial Prince, the Emperor himself attending the funeral as a private mourner; and, but a few years after, when the imperial generals had suffered repeated defeats, and Charles had been compelled by the Sultan to cede Belgrade, Servia, and part of Wallachia, he showed that he then at length knew the worth of his ablest defender, by crying, "I shall die; Belgrade is my death; the disgrace kills me. What if Eugene had lived to see this?"

So spoke Charles on his birthday, October 1st, 1740; and within three weeks his presage of death was verified. His death-bed was watched tenderly by the Empress—*die weisse Liesel*, "white Lizzy," as her husband used to call her, though in later years her fair complexion had turned to a flaming red, from the use of strong wines and liquors for medicinal purposes. Charles was succeeded, according to the stipulations of the Pragmatic Sanction, by his daughter MARIA THERESA, who had married Francis Stephen, Duke of Lorraine, and who, immediately on her accession, found herself encompassed with great difficulties. In the imperial treasury was but little money; and her army, though amounting on the roll to 135,000 men, mustered in the field only 68,000. And now was the time chosen by Frederick of Prussia to prefer his claims to Silesia. The Elector of Bavaria also disputed the

Austrian succession. Beset on every side, and forced to flee from Vienna, Maria Theresa took refuge at Presburg, and appealed to the "fidelity of her noble-hearted Hungarians," whom she urged to draw the sword in her defense. Her majestic beauty, her animated address, and the delicacy and danger of the situation, affected the hearts of the Magyars, who in a moment forgot two hundred years of wrongs, and, with clashing swords, shouted, "We will die for our *King, Maria Theresa!*" They accordingly sent about 100,000 men to her aid, and saved her and her thankless race from utter destruction.

We can not enter into the particulars of the wars with Prussia, Bavaria, and France. When the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle had been concluded, France and Austria, hitherto bitter enemies, at length combined, as the two great Catholic powers, to crush Protestantism in the person of its chief continental defender, Frederick of Prussia, who had concluded a treaty of alliance with England. And now broke out the Seven Years' War, in which England had to furnish as lavish supplies against Austria as she had formerly granted in aid of that ungrateful power, which, by-the-by, had been in the habit of raising only half the number of troops which our subsidy was calculated to provide. So has it been oft and again. England must, forsooth, squander millions of money for the defence of overgrown tyrannies, which, when the pressing peril is past, are the first to square all little accounts of gratitude by extemporizing new alliances for the purpose of bringing down the pride of the "Islanders," and subduing their refractory spirits to the unity of that faith which best suits the plans of despotism.

Maria Theresa had been brought up in severe simplicity. Her education had been limited; and to the end of life she wrote bad grammar and spelt horribly in all the languages of which she had a smattering. In person she was tall and well proportioned; and when, with St. Stephen's crown surmounting her golden locks, which fell profuse and wavy over her shoulders, she strode nimbly up the hill of coronation at Presburg, and brandished the ancient sword toward the four points of the compass, we can scarcely wonder that the Hungarians, charmed with the fairy flush of her features and the majestic grace of her form, should think her to the

full as fit to occupy a throne as any of the dwarfs and dolts who had preceded her. Impetuous in all she undertook, enthusiastic in love and friendship, she never forgot the least proof of attachment; and she doubtless intended, according to her light, to be the mother of her people. But the light was a misleading light; and her energies were principally devoted to the propagation of Romanism in her dominions. She felt no scruple about deporting Protestant heiresses from their homes, bringing them up in convents, and then bestowing them in marriage on Papistic courtiers. By her "religious commissions" she kept a strict watch over all "heretics," carrying off their books of devotion, and "transplanting" many Lutherans from Upper Austria, Styria, and Carinthia, to Transylvania or the Banat. In her character, self-sufficient pride and homely good-humor were curiously blended. When news was brought to her one evening that an heir was born to her second son, Leopold, she ran from her cabinet along the outer rooms and passages into the imperial theater, and, leaning over the front of her own box, shouted down into the pit, in the broadest Vienna dialect, "Poldy has a boy; and just on my wedding-day, too, as a token of remembrance. Isn't he gallant?" Well might the audience be electrified at the startling announcement, so utterly at variance with the stiff etiquette of the paternal Charles. Yet she addressed even her favorite minister, Prince Kaunitz, in the form of grammar usually reserved in Germany for conveying orders to the humblest menials.

The Empress rose at five in summer, and six in winter; took short and hasty meals; worked hard in her cabinet most of the day, generally with the doors and windows open, and often without fire, even in cold weather; attended masses daily; had a regular game at "faro;" took her broth, and went early to bed. She was very fond of scandal, and hated the English because of their being such stiff-necked heretics. This aversion however, did not prevent her pocketing as much of their gold as they could be induced to part with; but did hinder her sons from being permitted to visit our shores, when traveling in France for the enlargement of their ideas. Her husband, FRANCIS of Lorraine, though co-regent with Maria Theresa, and crowned Emperor at

Frankfort in 1745, always occupied much the same position as our own Prince Albert, though with a far inferior reputation for all conjugal and princely virtues. He was simply the husband of the lady-ruler of the people, who would never permit him to middle with state business. This *fainéant* standing the poor Emperor scarcely liked; yet he managed to preserve his good-humor, and took to doing a little business on his own account. By the revenue which he drew from his duchy of Tuscany, (given him in exchange for Lorraine,) and the inheritance left him by his aunt the Countess Palatine, he amassed a considerable sum of money; part of which he employed in stockjobbing and carrying on business as a banker in every part of Germany and Italy, under the names of his various agents. He was also a shareholder in several commercial undertakings, both in Belgium and England; and furnished, as a public contractor, the clothing, arms, horses, and accouterments for the whole imperial army. Nay, so thoroughly *bourgeois* was this mercantile emperor in his notions, that he actually undertook, more than once in the Seven Years' War, the contract for supplying with provisions the army of the Empress' arch-enemy, Frederick of Prussia. This stretch of liberality doubtless startled his spouse, when first it reached her imperial ears. But, with all his faults, Maria Theresa loved her handsome husband well, and mourned his death sincerely.

Her favorite minister was the famous Prince Kaunitz, to whom Austria was indebted for two great alterations in her policy: the one was, the entering into alliance with her traditional enemy, France; and the other, the expulsion of the Jesuits. This sharp-witted beau soon pushed aside the bungling Bartenstein and the other corrupt officials of the old school, and established himself in that high reputation for the successful management of affairs which caused him long to be styled "the driver of the European coach." He had been ambassador at Paris, had plunged eagerly into all its gayeties and excesses, and was so thoroughly imbued with admiration for all that was French, that he never rested till he had effected that alliance which, cemented by the marriage of Louis XVI, with Marie Antoinette, lasted till the revolution which deprived them both of life. Little could the astute Austrian perceive of the deluge

which was coming to sweep away that rotten old state-fabric. Mixing but with dandified courtiers like himself, he knew and cared nothing about the new ideas which were already fermenting amongst the French philosophers and commonalty, and which at last burst forth in such a dire ebullition.

Kaunitz, in his riper years, was a man of peculiar manners of life. He resembled his imperial mistress somewhat in his general appearance, being tall and well-made, of very fair complexion, with light hair and blue eyes. But his theory of living was directly opposed to hers. While she wrote with doors and windows thrown open, her premier never went into the open air, even in the dog-days, without carefully covering his mouth with a handkerchief. He wrapped himself up tenderly in several silk cloaks, varying in number according to the state of the weather. Such nursing would soon enervate and kill most men: but this careful old beau was enabled by his position to carry out his system with a completeness which a poor commoner could never attain, and so managed to live—if such a hothouse vegetation can be called living—to the age of eighty-four. So attentive to self was this diplomatic dandy, that, whether at home or dining out, he thought nothing of pulling out of his pocket a complete apparatus for cleansing his teeth, which he would, with great nonchalance, use before company for a quarter of an hour, illustrating the dental performance with divers disagreeable noises. Once, however, when he was producing his instruments at the table of Baron Breteuil, the French ambassador, the sly host cried out to his disgusted guests, "*Levons-nous—le Prince veut être seul.*" a reproach which deterred Kaunitz from ever again accepting an invitation to dine from home. His religion was performed in as comfortable a manner as possible: for, with all his fondness for music, he heard mass only in his own house; and the service was made to occupy only ten minutes.

Notwithstanding his petty peculiarities, there can be no doubt of the superior abilities of Kaunitz; but his admiration of the French (as well as the large sums which he received from the Court of Versailles) bewitched him into preferring them to his own countrymen, and making use of their language exclusively, instead of his homely mother-tongue. His treatment of artists

and literary men was one of the brightest traits in his character: while the proud and ignorant Austrian nobility behaved to them with brutal scorn, he lavished on them every distinction. Gluck often dined with him, an honored guest; and Robertson, when writing his *History of Charles V.*, received from Kaunitz ready assistance.

The reign of Maria Theresa may be taken as a favorable sample of so-called paternal (or rather maternal) government. She was disposed to be kind to her subjects, if only they would let her have own way in ordering all their concerns, religious and secular, for them. Her hearty greetings, and freedom from the supercilious manner of her predecessors, might have endeared her to her people's hearts, under a differently constituted government. But unfortunately she accounted all their purses as her own, and took every means to drain them as rapidly as they were filled. It is true she was liberal enough in flinging her Kremnitz ducats out of her carriage to the mob scrambling around; but her profuse expenditure imposed heavy burdens on the industrial classes, who were mulcted by taxation both direct and indirect, and were subjected to the demoralizing influence of a lottery, from which the Empress derived a large revenue. She also inflicted a lasting injury upon her own Empire by sharing in the first partition of Poland, which should always have stood as a strong and independent outwork against Russia.

Fifteen years after the death of Francis, Maria Theresa followed the husband whom she had mourned unremittingly, and longed to rejoin. Her last words, as she fell back into the arms of her son Joseph, were, "To thee! I am coming!" She was succeeded in the government of the Austrian dominions by Joseph, who had been crowned Emperor many years before, and had been appointed co-regent by his mother on the death of Francis, when for a short time she entertained the notion of retiring from public life, and becoming the abbess of a new convent for noble ladies. But she soon engaged as heartily as ever in state business; and, listening favorably to the interested complaints of the persons who were disturbed in their time-honored scandals by Joseph's reforming spirit, she gladly resumed the authority which she had delegated to him, and left open to him nothing but the administration of the

army. For fifteen long years his active spirit had to repress its energies; but now, in the fortieth year of his age, and the year of grace 1780, JOSEPH II. began actually to rule supreme; and his short reign of nine years is certainly the most notable part of the imperial annals. His motto was, "*Virtute et exemplo*;" and nobly did he carry it out. Notwithstanding great blemishes in his private life, and many mistakes in his policy, he stands out from the long row of Kaisers as the one who was really desirous to improve the condition of his people—the only one, indeed, who was free from the disgraceful selfishness which is the bane of humanity in general, but especially infests those in high places. Soon after his accession, he issued two remarkable edicts, which, he trusted, would clear away the dark mists of priestcraft which obscured the intellectual vision of his subjects. By the one, he abolished the censorship of the press; and by the other, he granted toleration to dissentients from the Romish Church. These measures, it is true, did not produce such good fruit as his sanguine mind had anticipated; but the purpose was excellent, and the posterity of those who thwarted and abused his reforming decrees would now be thankful for any thing half as liberal in intent. The only exception to the edict of toleration was in the case of some Bohemian Deists, who styled themselves Abrahamites, and who were to receive the patriarchal punishment of twenty-five stripes—the usual Austrian *quantum* for naughty boys. About the same time Joseph decreed that no Papal Bull should have any force in his dominions without his *placet*; and he began to reduce the monasteries and nunneries, which had risen to the enormous number of 2000, and contained some 70,000 inmates. At one stroke he suppressed nearly half of those strongholds of laziness and lust; turned their revenues into the "Religious Chest;" and established therewith hospitals and benevolent institutions—an application which answers so nearly to one part of St. James's definition of *pure religion*, that we think the reproaches cast upon the Emperor for "secularizing" these moneys were manifestly absurd and unjust.

In his zeal against bigotry, Joseph caused the famous Bull, *In Cœna Domini*, to be cut out of the rituals, and sent a large quantity of monkish literature to the

stamping-mill to be reduced to pulp. He had the images of the saints stripped of their wigs, hoop petticoats, and other precious pieces of devout finery; altered the theatrical style of the Church music, and caused mass to be sung in German; abolishing at the same time most of the large processions which were then, and are now, such a hindrance to secular business, and such an incentive to immorality, in Austria and all other Romanist lands.

Pope Pius VI., alarmed at the reforming energies of this active son of the Church, and having a high conceit of his own powers of persuasion, sent Joseph word that he would come to see him at Vienna, and have some fatherly talk with him. He came accordingly, and was received in Germany with curiosity and welcome, no Pontiff having deigned to tread that soil for nearly four hundred years. The Emperor received "His Holiness" with respectful kindness, but managed politely to thwart all his attempts at giving him a lecture on religious subjects. The poor Pope betook himself in chagrin to old Prince Kaunitz; but this was going from bad to worse; for when Pius offered his hand to be kissed, Kaunitz, affecting to misunderstand the movement, seized it heartily, and gave it a good English shake, repeating loudly, "*De tout mon cœur!*" The Pontiff also honored him with a visit at his picture gallery; but Kaunitz pushed his sacred person about so unceremoniously, now planting him on the right, and then hurrying him to the left, to get the best point of view, that the owner of the triple head-piece afterwards confessed himself to have been "*tutto stupefatto*," not having been used to such irreverent treatment. He returned to Rome without having accomplished his benevolent object of rectifying the errors of the quasi-Lutheran Emperor and his "*ministro eretico*."

We can not pursue the narrative of Joseph's numerous reforms in Church and State. Many of these raised him up bitter enemies amongst his own people, who preferred the dog-trot of the old despotism to the brisk pace of the new. Much fanatical fury was excited against his person, principally on account of his religious liberality. The priests of course made a great outcry against him, and urged the Tyrolese into rebellion. Yet he would, probably, in time have received the thankful homage of all his people for

the giant strides which he had made in the path of progress; but unfortunately his health soon failed, and his constitution, undermined by early excesses, gave way amidst the hardships of a campaign against the Turks. His last days were shadowed by troubles in the Netherlands, excited in the first instance by the enraged hierarchy and the discontented aristocracy. In Hungary, for the sake of peace, he, when dying, revoked most of his reforms, which were not appreciated by the people, being disliked chiefly, perhaps, on account of the centralizing tendency of some of his measures.

Having taken leave of all his friends, and, as far as he could, made peace with his foes, Joseph still worked hard at his dispatches as late as the day preceding his death. When he had dismissed his secretaries, feeling, as he said, the agony of death within him, he desired his confessor to read to him St. Ambrose's hymn, (*Te Deum laudamus*), and then prayed in these words: "O Lord, who alone knowest my heart, I call Thee to witness that every thing which I undertook and ordered was meant only for the happiness and welfare of my subjects. Thy will be done!" He died early in the morning of February 20th, 1790; and his life was justly epitomized in his own words: "Here rests a Prince whose intentions were pure, but who had the misfortune of seeing all his plans miscarry."

Joseph's mode of life had been exceedingly simple. He dispensed with all the absurd pomp and ceremonial of his ancestors, and dressed and ate and worked like a private man. He was very fond of music, and of its great living master, Mozart; and was himself an excellent performer on the piano, and a good base singer—talents which he was not at all shy of exercising at either public or private concerts. He had a great liking for travel, and generally made a yearly tour under the *incognito* of "Count Falkenstein." This habit sometimes gave rise to amusing scenes; as when he arrived at Rheims before his attendants, and the inquisitive landlord asked him, while shaving himself, whether he had the honor of belonging to the Emperor's suite, and what post he filled: to which Joseph's good-humored reply was, "I sometimes shave him." In his own capital it pleased him to walk freely about, and mix unknown with his people; and in case

of a flood or a fire, he was usually the first on the scene of the catastrophe, and worked away lustily with his own imperial hands. His great failing, indeed, (if we may so say,) was that very excess of energy which made him impatient of all delay, and urged him to precipitate measures which required years for their gradual introduction and proper appreciation. He forgot that man is such a slave of habit, that he takes slowly and ungraciously to any change, however much for his benefit.

By Joseph's death, his brother, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, was raised to the throne under the title of LEOPOLD II. Kind-hearted, but weak-minded, he in a few short weeks undid the labors of his brother's life, replacing the administration on its old footing in most respects. His health having been ruined by profligate indulgence, his reign was very short, and was chiefly distinguished by the Convention of Pillnitz, in which Austria agreed to take up arms against the French, and so became involved in a series of disastrous wars. Leopold was accustomed to amuse himself with alchemy and chemistry; and his death appears to have been proximately caused by taking some rather strong quack-pills of his own manipulation. In his cabinet were found, amongst a number of articles which one would scarcely have supposed necessary to the art of good government, nearly one hundred pounds of *rouge*!

The last Emperor of Germany, and the first of Austria *per se*, FRANCIS, succeeded his father in 1792, and occupied the throne till 1835. The events of his long reign are so involved in the intricacies of European warfare and diplomacy, that it would be impossible here to afford a perfect outline of them. Under the mask of *bonhomie* Francis hid crafty meanness and thorough heartlessness, and he had the happiness to be served by as paltry a set of wretches as he could possibly have desired—men troubled with no sort of principle, no love of country, no tenderheartedness; who thought themselves the most cunning of men, because they contrived to make their immoralities forward their political intrigues, and could gloss over malice and chagrin with the French polish of a hypocritic smirk. The secret history of the wars and treaties with France is a most painful and disgraceful one. In previous reigns we may be disposed to make every

allowance for the harsh and mistaken measures of men brought up in a cramping routine, and to yield a certain amount of respect to the faithful firmness with which they promoted their master's selfish interests. But under Francis II., Austrian statesmen, properly speaking, there were none. The successors of Kaunitz were, for the most part, grinning gamesters, who cared little for any thing but their own places and vile enjoyments, and were ready to part with the Tyrol, Venice, any thing, if they only might have left to them the corruptions of the capital and the pleasures of peace.

After the battle of Wagram, Francis, who really hated Napoleon with all the hatred that a puny tyrant bears to a strong one, was sufficiently subdued in 1810 to give him his daughter Marie Louise in marriage. In the following year Austria was reduced to the humiliating position of declaring itself bankrupt. This measure of course fell with terrible effect on the working part of the community; but the butterflies of the Court fluttered about more gaily and gaudily than ever. In 1813, the Austrian emperor, after the crafty Metternich had woven a complicated web of intrigue, once more declared war against Napoleon, son-in-law though he was. Now followed the battle of Leipzig, and the Treaty of Paris; the great disturber of nations was consigned to Elba; and the Congress of Vienna met to map out Europe afresh, erecting some of the fallen landmarks, but forgetting the proper place of others. Great was the array of princes and diplomatists, beauties and adventurers, then assembled in the gay German capital. But ere long the lingering festivities were disturbed by the terrible news that the Corsican tiger had escaped from his cage. Prussia and England once more took the field, and, as we are not likely to forget, the French were beaten at Waterloo. Then came the visit of the allied monarchs to Paris, where Francis of Austria stayed several months.

During the middle and latter part of his reign, the Emperor left all the business of the state to Prince Metternich, his States Chancellor, with the exception of some paltry affairs which it pleased his narrow mind to pry into. Yet we must do him the justice of allowing that he did not neglect one important duty incumbent upon an absolute monarch—that of read-

ing the reports of his secret police, and receiving personally information from his spies. What was the feeling of this governor towards the governed may be inferred from his celebrated speech: "*The people! what of that? I know nothing of the people; I know only of subjects.*" When his physician, Baron Stifft, once told him, in a congratulatory speech about his health, that there was nothing like a good constitution, Francis exclaimed, "What do you say? We have known each other very long, Stifft; but let me never hear that word again. Say, 'robust health,' or, if you like, 'a strong bodily system;'" but there is no such thing as a good constitution. *I have no constitution, and never will have one.*" What were his notions of justice and mercy, let the cells of the Spielberg testify, where Silvio Pellico, Ottoboni, and many other men of refined mind and gentle manners, were doomed to spend years of hopeless misery.

Francis was fond of his garden, and tended his plants with a much lighter and tenderer touch than that paternal one which he reserved for his subjects, especially the Lombards. He also amused himself with making boxes and bird-cages, varnish, sealing-wax, and such like: in fact, he was much better fitted to be a small cabinet-maker, and belabor a few apprentices, than to rule over millions of men. He died, at the age of sixty-seven, in 1835, having outlived three of his four wives, at whose demise he manifested about as much concern as Bluebeard himself. His prime minister, Prince Metternich, whose name is identified with the whole of the last half-century of Austrian history, was descended from an old Rhenish family, and possessed the liveliness and volatility characteristic of the race. Having also the advantage of a pleasant face and fine figure, his plan of action was so to combine the beau with the statesman as to make his pleasures the means of eliciting the deepest secrets of both hostile and friendly courts. Of a more generous disposition than his master, he yet managed to play the game of despotism well: in fact, more than once Francis owed the retention of his dominions to the *finesse* of his intriguing States Chancellor. Metternich was at once the type and the defence of the dissipated crowd of nobles who throng the purlieus of the Austrian Court. Held back by no notions of morality, thinking every trickery fair

in politics and in love, worshipping the deity of despotism because it still stood erect—though none knew better than himself the base quality of the clay which composed its statue—Metternich was the Austrian version of Talleyrand—a man whose meanness was at least equal to his mental activity and licentiousness of life.

The principal events in the reign of Francis's son and successor, FERDINAND I. of Austria, will be fresh in the memory of our readers. They will call to mind his imbecility and incapacity for governing such a heterogeneous mass of states as had fallen to him by inheritance; his allowing himself to be a mere tool in the hands of Metternich, and a slave to the caprices of the Arch-duchess Sophia; his flight from Schönbrunn, when bad government and oppression had reached their climax, and produced their natural result in the insurrection of May, 1848; and his resignation, or rather deposition, in the following December, to make room for the boyish FRANCIS JOSEPH, the son of the Bavarian sister-in-law who had been his ruler and the evil genius of his reign. Ferdinand still survives to enjoy his *otium* in the Hradschin at Prague, while the masculine Arch-duchess exists at Ischl in a retirement regretted by none who had the misfortune to be under her command in former days.

The present emperor has not as yet done any thing toward the fulfillment of the fair promises which he made when his beclouded uncle was dethroned in his favor. On the contrary, he took the first opportunity of annulling that Constitution to which he so solemnly swore on his accession; and having played false with Hungary, and annihilated what little civil liberty existed in his dominions, he seems to have done his best, by the *Concordat* with the Pope and other ill-advised measures, to place himself and his subjects at the mercy of the Romish tyranny. What ameliorations of policy may result from his recent tour through his Lombardo-Venetian territories, remains yet to be seen; but little dependence can be placed on imperial promises lavished in a popularity-hunting visit. The tardy liberation of a few political prisoners, and the invitation to his refugee ex-subjects to come and live secure with them under the surveillance of the Austrian police, do not strike us as very promising auguries for the future. Yet we will venture to hope for the best. The Italians under the Austrian rule have

shown so much constancy to their principles, and so much self-restraint amidst circumstances peculiarly trying to southern temperaments, that we can not but believe that brighter days are approaching for them, if they only remain true to themselves. Over the whole Austrian Empire now rests the deepest shade of secular

tyranny, aggravated by the new access of power accorded to the ultramontane priesthood: but the well-wisher to its people may draw comfort from the fact—familiar to every tracer of the history of nations—that the proudest triumph of the Jesuits is invariably the immediate precursor of their deepest fall.

From the British Quarterly Review.

TWO YEARS AGO.*

HOMEWARD HO! We welcome Mr. Kingsley as an old friend, on his return to England and the nineteenth century. It is some years since he left us, and left his opinions of us also, in *Alton Locke* and *Yeast*, which were no pleasant keepsakes. Our readers will recollect that he then gave no flattering testimony to our social condition. We suspect it was his ill-concealed disgust of the French novel sentimentalism, which brooded like a malaria over our drawing-room society, and the stubborn finality spirit, which fixed our practical counting-house men in a catalepsy, so that they would neither be coaxed nor spurred into his novel plans for the cure of our social *malaise*, which drove him upon his long and adventurous tour. What wonders he has seen, what experience he has gained, in his wild aerial travels, are they not contained in *Hypatia* and *Westward Ho*?

With an easy flight he passed to the shore of the Nile, and into the dim antiquity of the fifth century. Opening there the dazzling lights of his imagination, he dispersed the thick mists which shrouded that awful scene, and we see before us, as though we were bodily present, the tre-

mendous spectacle of the empire's decay, and the gigantic towering growth of the Christian Church, which bursts from the rotting folds of the huge imperial system, as the awakened Lazarus from his grave-clothes. The broad, fat, yellowish Nile swells and flashes down from fabulous deserts, haunted with frightful ogres and monsters of every goblin shape, through the plains of Egypt to the Delta and the city of Alexandria. Along its banks, and in that city, Mr. Kingsley pictures the death of the Old World, with its Paganism and Philosophy, and the birth of the New. And he could have chosen no site on which the relics of the fading past, and the germs of the dawning future, are brought into more startling contrast—in which the hubbub and seething turmoil of that transition epoch are more fearfully exhibited. We look up a quiet valley, and see there cells of monks scooped out in rows from the rock on either side, and the dull hermits are hoeing in the fields between; while on the hill above, against the purple haze of the setting sun, there stands the spectral wreck of a mighty Temple, old as the time of Noah's sons, on whose rents "the red lights rears, like dying fire on defiled altars." In Alexandria, Mr. Kingsley has heard Hypatia, the beautiful Pythoness, the last and most

* *Two Years Ago*. By C. KINGSLEY. Three Vols. Macmillan & Co.

glorious teacher of the proud stoicism and Elysian dreams, which were woven together like a rich flowery damask in Neo-Platonism. He has conversed with Orestes, the polished effete sensual governor of Alexandria; has watched his scheme of revolt against the Roman emperor; has seen him lure Hypatia from the tranquil heights of philosophy by the too tempting promise of making her Empress of Africa, and crushing for ever this frenzied faith in a crucified Jesus. He has stood in the presence-chamber of Cyril, the stern prelate, who laughs at the writhing impotency of Orestes, and explodes, by a touch, his hollow schemes of revolt and empire. He has looked from a balcony upon the legions of Nitrian monks rushing at midnight through the streets of Alexandria, (like a lava torrent,) under the ruddy glare of torchlight, till Cyril's message hushed the storm, and recalled them to their grated dormitories. And all the other mirabilia of that eventful age, surely he has seen them ere he described them with such vivid accuracy and thrilling power in *Hypatia*. He fought with Heraclitus on the scorched campagna of Rome, hunted jerboas and ostriches with Syrenius—argued about the Song of Solomon with Augustine, Bishop of Hippo; and then we lost him, nor heard more of his adventures, till suddenly we learned that he had come to the reign of our good Queen Bess, and was reveling in the wild romance of those days when the discovery of the New World awoke the old Viking temper lurking in our Norse blood; when the great battle of Protestantism and spiritual liberty was fought by England for the world; and when, amidst the splendor and exaltation of these events, as Emerson says, "the English mind flowered in every faculty," and Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Hooper, Raleigh, Bacon, were the familiars of their age. And now, after years of wandering, we welcome our somewhat errant genius as he lands on the Devon coast, to visit again the modern times, and the civilized England, which he forsook in scorn years ago.

Friends ask us how he looks after his dire and perilous voyage through so much time and space. And what does he think of us now? In answer to the first of these questions we have to say, he likes us now much better than he did; and therefore, we frankly own it, we like him much better. We fancy he has seen hard

times abroad; he has seen bloated wealth and pining poverty in other times and lands than ours. These sights have softened him; he has come back a wiser man, to settle contented, even amidst the horrid clank of machinery, and the screech of our steam-engines, which make the nineteenth century such an intolerable bore to chivalrous spirits like his. Moreover, the war has redeemed our character in his eyes. It has proved irrefutably that the men of England are not a set of manufactured Guy Fawkeses, sewed up with pack-thread, stuffed with cotton rags, and goggling with inky eyes, only fit, like all shams, for the terrible burning. Mr. Kingsley has found out that, even among such, there are men who have real souls in them, and can shed real blood too, if need be, in defense of truth and honor.

Let the foregoing be our proëmium to the short outline, and shorter criticism, of Mr. Kingsley's story we shall now lay before our readers, and which we hope may serve to introduce them to the three volumes themselves. The opening scene of the tale is laid in Aberalva, a fishing-village on the Devonshire coast. In fact, in this little place, most of the mischief is brewed—if love-making, of which there is abundance in every variety, may be so termed; and if not, yet there is mischief of another kind, which ends at last in a woeful tragedy.

Mr. Kingsley is never weary of painting scenes from the home of his childhood. In *Westward Ho!* in *Glaucus*, and again in these volumes, the shores of Devonshire crusted with shells, its upland wolds golden with gorse blossoms, and the lush fragrant vegetation of its meadows and hedge-rows, are described again and again with enamored fondness, as if he felt these earliest impressions of nature to be the purest and most blessed—"for Heaven lies about in our fancy"—and would lovingly expend his best art to reproduce the scenes which first awed and thrilled his imagination with a sweet enthusiasm,

"More bright than madness or the dreams
of wine."

Some of our readers may have strolled through Aberalva (though we cannot discern its real name under this pseudonym) two years ago, i. e., in the month of July, 1854. If so, there and then the story begins. The houses lie in a long line along

the cove, and then rise stragglingly up the hill toward Penalva Court. They are all basking beautifully in the hot sunshine, for yesterday they were whitewashed, and adorned, as is the pleasure of the inhabitants, by freshly-colored stripes or buttresses of pink and blue. In front of most of them there is a small garden, surrounded by bright green palings, and stocked with the gaudy flowers which bloom in that genial climate. There are large fuchsia trees, ten feet high, set against the dazzling white walls, and sparkling all over like magnificent candelabra with the million crimson lights that twinkle and blaze amid their foliage. "What a sweet spot for a summer lounge!" you exclaim, as you walk up the street, smell the rich fragrance of the mignonette, and then turn round to see the blue, blue sea lying before you, till it is lost in the hazy, olive-colored rim of the southern sky. There is but the faintest swell at times on its broad azure breast, as if it were rocked breathlessly asleep under the glistening heat of the sun. "Just the place," you add, "to read, write, or live a dreamy, luxurious romance." Not such, however, is Mr. Kingsley's. Down upon the shore there is the usual mid-day scene in such places—of trawlers and fishing-boats lying aslope on the sand, their dark rusty sides shining in the warm sunlight—of spars of timber, idle masts, etc., heaped together, upon which the sailors are squatting, pipe in mouth, with their elbows on their knees and their fists squeezed against their chins—of children swinging themselves in and out of the boats, or paddling in the little pools. The pier, with its gaunt skeleton frame of tarry beams, runs out into the sea, and you may hear the waters lapping and washing underneath it with an endless moan. Beside the pier, on the one side, sits the heroine of the tale, Grace Harvey, the village schoolmistress. Her character is peculiar and exceptional, but we aver that it is drawn from nature, and that, in the circumstances of her training, it is not an impossible or improbable character. It therefore satisfies the rigorous condition of truthfulness, which is the supreme law of art, though grossly violated in the caricatures of some of our most popular writers; and we accept the description of her character, together with the history of its development, as one of the *chef-d'œuvres* of Mr. Kingsley's genius. She is sitting among a group of

scholars, telling them one of her strange, saintly tales, when we are thus uncourtously introduced to her:

"Let us leave the conversation where it is, and look into the face of the speaker, who, young as she is, has already meditated so long upon the mystery of death that it has grown lovely in her eyes.

"Her figure is tall, graceful, and slight; the severity of its outlines suiting well with the severity of her dress—with the brown stuff gown and plain gray whittle. Her neck is long—almost too long; but all the defects are forgotten in the first look at her face. We can see it fully, for her bonnet lies beside her on the rock.

"The masque, though slim, is perfect. The brow, like that of a Greek statue, looks lower than it really is, for the hair springs from below the bend of the forehead. The brain is very long, and sweeps backward and upward in grand curves, till it attains above the ears a great expanse and height. She should be a character more able to feel than to argue; full of all a woman's veneration, devotion, love of children—perhaps, too, of a woman's anxiety.

"The nose is slightly aquiline; the sharp-cut nostrils indicate a reserve of compressed strength and passion; the mouth is delicate; the lips, which are full, and somewhat heavy, not from coarseness, but rather from languor, show somewhat of both the upper and the under teeth. Her eyes are bent on the pool at her feet; so that we can see nothing of them but the large, sleepy lids, fringed with lashes so long and dark, that the eye looks as if it had been painted, in the eastern fashion, with antimony; the dark lashes, dark eyebrows, dark hair, crisped (as west-country hair so often is) to its very roots, increase the almost ghost-like paleness of the face, not sallow, not snow-white, but of a clear, bloodless, waxen hue.

"And now she lifts her eyes—dark eyes, of preternatural largeness; brilliant, too, but not with the sparkle of the diamond; brilliant as deep clear wells are, in which the mellow moonlight sleeps fathom-deep, between black walls of rock; and round them, and round the wide opened lid and arching eyebrow, and slightly wrinkled forehead, hangs an air of melancholy thought, vague doubt, almost of startled fear: then that expression passes, and the whole face collapses into a languor of patient sadness, which seems to say, 'I can not solve the mystery. Let Him solve it as it seems good to Him.'"

In this portraiture, though by no means in Mr. Kingsley's best manner—for it wants the chaste delicacy proper to the subject—the character of Grace is faintly shadowed. Her imagination is vast and subtle in its workings, and is accompanied, according to an invariable psychological law, with a susceptibility of emotion pro-

portioned to the acute refinement and weird strength of her fancy. But the "passion and the life" are fed from deep springs within, and so her pensive temperament dims with a gentle sadness the fervid pulsing thoughts of her soul. The "melancholy main" has nursed her solemn musings. A profound religiousness has early imbued her nature with tenderness, and divine, yet sorrowful blessedness. Her heart, which "the holy forms of young imagination have kept pure," is in very truth "the fountain of sweet tears." She has but little sympathy with the gay, sportive aspects of nature. The hushed and awful stillness of night soothes into unutterable peace her devout, impulsive spirit, and the rack of storms awakens the tremor of agonizing fear and pity for those who go down to the sea. Yet, amidst all changes of her fluctuating heart, there dwell in it a yearning love for the children of her care, and child-like faith in her Father—God. Can we wonder that Grace Harvey, in the beauty of her person, the melancholy and mystery of her thoughts, the shifting expressions of her face, now glowing with such calm brightness as the face of God was lifted upon her soul, and then darkened with such piteous ploom, should have ruled, as by enchantment, the hearts of all the simple folks in that village. They could not comprehend the troubled visions of her excitable and somewhat morbid imagination, so that they venerated her with a sort of superstitious awe, while the silent charity of her life charmed and won their perfect love.

Such was Grace, her character, her vocation, her life—who might, as Mr. Kingsley says, in America have been degraded into a profitable "medium," or in the Catholic Church been exalted into a St. Theresa. Before she entered her home that evening, she prayed the Lord, with an anguished spirit, to avert the storm which she saw coming with portentous signs. The haze around the horizon had become thicker and more livid in its coloring. The hot air was troubled, as if pressed from afar. A hollow rumble died upon the ear as though it echoed from the deepest caves of the sea. The faint swell on the blue waters rose higher, and broke that azure surface into wide, undulating, though scarcely visible furrows. At last the dark clouds loomed out of the sea, and swept in ragged masses towards

the zenith. The ships, many of them bound to the seat of war, flew in haste to the open waters, and all men knew there would be a hideous night of wrath and ruin on the coast. The storm stinted not its fury, the wind and rain came lashing down at nightfall; but, above the hoarse thunder of the waves and the howling of the wind, the fishermen heard the boom of a cannon out at sea. Again and again it rang through the shuddering tempest. There was one ship in distress. Mr. Kingsley has described the wreck with terrific faithfulness. The brave seamen, covered with their mackintoshes and sou'westers, were down on the beach, saw the ship, fired rockets to her; but all was in vain. Another heave and she was splintered into fragments, and sank in the white seething waste. Grace had accompanied them, and witnessed the dreadful scene from a flat slope of rock: the remainder of the chapter we prefer to extract.

"Old Willis went down to her, and touched her gently on the shoulder. 'Come home, my maid, then—you'll take cold, indeed;' but she did not move or lower her arm.

"The old man, accustomed to her fits of fixed melancholy, looked down under her bonnet to see whether she was 'past,' as he called it. By the moonlight he could see her great eyes steady and wide open. She motioned him away, half impatiently, and then sprang to her feet with a scream.

"'A man! A man! Save him!'

"As she spoke, a huge wave rolled in, and shot up the sloping end of the point in a broad sheet of foam. And out of it struggled, on hands and knees, a human figure. He looked wildly up and round, and then his head dropped again on his breast; and he lay clinging with outspread arms, like Homer's Polyphus, in the *Odyssey*, as the wave drained back, in a thousand roaring cataracts, over the edge of the rock.

"'Save him!' shrieked she, again, as twenty men rushed forward and stopped short. The man was fully thirty yards from them; but close to him, between them and him, stretched a long ghastly crack, some ten feet wide, cutting the point across. All knew it—its slippery edge, its polished upright sides, the seething cauldrons within it; and knew, too, that the next wave would boil up from it in a hundred jets, and suck in the strongest to his doom, to fall, with brains dashed out, into a chasm from which was no return.

"Ere they could nerve themselves for action, the wave had come. Up the slope it swept, one half of it burying the wretched mariner, and fell over into the chasm. The other half rushed up the chasm itself, and spouted forth again to the

moonlight in columns of snow, in time to meet the wave from which it had just parted, as it fell from above; and then the two boiled up, and round and over, and twirled along the smooth rock to their very feet.

"The schoolmistress took one long look; and as the wave retired, rushed after it to the very brink of the chasm, and flung herself on her knees.

"She's mazed!"

"No, she's not!" almost screamed Old Willis, in mingled pride and terror, as he rushed after her. "The wave has carried him across the crack, and she's got him!" And he sprang upon her, and caught her round the waist.

"Now, if you be men!" shouted he, as the rest hurried down.

"Now, if you be men, before the next wave comes," shouted big Jan; "hands together, and make a line." And he took a grip with one hand of the old man's waistband, and held out the other hand for who would to seize.

"Who took it? Frank Headly, the Curate, who had been watching all sadly apart; longing to do some thing which no one could mistake.

"Be you man enough?" asked big Jan, doubtfully.

"Try," said Frank.

"Really you ben't, sir," said Jan, civilly enough. "Means no offense, sir; your heart's stout enough, I see; but you don't know what it'll be." And he caught the hand of a huge fellow next him, while Frank shrank sadly back into the darkness.

"Strong hand after hand was clasped, and strong knees after knee dropped almost to the rock, to meet the coming rush of water; and all who knew their business took a long breath—they might have need of one.

"It came, and surged over the man and the girl, and up to old Willis's throat, and round the knees of Jan and his neighbor; and then followed the returning out-draught, and every limb quivered with the stream; but when the cataract disappeared, the chain was still unbroken.

"Saved!" and a cheer broke from all lips, save those of the girl herself. She was as senseless as he whom she had saved.

"They hurried her and him up the rock ere another wave could come; they had much ado to open her hands, so firmly clenched together were they around his waist.

"Gently they lifted each, and laid them on the rock; while old Willis, having recovered his breath, set to work, crying like a child, to restore breath to 'his maiden.'"

Tom Thurnall, the man who had been saved, was carried to the house of Dr. Heale, the only doctor and apothecary of the neighborhood. Nor did he soon leave the house where he had been unexpectedly billeted; for, next morning, after he awoke from the unconsciousness and

dreamless sleep in which his exhausted body revived its strength, we find him rubbing, and dusting, and sorting the cobwebbed bottles and musty drawers in the old doctor's surgery, singing all the while as gaily as a lark. He had been surgeon on board the *Hesperus*, the vessel which was wrecked; and one look at him can tell you what sort of a man he is. On a compact and brawny body, which yet is as supple as an eel's, his head stands as firmly, and as pliantly too, as the Cornwall rocking-stone upon its bed of rock. There are a broad forehead, a short nose, a deep-set chin, and finely chiseled lips, arched pleasantly but closely against each other. In his eye there is a kindly, shrewd, fearless expression, the look of a man who has seen danger, conquered it, and laughed at it. His wild, desperate, but not ignoble history, has been recounted in a former chapter.

Though he had been trained for the medical profession by his father, a gentle, learned physician in Whitbury, of Berkshire, and became afterwards distinguished at St. Mumpsimus Hospital, London, he plunged off as soon as his education was completed on some chimerical adventure to South America. Thence, under the gadfly impulse of a reckless, roving disposition, he wandered the world over. He had fought in Mexico, drunk ass's milk in Tartary, been fattened for a feast in one of the South Sea Islands, and, finally dug gold among the Black Hills of Ballarat. From his marvellous hairbreadth escapes he had acquired an invulnerable coolness of temper, and played—cheerfully—at chuck and toss with the snake-haired Erinnyes. Together with the immense self-reliance which usually characterizes such travel-worn men, there was mingled a chivalrous generosity of feeling which tinged his else foolhardy life with the glory of a troubadour's romance, and makes him a most likeable fellow, though he masked his tenderness of feeling, as though it were a weakness, under a blunt-stoical, quasi-indifferent manner. Yet withal he was an utterly godless man.

There were two reasons why he determined to settle down, in this extempore fashion, and in defiance of old Dr. Heale and his wife, as the doctor's partner—First, because it was his way to turn himself at once to account in whatever circumstances he fell among, and Aberalva

was as suitable and promising an opening for him as any other in the world. Second, he was resolved to discover a belt which he had lashed around his waist ere he sprang from deck, and which contained a *rouleau* of £1500, his hard earnings in Australia, that he had hoarded for his aged father, now stricken with blindness, and stripped of all his children save his irreclaimable Tom. He was convinced this belt had been stolen from him, and was in the possession of some Aberalva person, whose secret booty he would ferret out and regain if he had any skill, as he boasted he had, in exploring human character.

His suspicions naturally fell upon Grace Harvey, whose frantic impulsiveness (so he thought it) had been the means of saving his life. He dared not avow his suspicions, for he quickly saw what a favorite she was among the people; so that even to whisper his thoughts would bring down a storm of indignation around his ears. He thus set himself secretly to watch her movements. Can the reader discern in this determination the origin of a thrilling drama, when such a man as Tom Thurnall examines skeptically, wonderingly, and lovingly, the character of a woman like Grace—so innocently pure, so strong and awfully beautiful in her simple trust in God? The *revelations* of Grace's character growing brighter every day, from the very intentness with which he watched them, first puzzled and confounded him, and at last awoke within him a longing for the high ideal he saw exhibited in her life, and an uncontrollable love for herself.

Grace, meanwhile, was ignorant of the suspicion with which he mentally charged her, yet she bore a heavy burden on her heart. That she had saved Tom Thurnall from death was enough to excite a profound interest in *his* concerns. She knew he had been robbed of his belt, and the conception of such appalling wickedness—wickedness unheard of in that primitive village, gnawed like an ulcer on her thoughts. Who of those villagers, for whom she prayed and labored continually, could be the guilty one?

The fame of Tom, whose medical accomplishments seemed miraculous after Heale's solidopathic methods of treatment, attracted her yet more to him; and his very character, in its quiet composure and nimbleness, and utter fearlessness,

fascinated her imagination, because it was a strange and perfect contrast to her own. At last she knows that Tom has suspected her; and more bitter knowledge, the conviction grows upon her, that her own mother is the thief. It is noble to see how this *weak-hearted* woman bears meekly the agony which crushes her; nor flinches from the sacred toil of her home and her school.

And so the elements, which the writer knows how to bring together, coagulate, and the fibrous tissues of the story are slowly formed into a compact and delicate organism. Penalva Court is the manor-house of the district, a country residence of Lord Scoutbush, who is suzerain of the free fishermen of Aberalva, and the largest landed proprietor in the neighborhood. At present it is occupied by Elsley Vavasour, poet, who eloped with Lucia St. Just, sister of Lord Scoutbush; but being afterward reconciled, received this mansion from his lordship as a home for herself and family. Tom Thurnall recognised at once in this gentleman with such a high-sounding name, plain John Briggs, of Whitbury, his quondam associate in the study of the pharmacopœia, and co-assistant to Bolus, apothecary of that ilk. It is evidently Mr. Kingsley's intention to present these two men as opposite types of our modern English civilization: the one practical, shrewd, hearty, fearless, having attained profound knowledge of his fellows and a command of himself; the other, vain, fastidious, and capriciously moody, having no control over himself, and a very simpleton in his acquaintance with actual life. It was Tom's contemptuous sneer for Briggs's flowery rant that drove the latter in desperation to London. He had, however, real genius, and acquired fame under the *nom de guerre* of Elsley Vavasour. Under that title he was introduced to society, and under it he courted and won his aristocratic wife; and now, when these two meet again unexpectedly in this remote village, the contrast so violently expressed in their youth appears more keenly defined, from the discipline they had respectively passed through. Tom's burly face, and gray laughing eyes—what a contrast to the pallid Romanesque face of Elsley, shaded by black waving hair, and faintly illumined by large dusky eyes! There is a mournful pathos, and yet stern moral justice, in the sad history of poor Elsley, as por-

trayed by Mr. Kingsley. His *natural goodness* fades away, as if mildewed, from the degeneracy of his turbulent and morbid fancy, which is sanctified by no spiritual faith, nor invigorated by the healthful exercise of a practical life. Being inclosed within himself, and neither refreshed by the hallowed air of heaven nor the common atmosphere of social duty, his faculties are first excited into prurient luxuriance, and then wasted away like withered vegetation in the closer malarious atmosphere of such complete selfishness. His wife, a gay, merry Irish girl when she fell wildly in love with the gentle poet, *settles at last* into the anxious weakly mother, often fretting from ill-health, and yet bursting out at times in genuine flashes of both Irish humor and wrath.

The heaven that canopied Penalva Court was an April sky. Black clouds, swift showers, and fitful gleams of sunshine, passed every day over the *moody poet* and his fretful, loving wife, till that awful storm swept over them, that wrecked the happiness and life of both. Since Tom's arrival, Elsley had been maddened with fear lest his name and humble origin should be exposed. Tom kept his secret, but could not unloose the terror that seized, like a viper, upon the weakened, effeminate mind of his former acquaintance. Other visitors came that autumn to Penalva—Valencia, sister of Lucia, Lord Scoutbush himself, and Major Campell. The latter was a calm, dignified, learned soldier, and the intimate friend of Scoutbush and his sisters. Years ago he had cherished, but never avowed, love for Lucia—Elsley's wife—when she was a mere girl, and teased the tall Scotch Major for his *gauche* manners and grim bachelor habits. For her sake he had renounced the Indian service for the Line, and gallantly subdued the awkwardness of his demeanor if he might find favor with Lucia: but all was in vain—she had fled with the famous poet; and the soldier, with noble reticence, hid the secret of his passion in his own heart, where yet it flowered with perennial beauty, in humble prayer for her happiness, though now another's. With especial interest did he therefore form the acquaintance of Elsley Vavasour. His concern for Lucia's happiness made him anxious to know the character of her husband. Elsley felt the glare of his clear eyes burning hotly upon

his diseased soul, and soon exhibited before him the worst symptoms of his ill-regulated passionate temper. Elsley became also furiously jealous of the silent authority which Major Campbell's manner irresistibly carried with it, and of the confidence which every one seemed to repose in him. He feared that his wife would make him the confidant of her wrongs and domestic misery; and this fear distilled like poison through his throbbing veins. No wonder, then, that he welcomed the proposal to accompany his wife and family and Valencia to Beddegelert, at the foot of Snowdon, in order to escape the cholera, which had suddenly leaped from the dull brown haze of the sultry sky, and stalked through the village of Aberlva like an ill-omened harpy, to glut itself on the corruption of death. Scoutbush and Campbell remained with Tom Thurnall, and Frank Headley, and Grace Harvey, to encounter the hideous phantom, to cleanse the village of its pollutions, and to render such succor as they could to the plague-struck inhabitants. When that dreadful visitation had passed, they hastened to join Elsley and the others, who had meanwhile been occupying their lodgings, and to enjoy some fishing ere they went out to the Crimea, whither they were bound. Here the catastrophe occurred which smote Elsley's life, and Lucia's too. The sight of Campbell had again fired Elsley's jealousy. The quiet dignity and courtesy of the Major's manners were a brilliant foil to his own petulance and selfish indifference. His jaundiced eyes discolored every simple word and act, and his delirious fancy surrounded him with evil suggestions, which clung like scorpions to his brain, and would not be shaken off. At last, one evening, after his mind had been festering with wounded vanity, he overheard Lucia speak to Major Campbell in a playful affectionate way, such as she might have done when she was a girl; and in a fearful paroxysm of pent-up wrath, he rushed away from his home to the mountains. In a *brief note*, written from a wayside inn, he hurled out, in one blast, against his wife, the whirlwind tempest that raged in his own breast; and then, with the mad suicidal temper of a peevish child, he dashed over moors and rocks, up one of the ridges of Snowdon, to howl out his miseries to the heedless ear of night, and, perchance, to die.

There was a thunderstorm that night on Snowdon; and the description of Elsley's ascent is without doubt the grandest word-picture of the book, and it reminds us, in the lurid, ghastly colors that seem to smolder upon it, of *Salvator Rosa's* art. We give the following extracts:

"There he stood—he knew not how long—without motion, without thought, without even rage or hate; now—in one blank paralysis of his whole nature—conscious only of self and of a dull inward fire, as if his soul were a dark vault, lighted with lurid smoke.

"What was that? He started—shuddered—as well he might. Had he seen heaven opened?—or another place? So momentary was the vision, that he scarce knew what he saw.

"There it was again!—lasting but for a moment; but long enough to let him see the whole western heaven transfigured into one sheet of pale blue gauze, and before it Snowdon, towering black as ink, with every saw and crest cut out, hard and terrible, against the lightning-glare—and then the blank of darkness.

"Again. The awful black giant, towering high in air before the gates of that blue abyss of flame; but a black crown of cloud has settled upon his head, and out of it the lightning sparks leap to and fro, fringing his brows with a coronet of fire.

"Another moment, and the roar of that great battle between earth and heaven crashed full on Elsley's ears.

"He heard it leap from Snowdon, sharp and rattling across the gulf toward him, till it crashed full upon the Glyder overhead, and rolled and flapped from crag to crag, and died away along the dreary downs. No! There it boomed out again thundering full against Siabod on the left, and Siabod tossed it on to Moel Meirch, who answered from all her clefts and peaks with a long confused battle-growl, and then tossed it on to Aran; and Aran, with one dull bluff report from her flat cliff, to nearer Lliwedd; till, worn out with the long buffetings of that giant ring, it sank and died on Gwynnant far below; but, ere it died, another and another thunder-crash burst, sharper and nearer every time, to hurry round the hills after the one which roared before it.

"Another minute, and the blue glare filled the sky once more; but no black Titan towered before it now. The storm had leapt Llanberris Pass, and all around Elsley was one howling chaos of cloud and rain, and blinding flame. He turned and fled again."

"Terrible were those rocks below, and ten times more terrible as seen through the lurid glow of his distempered brain. All the weird peaks and slabs seemed pointing up at him: sharp-toothed jaws gaped upward, tongues hissed upward, arms pointed upward, hounds leaped upward, monstrous snake-heads peered upward out of cracks and caves. Did he not

see them move—writhe? or was it the ever-shifting light of the flashes? Did he not hear them howl—yell at him? or was it but the wind tortured in their labyrinthine caverns.

"The next moment, and all was dark again; but the images which had been called up remained, and fastened on his brain, and grew there; and when, in the light of the next flash, the scene returned, he could see the red lips of the phantom hounds, the bright eyes of the phantom snakes; the tongues wagged in mockery, the hands brandished great stones to hurl at him, the mountain-top was instinct with fiendish life—a very Blocksberg of all hideous shapes and sins.

"And yet he did not shrink! Horrible it was—he was going mad before it. And yet he took a strange and fierce delight in making it more horrible; in maddening himself yet more and more; in clothing those fantastic stones with every fancy which could inspire another man with dread.

"But he had no dread. Perfect rage, like perfect love, casts out fear. He rejoiced in his own misery—in his own danger. His life hung on a thread; any instant might hurl him from that cairn, a blackened corpse. What better end? Let it come! He was Prometheus on the peak of Caucasus, hurling defiance at the unjust Jove! His hopes, his love, his very honor—curse it—ruined! Let the lightning-stroke come! He were a coward to shrink from it. Let him face the worst, unprotected, bare-headed, naked, and do battle, himself, and nothing but himself, against the universe! And as men at such moments will do, in the mad desire to free the self-tortured spirit from some unseen and choking bond, he began wildly tearing off his clothes. But merciful nature brought relief, and stopped him in his mad efforts, or he had been a frozen corpse long ere the dawn. His hands, stiff with cold, refused to obey him: as he delayed he was saved. After the paroxysm came the collapse; he sank upon the top of the cairn half senseless. He felt himself falling over its edge, and the animal instinct of self-preservation, unconsciously to him, made him slide down gently, till he sank into a crack between two rocks, sheltered somewhat, as it befel happily, from the lashing of the rain."

The remainder of the story is quickly told. Elsley, though pursued and discovered by two Oxford men, Naylor and Wynd, who hunted him up from the way-side inn, slipped from them in the morning, ran like an escaped lunatic to Bangor—took a draught of laudanum, which is henceforth his chief subsistence, and went by the first train to London.

The first shock of anguish on the part of his wife, is followed by weeks of desolate misery after her return to London, while Major Campbell seeks, and seeks in vain, for the poor deluded man.

Tom Thurnall at last finds him out, in a lean-to garret, drugged with his opiate, and worn down to a frail hollow-eyed skeleton. With kindly cunning Tom humors him, and lures him to his own lodgings. He goes with him to Whitbury, where Elsley had a fond crazed wish to die; and there, in a few more days, Elsley, having confessed to her his true name, dies in the arms of his devoted wife. "Elsley turned toward her once, ere the film of death had fallen, and looked her full in the face, with his beautiful eyes full of love—then the eyes paled and faded; but still they sought for hers painfully, long after she had buried her head in the coverlet, unable to bear the sight." Tom then hastens eastward, whither Scoutbush and Major Campbell had gone.

Grace discovers the belt of money, which her mother had deposited in a cranny of a cavern near the shore—binds it above her heart, and never parts with it till she gives it, as she had promised, into Tom's own hand. After her mother's death, she nursed our soldiers in the Varna and Balaklava hospitals. Once only she saw him whom she sought, standing among other officers in front of the hospital, while she was attending an operation. When she came down stairs he was gone, and never seen again.

She returned with our soldiers last summer; went to serve Tom's father in Whitbury, and waited anxiously, trustfully there, till last Christmas, when Tom startled a large company in his father's parlor by his sudden appearance. "There he was in bodily flesh and blood, thin, sallow, bearded to the eyes, dressed in ragged sailors' clothes—but Tom himself." The greeting there we can not describe; and in saying so, do we not pay the highest compliment to our author? Our readers will find it at the close of the third volume, which we finish with regret, as though we had said farewell to friends who had grown dear to us, and of whom we have written as though their history were real, and not a phantom—a dream—a fiction—as it is.

There are two characteristics in this work which command admiration. One is the healthful way in which Mr. Kingsley writes of education. He has a righteous contempt for that kind of genius which is but a sort of "male hysterics," and is readily superinduced upon persons of a fine sensibility, just as all similar mesmer-

ic phenomena are quickly developed in them. The luxurious narcotic life of some literary men who stimulate their fancy with a sort of cantharidin, and give uncontrolled indulgence to their passions to work themselves into a frenzy requisite for composition, receives a terrible exposure in the history of Elsley Vavasour. Mr. Kingsley demands the healthful discipline of the body by manly exercise, as the only cure of the maudlin sentimentalism which infests our weak, dyspeptic, spasmodic poets. He loves the strong-limbed man, and believes with the old Greek Gymnasts that the *ἐξίς* of the body materially affects the *ῥησος* of the mind. In this he is right. Nervous derangement lies at the root of much of the distempered literature that glimmers and lightens, but only with the phosphorescence of decay. Worse evils, too, result from the same cause; for a flaccid, unstrung body, can hardly be the tenement of a brave, truthful spirit. This earthly body has mystical affinities with the ethereal spirit, and imparts a virtue to its higher faculties, as the nature of a soil affects the blossom of the plant that has been rooted in it. We support, therefore, Mr. Kingsley in his advocacy of what he once called "healthy animalism;" for neither taste nor morals can be benefited by a dwarfed, imbecile body.

The other excellence of this work is the sensible way in which Mr. Kingsley has spoken of marriage life. This is generally shrouded in darkness by novel writers, as though it belonged to the Eleusinian Mystery, and must not be exposed to the uninitiated and profane. Mr. Kingsley, however, uses his story as a means of conveying instruction in a popular and impressive form, and has not feared to trespass on the penetralia of that life, which is either too uninteresting for other writers, or too blessed to be described by their pens. Mr. Kingsley has a just and delicate appreciation of woman's nature, and has nobly expressed his reverence of her weakness, and his admiration of her strength.

On the whole, this is a work abundant in that kind of excellence by which Mr. Kingsley's fictions are distinguished, and less marked than some of them by his characteristic faults. He is not generally successful in the development of plot—in combining with mystery and surprise that adherence to probability which is so difficult a problem in the structure of a story.

Some of his characters represent types rather than individuals. His fertility is not conspicuous in the invention of incident. Twice in this very story do we read of jealousy roused almost to madness by the same contrivance—overhearing a conversation. To make one of the most interesting of the female characters in the book at last a servant in the house of Tom Thurnall's father, does not appear to us a happy conception. But blemishes of this kind, were they more numerous than they are, would do little to diminish the enjoyment of the reader. The interest, by whatever means, is sustained throughout—a practical test of the first importance.

The pleasure derived from Mr. Kingsley's fictions rests on higher grounds than that dexterity in the contrivance of a *dénouement*, which some inferior workmen possess in a far greater measure. His boldness and his originality—the robust vigor, animal as well as intellectual and moral, which pervades his writings—the comprehensiveness of his sympathy—the fairness with which he will put the most opposite views of the same subject—the seriousness of his purpose—and his genial good-nature, even when most dogmatical; these are the qualities which constitute his excellence, and should win him welcome. In one respect, he stands unrivaled. We have not another writer who contrives to give us, as he does, so many of his own opinions on social questions, on art, on religion, on all sorts of topics, without ever intruding himself unduly, or beginning to preach. This artistic diffusion of the didactic element throughout conversations, always natural and spirited, is a triumph of skill. While the story proceeds, and while the characters develop themselves, we meet at every turn with some opinion or other about present topics, or subjects in the thoughts of every one, which set us thinking, strike out fresh lights, and become germs of thought we carry away with us. Mr. Kingsley is not in danger of falling into the sin of so many of our would-be religious novels, which stow away the ardor of the seraph and the wisdom of the cherub beneath a clergyman's silk waistcoat, lodge the attributes of Belial or of Moloch in the breast of the Papist, and make a canting vulgar hypocrite of every Dissenter.

We trust that we have now earned for ourselves the right of speaking faithfully on one point—the most serious of all.

Our sympathy with Mr. Kingsley's general teaching compels us to protest against much of the religious teaching of this and all his fictions. We ask him—ask him as a man, a Christian man, and a clergyman, to consider the three following objections to his religious doctrines, which we urge in courtesy, but with an intense conviction of their importance.

(1.) In his characters he never makes any allusion to the burdensome feeling of guilt, and utterly ignores the fact of revelation which holds out to man his only medium of forgiveness. In the repentance—*μετάνοια*—of his characters there is no *λύπη*; no penitence, self-reproach, or sense of blameworthiness. We confess that we cannot understand the moral nature in which these sentiments have not existed; no moral sentiment has fixed itself with such distinct and awful emphasis upon human history as the convictions of guilt. Why, then, does Mr. Kingsley seem to deny its existence? No fact is so clearly asserted in the Bible as the stupendous guilt of man, and the Gospel which it reveals consists in the proclamation of that plan which God has devised for its removal and man's restoration. Would that Mr. Kingsley preached that Gospel more clearly!

(2.) The only religion which we discover in his writings consists in man's awaking to perceive the love of his Father God, and the ceaseless providence with which He has been guarding and preserving him. There is no new relationship formed between the soul and God; but the soul awakens to a fixed, unalterable relationship, which is nowise affected by this change of spiritual consciousness. We respectfully ask Mr. Kingsley if the whole tenor of Bible-teaching does not show that there is a family upon earth to whom God has come into a nearer relationship than he holds to other men. We know how this doctrine may be abused, but the Bible assuredly speaks of some who are His children as others who are not. Can we believe that all men, good or bad, are his children alike? Does he see no differences between men—demean himself in no way differently towards them?

(3.) We would remind Mr. Kingsley how closely he approximates to the Pantheistic doctrine, that the Probation of Life has only one issue—in making men better, and that all men are on their passage, as

Emerson would put it, even from prisons and the gallows, to some holier development: a pleasant doctrine, which, amidst the distracting problems of the moral universe, we might sometimes passionately wish to believe. But the realities of life are against it—no less the dreadful forebodings of Revelation, which always agrees with the *facts* of life, if not with our fancies. Mr. Kingsley will not think that we misrepresent him in thus plainly stating what is the invariable drift of his writings, and what must be pernicious, because it is so fearfully delusive. The commonest experience attests that the Probation of Life has two issues: that under it men become worse, sinking lower into the blinding corruption of sin; or they become better, rising under new trials, to the possession of a more perfect virtue. And does not Scripture point to two roads, of which, alas! the downward is the broadest and the most crowded? We protest against Mr. Kingsley's representation of human life, not because we could not wish to believe it, but because our consciousness, our experience, our Bible, and all history contradict it.

Mr. Kingsley's description of the Brianite, or local Methodist preachers, we conceive to be as gross a violation of taste as it is utterly false in fact. We are grieved to think that Mr. Kingsley should stoop to imitate the scurrilous caricatures which Mr. Dickens has drawn of these self-denying men, to whose labors the agricultural population of this country is indebted for nearly all the religious life which has survived among them during the last century. Mr. Kingsley has dishonored himself in traducing their characters and misrepresenting their doctrines. Had he known more of them, we are sure his generous heart had never allowed him to write so recklessly of a class of men entitled to much of that large-hearted charity which Mr. Kingsley can sometimes exercise.

Now we are in the croaking strain, we must have one word more. Tom Thurnall, as we have said, is admirably drawn. His individuality is distinct and strong: yet he represents a class that counts by thousands. Brought up religiously, he has no religion save strong affection for a father, and a vague notion that the Powers above will somehow do the right thing at last. Buoyant, dare-devil, infinite in cunning resource, he knocks about the world,

indomitable, self-reliant, singing and laughing, though the very foot-ball of fortune. He learns at last that he has a Father in heaven, that lowly trust is better than audacious self-reliance. But meanwhile, his credulity, like that of multitudes, is profound and scornful, when he hears the ministers of religion dwelling on the terrors rather than the hopes of Revelation—or, to speak more correctly, aggravating its darker aspects, and passing by, or limiting its brighter.

"Whether Tom were altogether right or not, is not the question here; the novelist's business is to represent the real thoughts of mankind, when they are not absolutely unfit to be told; and certainly Tom spoke the doubts of thousands when he spoke his own.

"Grace was silent still.

"Well," he said, "beyond that I can't go, being no theologian. But when a preacher tells people in one breath of a God who so loves men that he gave his own Son to save them, and in the next, that the same God so hates men that he will cast nine tenths of them into hopeless torture for ever (and if that is not hating, I don't know what is)—unless he, the preacher, gets a chance of talking to them for a few minutes—why, I should like Miss Harvey, to put that gentleman upon a real fire for ten minutes, instead of his comfortable Sunday's dinner, which stands ready frying for him, and which he was going home to eat, as jolly as if all the world was not going to destruction; and there let him feel what fire was like, and reconsider his statements."—Vol. ii. p. 109.

Certainly Tom was any thing but right in his practical rejection of Christianity on such grounds. We do not think Mr. Kingsley has quite sufficiently insisted on this. He describes Tom as going out into the fields on a fine Sunday morning, and recognizing, in a pagan way, the beauty, wisdom, and beneficence about him. It was well for him, remarks the author, that he had even this natural religion—that he was faithful to the light he possessed. We think he was *not* faithful. For about this very time he had his New Testament in his hand, and is represented as busy with the Epistles to the Corinthians. With the undimmed, undistorted truth thus before him, his indifference to Christianity is inexcusable. It may be questioned whether, in a land like ours, a rejection of Christian truth, so long maintained as his, can be compatible with the excellences attributed to him. Still, in its main outlines, the character is as real and common as it is instructive; and such com-

pounds of Alcibiades and Gallo are but too numerous.

It would be quite as wrong for any one to be offended with Mr. Kingsley for putting a misconception like that just quoted boldly into words, as it would be to blame a medical man for making a faithful report of a diseased district. The question is—How did views of the Gospel so morbid come into the minds of such men? And next—How may we clear them out straightway, and substitute a healthier view of Christianity?

There is one objection taken by Mr. Kingsley to the evangelical section of the Church (whether within the English Establishment or without it) which we are at a loss to understand. This appears to us one of the instances in which he comes forward as a mere random fault-finder, without having any preferable substitute to propose.

But to the objection to evangelicism, that it isolates and individualizes—is not national, universal. Once Puritanism did make itself national, and set up a Commonwealth. Would Mr. Kingsley prefer such a state of things? Does he wish to see religion brought, as in the Middle Age, under the control of the civil magistrate? Is he quite sure that the religion enforced by the sword of the governor would be *his*. And if it were, we are sure he can not suppose that legislation would awaken, or persecution profitably direct, that inward light which does exist in men. What, then, would he suggest? If the English Church *can not or will not* make itself, in his sense, truly national, what other party has any prospect of so doing? What is left, if we would not fall into endless anomalies and perplexities, but that we should rest satisfied with an invisible Church—with that communion of saints in all lands and times, wherein he believes as well as we? Meanwhile, each section of that Church can but do its best to teach and enlighten men, as far as it has the

power. If so to do be an undue isolating and individualizing of men, what else, we ask, did the Apostles, in their first preaching of the Gospel, and settlement of a church here and a church there? Might not the same fault be found with them for not effecting a similar impossibility? Mr. Kingsley is too well acquainted with history not to know that the imperial patronage afforded to Christianity by Constantine ripened with fearful rapidity all the elements of corruption within it. Dante, who understood the Middle Age at least as well as any of its modern idolaters, bitterly regretted the consequences of that alliance. We should like to see Mr. Kingsley explain himself deliberately and at length on this matter.

There occur, in the course of the story, some excellent remarks on the study of nature, on description, and on the use and abuse of illustration. When Mr. Kingsley contends that he who would describe a landscape must really take pains, first of all, to *see it*—must not abandon it to hunt after analogies, or distort and coax the reality before him into an unnatural harmony with them, we think him quite right. But sometimes he goes too far, and would seem unduly afraid of what Mr. Ruskin has condemned as the "pathetic fallacy." It is true, that we must first see the object; but it is also true that the poet should see *into it*—we should not be blind to what it *suggests*, any more than to what it *is*. If the mere externals of nature are to be set down by themselves, without any indication of the communion between the soul of man and the hidden life of nature—without any coloring derived from that which is *behind* the eye—without any hint of those affinities between the worlds of matter and of mind which Platonist and poet alike have always loved to trace, then we must cancel the finest descriptive passages in Wordsworth, and nearly all those of Dickens.

From Fraser's Magazine.

SOME TALK ABOUT FOOD.

If a bar of iron be exposed to air and moisture, it wastes; the metal combines with the oxygen of the atmosphere, and is consumed—it rusts. So is it in animal bodies; where there is oxygen, there is waste. As in the lamp, oxygen is the cause of flame, yet consumes the oil; so in the body is it essential to life, and at the same time destructive. To replace the materials that are being thus constantly consumed, to sustain the vital spark, is the purpose of food, a subject of interest to the physiologist and historian, as well as to domestic and political economists.

It is not many years since the French abandoned a scheme of feeding their hospital patients upon bones. At the commencement of the Revolution, their Government, acting upon the report of a body of scientific men, issued a public instruction informing the world that "a bone is a tablet of soup formed by nature; a pound of bones gives as much soup as a pound of meat; bone-soup, in a dietetical point of view, is preferable to meat-soup." The Administration des Hospices adopted the idea, and an expensive apparatus was fitted up in many of the hospitals, for the preparation of bone-soup; but it was soon found, to the dismay of the authorities, that the patients, although liberally supplied with it, did not thrive. Nevertheless, the plan had been introduced in such magnificent language, it had cost so much, and promised ultimately such economical results, that it was not to be abandoned in a hurry. So they went on, pouring their filthy broth down the throats of the helpless invalids, till they had reduced them to starvation-point, and then they gave it up.

It would have been thought that if any thing had been made clear and certain by experience, it was, that man was an omnivorous animal—"neither a vegetarian nor a muttonarian;" yet, in this wonderfully enlightened nineteenth century, we are informed that "the adherence to the use of animal food is no more than

a persistence in the gross customs of savage life, and evinces an insensibility to reason and to the operation of intellectual improvement."* Literary institutions throw open the doors to members of the Vegetarian Society, who, thoughtless of the pale faces and small forms which their natural diet, as they modestly term vegetable food, is producing upon their children at home, talk by the hour of the life of the happy Arab with his bag of dates, and learnedly appeal to the humane manners of the Ethiopians, of whom Homer sang—their diet, corn and milk, and their habits so peaceful, that Jupiter rejoiced to spend nine days every year among them, as the only race of men fit for gods to live among. And, having completely mystified their audience, they conclude with a few glowing comparisons of the gentleness of the turtle-dove and the rapacity of the vulture, the mild disposition of the elephant and the savage nature of the tiger—a powerful argument indeed, which, however, is a little weakened by the unfortunate ferocity of the rhinoceros. But Sir Everhard Home here comes to their assistance: "The indocility of the rhinoceros," gravely observes the learned surgeon, "is only to be explained by the small proportion of brain with which it is endowed, and therefore, like all idiots, it is intractable." It will be long before such arguments as these affect the market at Copenhagen Fields.

The prejudice against fish is far more general, especially among the poor, who, if it was not for this repugnance, upon which the neglect of our fisheries is mainly dependent, might enjoy a never-failing supply of food, at once palatable and nutritious. Notwithstanding the local and natural advantages arising out of our insular position, the neglect of the fisheries has been a subject of regret ever since the days of Queen Elizabeth: "It maketh much to the ignorance and shame of

* Dr. Lambe.

our English nation," says Sir Thomas Borroughs, the keeper of the Tower Records, "that God and nature, offering us so great a treasure even at our own doores, we doe, notwithstanding, neglect the benefit thereof, and, by paying money to strangers for the fish of our own seas, impoverish ourselves to make them rich."

So great a rarity, a few years ago, was an English-cured herring, that a story is told of Admiral Rodney, when dining at Carlton House, congratulating the Prince of Wales upon seeing what he thought to be a dish of Yarmouth bloaters upon the table, adding, that if the Prince's example were followed by the upper ranks only, it would be the means of adding twenty thousand hardy seamen to the navy. The Prince observed that he did not deserve the compliment, as the herrings had not been cured by British hands; "but," he continued, "henceforward I shall order a dish of English-cured herrings to be purchased at any expense, to appear as a standing dish at this table. We shall call it a Rodney, and, under that designation, what true patriot will not follow my example?" We have made some advance since the days of the Rodney; yet the price of fish still places it beyond the reach of the poor; and it is viewed with suspicion by those who indulge in it as a luxury. On each outbreak of the cholera, the fishmongers labor in vain to convince a large mass of the public that fresh fish is as wholesome as fresh beef and mutton, and that the danger lies, not in eating fish, but in eating it when not perfectly fresh.

Another ill effect ascribed to fish is, the production or augmentation of skin diseases. The notion is a very ancient one, and is supposed by many to have been the origin of the prohibition to eat fish that had not fins and scales imposed on the Jews. It is far more probable that this, like other laws regulating their diet, was framed with the view of keeping the Hebrews a distinct nation. Numa is said to have forbidden the priests of Rome to taste fish; and we learn from Herodotus that a similar law existed in Egypt. Elsewhere, he says that many of the Egyptians lived almost entirely on fish; and, according to him, three whole tribes of Babylonians subsisted on nothing else; they dried their fish in the sun, pounded it, and then sifted and baked it. At present, a very similar fashion prevails among the negroes on the west coast of Africa, who,

out of a species of sprat, form a paste, which they eat with corn or rice. In Siberia, dried fish is used instead of bread; and the Laplanders make a kind of bread from fish-bones; yet among none of these people do we read of the prevalence of leprosy or elephantiasis.

With the Greeks it would appear that a taste for fish grew up with the progress of civilization. In Homer's time it was regarded as unfit for food, for he describes the followers of Ulysses as reduced to sore distress before they resorted to fishing as a means of subsistence. The Athenians, on the contrary, were passionate admirers of every description of the finny tribe; and potted echini was the ordinary food of the Greek soldiers and sailors.

Ælian, when describing the earliest food of different nations, ascribes acorns to the Arcadians, pears to the Argives and Tyrrinthians, cresses to the Persians, and figs to the Athenians, which would have refuted the courtiers of Darius who dissuaded him from attacking Greece, on the ground that it was useless to attack a people who drank nothing but water, and had nothing but figs to eat. Modern authors, with equal ignorance, have almost universally asserted that the Athenians were plain feeders, who despised the coarser pleasures of the table. Nothing could be a greater mistake. It is impossible to enumerate the many delicious kinds of bread which Athenian art produced, or the sweetmeats and cheesecakes which Aristotle tells us were much in request at the theaters; and fish, the especial delight of all Athenians, we must dismiss with the aphorism of Amphis, "He who goes to market and buys herbs, when he can buy good fish, is a madman." The names, in short, of innumerable dishes have been carefully preserved which are to us unintelligible; and the highest commendation we can bestow on them, with their constant terminations in *stois* and *tois*, is that they sound very good.

The frugality of the Lacedæmonians affords a striking contrast to the luxury of the wealthy Athenians. A citizen of Sybaria, who was rash enough to taste the celebrated black broth, declared that it was no longer a matter of astonishment with him why the Spartans were so fearless in battle, as any man in his senses would prefer death to an existence on such food. This mess, after all the satire that

has been expended upon it, was nothing worse than our own black-puddings.

Of all nations who have attempted by arbitrary laws to regulate the choice of food, the Romans stand preëminent; they could not distinguish between simple elegance, the result of civilization and a wider intercourse with the rest of the world, and extravagance engendered by luxury and ostentation: and they consequently interdicted as food whatever was unknown to their ancestors. Their conquests in Asia made them familiar with a style of living previously unknown, and which was too delightful not to be imitated. From this time their cooks, who had been of the lowest description of slaves, were regarded as artists, and their office elevated from the merest drudgery to a science. They fetched as high a price as their brother slaves whose duty it was to correct the evils of good living—the physicians. The State was alarmed at this change of manners; a sumptuary law was accordingly passed, limiting the number of guests at table, and ordering that the doors be left open at all entertainments, to prevent any violation of its enactment.

By a later law, no one was allowed to spend at the greatest festivals more than six shillings and five pence, and on ordinary occasions he was limited to five pence half-penny.* The same law prohibited the use of poultry, with the exception of one hen, and that must not have been fattened for the occasion. Another law excluded from the table dormice as a dangerous luxury. These, like all other sumptuary laws, were of no avail. It was idle to suppose that men rolling in wealth could be restricted to a diet of vegetables and eggs, or hare and cabbage, which to Cato was a feast. Gluttony and display became the ruling passions of the later Romans. The one lean hen was forgotten amid dishes of peacocks and flamingoes; and the six-shilling feast was superseded by banquets, at which a turbot alone has cost fifty pounds. To gain an appetite for these delicacies, the gourmand had recourse to warm baths and emetics; nor was his taste gratified unless the viands were served upon gold and ivory, and carved to the sound of music. Perhaps

the most celebrated dish of ancient times was one consisting of the tongues of peacocks and nightingales; it was an invention of Heliogabalus, and a fit accompaniment to the extravagant draught of Cleopatra; which, however, was exceeded by a young Roman, who drank a similar potion, for no wager, but simply to see how pearls would taste, and indulged his friends with a like treat.

A reference to Apicius, the great oracle of Roman cookery, strikingly displays how greatly our modern bill of fare is limited by prejudice. The extraordinary heterogeneous messes which delighted the Romans would, according to modern notions, have been sufficient to have rendered an emetic a most unnecessary infliction. The simplest dishes were disguised by sauces in which garum—described by Pliny as the essence of putrid fish—and asafetida were the most common ingredients; oil, ginger, honey, pepper, aniseed, vinegar, rue, garlic, asafetida, and garum were all employed in cooking a hog's paunch, upon which, and similar dishes Tiberius continued feasting for two nights and a day without leaving the table. In their love of asafetida, the Romans were not peculiar; many of the Asiatics are exceedingly fond of it as a condiment, and even eat it alone. In Persia the leaves are eaten like common greens, and Oriental travelers relate, with a shudder, how, in spite of its abominable smell, which has gained it in Germany the not very polite appellation of Teufelsdreck, their Eastern attendants greedily devoured it. If, instead of sneering at the natives, they had followed their example, they would probably have confirmed the opinion of a distinguished gastronome, who has declared that the finest relish a beefsteak can possess is to be communicated to it by rubbing the gridiron on which the steak is to be cooked with asafetida.

A tougher and more tasteless morsel than a gizzard seldom finds its way on to our plates; yet the origin of the name is derived from a small African bird called Giger, whose stomach was reckoned such a delicacy at Rome that the name of the bird has been transferred to this portion of the digestive apparatus.

Sir Thomas Browne instances two other Roman dishes—cockscombs and ass's flesh—which were approved of in the time of Mæcenas, as a proof how much fashion

* Six shillings and five pence equal as nearly as possible one hundred asses, and five pence half-penny equal ten asses.

has to do with diet. It is particularly related of Clement VII., when besieged by the Imperial army, that he was reduced to the horrible necessity of feeding on this very meat.

The shepherds of the North, as the Scythians of old and the Tartars of modern times have been termed, display a very different state of things to the dainty Romans. Without agriculture or commerce, they are compelled to subsist almost solely on their flocks and herds, reserving for festivals the delicacy of horse-flesh, which they wash down with draughts of an intoxicating liquor extracted from the milk of their mares. Upon a diet of almost purely animal food they are able to undergo all the fatigue and privations to which their roving and warlike life subjects them. The nation that most resembles them are the inhabitants of the Pampas. Their habits are roving, their powers of endurance extraordinary, and their diet animal food—in great measure horse-flesh, or rather mares' flesh—for they only destroy the horses when injured by accident. The Patagonians, however, are a finer race of men than the Tartars, whose habits, for the most part, are disgusting. They devour their food nearly raw, and eat alike beasts that have been killed and those that have died of disease: we can readily, therefore, pity the poor little Chinese princess bound to a Tartar husband, who complains that sour milk was her only drink, raw flesh her only food, a tent her only palace; and concludes the poem in which she relates her misery by the simple wish that she were "changed into a bird, to fly back to her own dear, dear country." But naturally as she may have objected to the manners and customs of her lord and master, the Chinese, as a nation, are curiously exempt from prejudices in regard to food. Although nature has literally supplied them with every article of diet usually most prized, they are not above eating dogs and rats, and a wild cat that has been caught and fatted in a cage fetches in the market about the same price as a pheasant. Pork—the frequent abomination of Eastern nations—is the meat most highly thought of. They are true lovers of fish, and infinite pains are taken to bring it to the table in the best condition. However distant the market may be from the coast, all fish enters it alive. A considerable space within the walls of several of their towns is appropri-

ated to tanks and fish-ponds, and from these depôts the whole of the interior is supplied.

The mode in which game is conveyed from the districts where it is most abundant, to Canton and Hong-Kong, is far more simple. All cargoes of the kind are conveyed freight-free, there being, at the same time, a tacit understanding between the vender of the game and the master of the vessel, that if any of it gets high, it is to be either eaten or thrown overboard.

Mr. Fortune describes sailing from Shanghai on a ship laden with pheasants, woodcocks, hares, ducks, geese, and teal hanging about in all directions; and he assures us that he did not fare badly on the passage; many a plump woodcock was pronounced in imminent danger, without its being found necessary to throw it overboard.

We must not omit all mention of what may be called the two national dishes of China, dried sharks' fins and birds' nest soup; both form a part of my Lord Mayor's dinners at the Mansion-house, and are pronounced, by those who have tasted them, to be excellent. The nests are formed of a sea-weed, coated with a gelatinous matter which is deposited by a species of barnacle.

Want of space must deter us from dwelling on the peculiarities of the early tastes of Continental nations. Anthony of Guevara, the chronicler of Charles the Fifth, thus describes a feast at which he was present: "I will tell you no lye—I saw also at another feast such kinds of meates eaten as are wont to be sene, but not eaten; as a horse roasted, a cat in gely, little lyzars with hot broth, frogges fried, and divers other sortes of meates which I saw them este, but I never knew what they were till they were eaten."

Holingshed notices at a banquet, given in the time of Elizabeth, by a French general, "the flesh of a powdered (*i. e.* salted) horse." The other dishes, he says, were neither flesh nor fish. Much curious information of the same sort is to be picked up from the old chroniclers, but we shall confine our remarks to the culinary arrangements of our ancestors.

The Britons were not without their peculiarities. They denied themselves hare, goose, and fowl; with this exception, they lived in a rational manner upon milk, grain, and flesh, until the Saxons and Danes introduced into the country all sorts of ex-

cesses. The last Danish king, Hardicanute, drank so copious a draught of wine without taking the goblet from his lips, that he was seized with a fit which shortly terminated his existence. Edgar endeavored to restrain the license of the people by a sumptuary law, which permitted but one alehouse in a village, and enacted that all drinking-vessels should be marked with pegs at certain distances, and that any person drinking beyond one of these at a draught should be severely punished. A great advance toward refinement resulted from the Norman conquest. The Saxons, say the old chroniclers, delighted in the abundance of their food; the Normans in its delicacy; yet the profusion and unwieldy magnificence that characterized the English households down to the sixteenth century, had its origin doubtless in the fashion which William introduced of attaching numerous and important offices to the dining-hall and kitchen. Chivalry, too, must have had its share in developing the English love of feasting and good cheer which was at its height in the time of the first Edwards and Richard the Second. Stowe describes all the particulars of a feast given by Edward the Third on the marriage of his son the Duke of Clarence, at which Petrarch was present; "and such," he says, "was the sumptuousness of that banquet, that the meates which were brought from the table would sufficiently have served ten thousand men."

The prodigality of Richard the Second was enormous. Two thousand cooks, many of them French, and three hundred servitors, were employed in his kitchen; ten thousand visitors daily attended his Court and went satisfied from his table. To furnish food for this numerous company, twenty-eight oxen, three hundred sheep, an incredible number of fowls, and all sorts of game, were slaughtered every morning. The grandeur of Solomon only can be compared to it. His provision for the day was thirty measures of fine flour, and threescore measures of meal; ten fat oxen, and twenty oxen out of the pastures, and a hundred sheep; beside harts, and roebuck, and fallow-deer, and fatted fowl. The luxury of the clergy did not fall far short of regal profusion. At Canterbury, says Giraldus Cambrensis, in the time of Henry the Second, the table of the monks consisted "of most costly dainties, and of wine so great was the va-

riety, that no place could be found for ale, though the best was made in England, and particularly in Kent."

Of the prior and monks of Saint Swithin at Winchester, he states, that "they threw themselves prostrate at the feet of Henry the Second, and with many tears complained to him that the bishop of the diocese to whom they were subject, as their abbot, had withdrawn from them three of the usual number of their dishes. Henry inquired of them how many there still remained, and being informed they had ten, he said that he himself was contented with three, and imprecated a curse on the bishop if he did not reduce them to that number."

Fuller, in his quaint style, mentions a reproof of Henry the Eighth, administered in the shape of a practical joke to an abbot of Reading: "King Henry the Eighth, as he was hunting in Windsor Forest, either casually lost, or (more probably) willfully losing himself, struck down about dinner-time to the abbey of Reading, where, disguising himself, (much for delight, more for discovery, to see unseen,) he was invited to the abbot's table, and passed for one of the king's guard; a place to which the proportion of his person might properly entitle him. A sirloine of beef was set before him, (so knighted, saith tradition, by this King Henry,) on which the king laid on lustily, not disgracing one of that place for whom he was mistaken. 'Well fare thy heart,' quoth the abbot, 'and here in a cup of sack I remember the health of his grace your master. I would give an hundred pounds on the condition I could feed so heartily on beef as you doe. Alas! my weak and queazie stomach will hardly digest the wing of a small rabbit or chicken.' The king pleasantly pledged him, and heartily thanked him for his good cheer; after dinner, departed as undiscovered as he came thither. Some weeks after, the abbot was sent for by a pursuivant, brought up to London, clapped in the Tower, kept close prisoner, fed for a short time on bread and water; yet not so empty his body of food as his mind was filled with fears creating many suspicions to himself when and how he had incurred the king's displeasure. At last a sirloine of beef was set before him, on which the abbot fed as the farmer of his grange, and verified the proverb that two hungry meales make the third a glutton. In springs King Henry out of a private

lobbie where he had placed himself, the invisible spectator of the abbot's behavior. 'My lord,' quoth the king, 'presently deposit your hundred pounds in gold, or else no going hence all the days of your life. I have been your physician to cure you of your queazie stomach, and here, as I deserve, I demand my fee for the same.' The abbot down with his dust, and glad to have escaped so, returned to Reading as somewhat lighter in his purse, so much more merrier in heart than when he came thence."

The hours that were spent at the festive board may be very well gathered from an anecdote related by Thomas Wilson, in his *Arte of Rhetoricke*, of an Italian who desired an interview with the Archbishop of York, and found him engaged in a "solemne longe dinner," which began at eleven o'clock. "It fortuned that as they were sette, the Italian knocked at the gate, unto whom the porter perceiving his errand, answered that my lord bishoppe was at diner. The Italian departed and and returned betwixt twelve and one; the porter answered they were yet at diner. He came again at two of the clocke; the porter told him they had not half dined. He came at three a clocke, unto whom the porter in a heate answered never a word, but churlishlie did shute the gates upon him. Whereupon others told the Italian that there was no speaking with my lord almost all that daie for the solemne diner sake. The gentleman Italian wondering much at such a long sitting, and leavying the despatch of his matters with a dere frende of his, took his journey towards Italie. Three years after it happened that an Englishman came to Rome, with whom the Italian by chance fallying acquainted, asked him if he knewe the Archbishoppe of Yorke? The Englishman said he knew him right well. 'I pray you tell me,' quoth the Italian, 'hath that archbishoppe yet dined?'"

The simplicity of the mode of living at Oxford in the sixteenth century is very remarkable in the midst of such general excess. Boiled beef, with pottage and bread and beer, was the ordinary dinner. The commons of beef valued a half-penny, but those with a keen appetite could manage a pennyworth. What the bread was like we learn from Holingshed: "The brede through the land is made of such graine as the soil yeldeth; neverthelesse the gentilitie commonlie provide themselves

sufficientlie of wheat for their own tables, whilst their household and poore neighbours in some shires are inforced to content themselves with rie or barlie—yea, and in the time of dearth, manie with brede made of benes, peason, or oates, or of altogether, and some acorns among." The gluttony of the clergy, only partially redeemed by their charity, was one of the causes which justified the ruin inflicted on them by Henry, which Cranmer vainly hoped to avert by the regulations he drew up in 1541 to restrain their extravagance. The document which, among other provisions, restricts the archbishop to six kinds of flesh at one dinner, except when he is entertaining an ambassador, on which occasion no limit is placed upon his hospitality, and ordains that no more than a single bird of the size of a turkey be served on one dish, has the following appendix. "Memorandum: That this order was kept for two or three monthes, tyll by the disusyng of certaine wyfyl persons it came to the olde excesse."

Blackbirds, as well as the swan and crane, are among the different articles of food enumerated by Cranmer. The last-mentioned bird must have once been very abundant in Great Britain, for it was a standing dish on all occasions. It was a crane that had been spoiled in cooking that so incited the wrath of William I. that he aimed a blow at the head of his prime favorite Fitzosborne, who brought the dish to table.

Heron and curlews were also eaten frequently. In the establishment of the Earl of Northumberland, twenty swans were killed and eaten in the course of every year. Turkeys, although particularly alluded to by Cranmer, are said by Baker, a writer of that day, not to have come into England until 1524. But the dish that of all others a host delighted to place before his guests was the peacock in his brilliant plumage, with his train spread and comb guilt. No great dinner was without it, and on its preparation the cook expended his utmost skill. Mathew Prior states that it was frequently the prize given to the successful competitor at quintin; in which case it must often have caused its owner as much bewilderment as Lord Clare's haunch of venison occasioned poor Goldsmith. It was the favorite dish of Pope Julius III., of whom Holingshed relates the following anecdote. "At another time, he, sitting at dinner,

pointing to a peacocke upon his table which he had not touched, 'Keepe,' said he, 'that colde peacocke for me against supper, and let me sup in the garden, for I shall have guests.' So when supper came, and amongst other hot peacockes he saw not his colde peacocke brought to his table, the Pope, after his wonted manner, most horribly blaspheming God, fell in an extreame rage, etc. Whereupon, one of the cardinals sitting by desired him saying, 'Let not your holinesse, I praie you, be so moved with a matter of so small weight.' Then this Julius the Pope, answering again, 'What,' said he, 'if God was so angrye for one apple that he cast our first parents out of Paradise for the same, whie may not I, being his vicar, be angrye then for a peacocke, sithens a peacocke is a greater matter than an apple?'

The boar's head at Christmas, and a mighty gammon of bacon at Easter, eaten by every orthodox family to mark their abhorrence of Judaism, conclude the bill of fare most peculiar to our forefathers. In case any of our readers be induced to repine at the fact that the vast magnificence and hospitality of the feudal ages belong not to the present day, we may remind them that pewter was a luxury in the time of Elizabeth, and that forks were not in use till James I. was on the throne. Notwithstanding the obvious comfort and utility of the fork, it shared the fate of most inventions, great and small; its introduction was vehemently opposed, on the ground that it was a foppish fashion, borrowed from foreigners. Coryat, to whom we are indebted for this necessary article, gives the following curious account of it in his *Crudities*:

"The Italian doe alwaies at their meales use a little forke when they cut their meate. For while with their knife, which they hold in one hande, they cut the meate out of the dish, they fasten the forke, which they hold in their other hand, upon the same dish; so that whatsoever he be that, sitting in the company of any others at meate, should unadvisedly touch the dish of meate with his fingers, from which all at the table doe cut, he will give occasion of offence unto the company, as having transgressed the lawes of good manners, insomuch that for his error he shall be at least browbeaten, if not reprehended in wordes. This forme of feeding is, I understand, generally used in all places of Italy, their forkes being made for

the most part of yron or steele, and some of silver, but those are used only by gentlemen. The reason of this their curiosity is because the Italian cannot by any means indure to have his dish touched with fingers, seeing all men's fingers are not alike cleane. Hereupon, I myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion by this forked cutting of meate, not only while I was in Italy, but also in Germany and oftentimes in England since I came home—being once quipped for that frequent using of my forke by a certain learned gentleman, a familiar friend of mine, one M. Lawrence Whitaker, who, in his merry humour, doubted not to call me Furcifer, only for using a forke at feeding, but for no other cause."

The survey that has been taken of the habits of various nations in regard to diet is sufficient to show how difficult, if not impossible, it would be to discover any thing belonging to the vegetable or animal kingdoms that has not, some time or other, been used as food. Experience teaches us with what unbounded freedom the world, as a whole, has taken advantage of the permission to use as meat every herb and every moving thing. It has taught us also pretty plainly what kinds of food are the most nutritious, but why they were so Science could alone explain. From experience we learn the use of beans and bacon, pork and pease-pudding, veal and ham. Science explains the advantage of this mixture of different kinds of food. The first great principle in regard to food appears to be, that as the constituents of the blood may be arranged in the four classes of water, salts, substances containing nitrogen, as the albumen and fibrin of the muscles, and substances containing no nitrogen, as fat; so in food, to make it capable of supporting life, the same four constituents must be present, for there is no proof that animals have any power of converting one of these substances into another. We consequently find all four in both animal and vegetable food and in milk. In milk there are curds which contain nitrogen, the cream and milk-sugar, which contain no nitrogen, water and salts. In animal food we have fibrin, fat, water, and salts. The similarity in composition between fat, and the sugar and starch which form the chief part of vegetables, has long been known to be extremely close, but beyond this it is now discovered that vegetables contain a sub-

stance identical with the albumen and fibrin of the blood. Water and salts also exist in vegetables. All three sources of food, therefore, contain the elements necessary to perfect nutrition, but in very different proportions; those being the most nutritious which contain the largest proportion of fibrin and albumen—the chief constituents of the blood. Flesh contains far more albumen than corn, and corn, again, like most seeds, more than potatoes. Yet potatoes will support life. The experiment was tried upon some men and boys confined in the Glasgow Bridewell; they were allowed six pounds of potatoes a day; they all thrived, and regretted the return to the ordinary diet. A very similar experiment was made by John Hunter upon an eagle, and apparently with equal success, for the bird thrived, but he became so dissatisfied with his vegetable diet that he broke his chain and flew away. The amount of albumen is so small that a larger quantity of vegetable food is required than of animal; the sensation of hunger, too, is partly removed by the consequent distension of the stomach. It is related of a Scotch regiment, accustomed to full meals of oatmeal, that, when put upon good English rations, they complained that they never had a bellyfull; and when money was given them by the colonel's wife, they all ran to the bakers' shops. A light belt round the body would have relieved their uneasiness. The fakirs are enabled to accomplish their lengthened fasts by fastening a board upon the stomach, and daily increasing the pressure. It must be upon this principle that the negroes of Guinea, the Javanese, and several South American tribes, eat clay as a luxury. Humboldt relates of the Otomacks, a savage race on the banks of the Orinoco, that they appease their hunger for two or three months by filling themselves with clay.

From the fables that Hercules lived upon beef and figs, and that Chiron fed Achilles in his infancy upon the marrow of lions and bulls, we see that the ancients had a correct notion of the value of animal food. To do work, food rich in nitrogen, as indicating the amount of albumen present, is requisite. Highest in this scale stands the flesh of mammalia; that of a darker color is rather more nutritious than white meat, otherwise they are identical. The flesh of birds, and still more that of fish, is less nutritious than that of

mammals. Jockeys at Newmarket take advantage of this fact, and when desirous of reducing their weight by wasting, never touch meat when fish is to be obtained. No traveler has beheld the dwarfish and hideous appearance of the Fuegians of South America, without attributing it to their food being at the best only shell-fish.

Although the value of food depends upon the amount of albuminous substances contained it, although albuminous substances support the muscles, and repair the waste that they undergo in exertion, yet albumen alone will not support life, except for a very limited period. It was found impossible to sustain the life of geese by means of the white of egg; and the same was the case with animals fed on fibrin. Majendie mentions that animals fed on from one to three pounds of fibrin, extracted from beefsteak, daily for two months, died of inanition.

On the other hand, fatty substances are equally incapable of affording the nourishment necessary to life. Animals who have been fed on fresh butter, lard, and fat, refused after some time to take the food, and ultimately died starved, although in a remarkable state of embonpoint. It is very probable that fat and all other non-nitrogenous substances merely serve for the process of respiration, by means of their carbon. They certainly furnish a large supply of the carbon, which, by its combination in the blood with oxygen, forms carbonic acid, on the production of which in the body animal heat depends. This is so intimately connected with food, that it is impossible to separate them, if we would render the subject intelligible. Chemistry has proved that under whatever circumstances carbonic acid is produced, its production is invariably accompanied by heat. The body, therefore, in which this combination of oxygen and carbon is constantly going on, has not inaptly been compared to a furnace, and the food to fuel. If we apply the bellows to a furnace, and force into the burning mass an increased supply of air, and consequently of oxygen, the heat is more intense, the combustion more rapid. So when by exercise we force oxygen more quickly through the body, by deeper and more frequent inspirations, the heat of the body is raised, and we are sooner hungry than if we have been at rest. This at once explains the reason why the inhabitants of cold climates require such vast

quantities of food. The cold air they breathe is so condensed that at each respiration they breathe more oxygen than they would under a warmer sky. In addition to this, a greater amount of heat must be given off from the living body to surrounding media, when the temperature is low, than when it is high; and hence a larger quantity of combustible matter is required under the former circumstances than under the latter. Nature has taken care liberally to provide for this want of northern races, by an abundance of oil and fat, which contain seventy per cent. of carbon, and has blessed them with a relish for their peculiar diet, which nothing can overcome. A party of Esquimaux, who were brought to England some years ago, on their way back, smelled a half-putrid whale about half a mile from the road, when they immediately set off, men and women, to regale themselves. In one of the Arctic voyages a race of people were discovered who were unacquainted with the taste of sweets; and their children made very wry faces at sugar, and sputtered it out in disgust; but the small urchins grinned with ecstacy at the sight of a piece of whale's blubber.

The gormandizing powers of the natives of the Arctic regions are marvelous. An Esquimaux, according to Sir John Ross, consumes twenty pounds of flesh and oil daily. Captain Cochrane states that a good calf, weighing about two hundred pounds, may serve four or five Jakuti for a single meal. He has repeatedly seen a Jakut or Tongonoe devour forty pounds of meat a day; and once witnessed three of them consume a reindeer at one meal.

"If," says Liebig, "we were to go naked like certain savage tribes, or in hunting and fishing be exposed to the same degree of cold as the Samoyedes, we should be able with ease to eat daily ten pounds of flesh, and perhaps a dozen of tallow-candles into the bargain, as warmly-clad travelers have related with astonishment of these people." Our clothing, no doubt, by keeping up the heat of the body, diminishes the necessity for an extraordinary supply of food, and accounts for the very moderate allowance which commanders of our Arctic expeditions found sufficient for the health of their men. In 1827, Captain Parry found two ounces of biscuit, one ounce of sweetened cocoa-powder, one gill of rum, and nine ounces of pemmican, (which is prepared by drying large thin

slices of the lean of meat over the smoke of a wood fire, pounding it, and then mixing it with about its own weight of fat,) a sufficient daily provision, while his crew were on shipboard; one third more was given them during their harassing journey across the ice. Dr. Rae's dietary was on a very similar scale. Nevertheless, we can not attribute the vast difference between this seemingly scanty allowance and the enormous meals consumed by the natives, solely to the clothing. It would appear that a propensity to eat largely belongs to certain races, as well as individuals. The Laplanders and Icelanders are not remarkable for their large appetites; while the Hottentots and Bushmen indulge in beastly gluttony. "Ten of our Hottentots," says Barrow, "ate a middling-sized ox, all but the two hind legs, in three days." And he mentions that three Bosjesmans, who had a sheep given them about five in the evening, had entirely eaten it by noon of the next day. They continued to eat all night, without sleep and without interruption, till they had finished the whole animal.

The effect of an abundance of fatty and vegetable food, and a deficiency of oxygen, in producing fat, is familiar to every owner of live stock. Fowls when being fattened for the London market are confined in the dark, and crammed with a paste made of oatmeal, mutton suet, and treacle, or coarse sugar, mixed with milk. On this diet they are completely ready in a fortnight; if kept longer, they get out of health. In like manner disease attacks Europeans who endeavor, with the aid of cayenne pepper and brandy, to eat in tropical climates as much food as they were accustomed to at home. The influence of external temperature, excess of food, and want of exercise, upon the condition of the liver, is well seen in that especial delicacy, foie-gras. The goose destined to furnish this luxury is shut up in a basket just large enough to contain it, but which prevents any motion, within a room highly heated, and is assiduously stuffed with food. There is a hole in its prison through which it pokes its head to get at a trough of charcoal and water. "The darkness," observes Sonnini, who has given us an account of the process, "is doubtless beneficial, because it prevents all distraction, and directs the whole powers towards the digestive organs!" In a month the liver has acquired the requisite

size and true flavor. Just now, in England, there are geese—noble geese some of them, too—who subject themselves voluntarily to a similar discipline. Besides the regular course of stuffing and cramming, and heated rooms, and an idle life, they make still more perfect the resemblance between themselves and the Strasbourg goose by munching charcoal, charcoal biscuits, as a cure for dyspepsia—with what chance of success their German relative, the next time they meet him at table, will best inform them. The exposure that Dr. Hassall made of the Revalenta Arabica would have been expected to deter them from having any thing more to do with invalids' food. If they have not read this book, then let them, by all means, turn at once to his account of Du Barry's health-restoring food. There they will see that the flour puffed off as a "delicious farina, procured from an African plant resembling the honeysuckle," and capable of curing every complaint, mental and bodily, in every quarter of the globe, was composed of lentils and barley flour, which the excellent proprietor condemned as "devoid of all curative properties, heavy, indigestible, most injurious, and excellently adapted for pigs."

To return from this digression. Nature has not less carefully provided for the requirements of the inhabitants of other climates than she has for the Arctic races. The herds of Britain were famous even in Cæsar's time; the wheat of the south of Europe contains more gluten and nutritive matter than our own, and hence is peculiarly fitted for making macaroni; hence, too, the nourishment the Italians find in their polenta, which is simply corn meal mixed with cheese and baked into a pudding. The West-Indians, again, never tire of the produce of the sugar-cane. During the sugar season every negro, and even the dogs, grow fat. This was more re-

markably the case before the emancipation of the slaves. Now they are better provided for all the year round; but their taste for sugar remains the same. The children suck bits of cane morning, noon, and night, and an adult will take up, when an opportunity offers, two or three handfuls of sugar and cram it into his mouth. Three table-spoonfuls in a cup of coffee is about the ordinary allowance. It is a mistake to suppose that sugar spoils the teeth, for no people have finer teeth than the negroes in Jamaica. It is particularly mentioned of a certain Duke of Beaufort, who died of fever in his seventieth year, that he daily ate for the last forty years of his life a pound of sugar, and yet that all his teeth were in good preservation. We may, therefore, conclude that this erroneous notion was the device of economical house-keepers in the days when sugar was an expensive article in the grocer's bill. Lastly, rice affords a hundred million of the inhabitants of the earth the chief means of sustenance, and although chiefly cultivated in countries bordering on the tropics, deserves equally with wheat the title of the staff of life.

It is time that we conclude these remarks; we have been led further than we intended, and yet the subject is far from being exhausted. Enough, however, has been said to show how idle are the scruples and prejudices by which we endeavor to thwart the dispensation of Providence, and deprive ourselves of the materials which have been placed at our disposal for the purpose of food; and how much reason we have to bless the Orderer of all things who has provided for every man, whether he be an inhabitant of a civilized land where commerce brings every thing within his reach, or of a less favored region where he enjoys the simple fare best suited to afford him his daily bread.

From Tall's Magazine.

A ROMANCE OF VALENCIA.

CHAPTER I.

THE BEGGARS AND THE RETROTHED.

"'Tis a lovely night, Tovalito; see how brightly the stars are shining! Many a worse night than this have I slept beneath their canopy, with nothing but my cloak for a covering; and I will venture to say that I slept as well, if not better, than many of those grand signors now assembled in yonder mansion ever slept on their downy beds; and, please God, I will make my couch this blessed night upon this green turf, with the sod for my pillow, and the heavens for my roof," said Paco Rosales, stretching himself on the sward in front of a large mansion, situated near Valencia, the ancient city of the Cid, in the midst of its own gardens, which were watered by the Guadalquivir, whilst another mendicant, who had lost his right arm, and was also blind of one eye, stood looking through the windows of the brilliantly illuminated hall of the mansion.

"I am here for the whole night," repeated Paco Rosales, as he drew his tattered cloak around his shoulders. "It cheers me to hear the sound of the flutes, and the tinkling of the violas. Besides, I like to watch all those great lords and fine ladies going in and coming out; and who knows but we may chance to pick up a handful or two of reals. I did hear this morning, at the door of Notre Dame de los Desemparados, that the Signor Don Antonia de Guevara, in celebration of his marriage, had given alms to be distributed among the poor of Valencia. My God reward him for his charity. Come this way, Tovalito."

"Not I," said the other mendicant, "I can see what's going on much better where I am."

"But I see a still better place. Come, follow me," urged Paco Rosales, as he crept stealthily along a quickset hedge,

which inclosed the garden, in search of a door that opened on the terrace; but finding it locked, he clambered over the hedge into the garden, closely followed by his companion. They then concealed themselves in a thicket, embowered by vines and Spanish jessamines, which formed the inner inclosure of the terrace. The windows of the ball-room, which was on the ground floor, opening on this side, and the Venetian blinds being raised, enabled the two mendicants to see distinctly into the saloon, the walls of which were hung with green garlands and colored lamps of every hue, whilst suspended from the center of the ceiling shone a dazzling luster, blazing with the light of a hundred highly-scented wax tapers.

According to ancient custom, at one end of the room was a raised dias, covered with a rich carpet, around which was a kind of low divan, whereon the women were seated, whilst at the other end the men stood in groups conversing with each other.

"What a grand sight it is, Tovalito, to see all those grandees of Valencia, dressed in their rich brocades and hereditary jewels," said Paco Rosales, "though I can't say that I admire all that powder they wear in their hair; nor that stiff ruff the men wear round their necks, such as we see in the pictures of Philip the Fourth."

In the midst of these observations a new arrival in the ball-room struck the two friends dumb with surprise and admiration. A young girl, apparently not more than sixteen, entered, leaning upon a fine, tall, handsome cavalier. As they advanced up the room, the eyes of the whole assembly were directed toward them, whilst exclamations of wonder and admiration greeted them on every side. Evidently abashed by the sensation which their appearance created, the young girl timidly shrunk back, and would have quitted her partner's side, if he, having taken her

hand, had not immediately led her to the dance, where soon her slight form was seen moving in graceful undulations through the mazes of the fantastical bolero. This young creature, so remarkable for her beauty, was also distinguished by the simple elegance of her attire. Completely robed in white, she wore no ornament in her hair, which, drawn back from her round fair forehead, fell in jetty ringlets over her ivory shoulders. A single row of costly diamonds, however, encircled her throat. The cavalier with whom she was dancing, and who appeared to watch her with a jealous anxiety, was a young man of high family and great military renown. He was also wealthy, and the heir of vast estates in Portugal. Doubtless many a young girl envied Donna Theresa her good fortune in having so fine and brave a youth as Antonio de Guevara for her future husband.

"My stars!" said Tovalito, opening his one eye still wider than before, "my stars, what magnificence, what grandeur, what wealth there is in that room, and what beautiful ladies! Why, they have as many jewels round their necks as would buy up all Valencia, and make the fortunes besides of two such poor creatures as thou and I. Aye, and as would tempt many an honest fellow as good a Christian as ourselves."

"Hold thy tongue!" Tovalito, gravely interrupted Paco Rosales, "covetousness is a useless sin. We should look at the property of others without stretching out our hands, except for what they give us. Dost thou see Donna Theresa?—she who is dancing with the tall cavalier dressed in black velvet, with the diamond egret in his hat?"

"Yes, he looks like a crow leading a white dove," answered Tovalito.

"Thy comparison only holds good with regard to his dress; for he is the handsomest youth in Valencia," replied Paco. "But how pale she looks!" added he; "her partner must be Don Guevara, her affianced husband; I do not know him. Yet, now that I look at him, I think I have seen him before."

"At the door of Notre Dame de los Desemparados?" asked Tovalito.

"The very place," replied Paco, with a mysterious look; "and for that reason I came here to see the bridal party. I can tell thee now, that it was not for him the Donna Theresa made such long prayers

every morning at the church of Notre Dame."

"Ah! and who told thee that, friend Paco?" asked the blind mendicant.

"Never mind, comrade, we respectable beggars who frequent the doors of churches see a great deal which we never talk about."

"Good!" said the other mendicant, as he crossed his only remaining arm over his breast, and closed his one eye with a look of beatitude. "I am going to repose myself; and as no one will come here to disturb us, thou shalt relate me a story—a tale of love."

CHAPTER II.

THE STRANGE LOVER.

"FRIEND Tovalito," said Paco Rosales, much in the same manner as the Sultanness Scheherazade commenced her fine stories, "if I were to relate to thee all the love tales that I know, we should have enough for every night of our lives, but this one that I am going to tell thee, although not less interesting and curious, will not last till the dawn. Now, since we have abundance of time before us, I must first tell the genealogy of the Vascancellos, which many carry back to the time of the Cid Campeadors, but we are not at all agreed upon that, nor does it prevent us, when we ask charity from the family, from saying: 'For the name of God! have pity upon a poor Christian, noble descendant of the Cid.' It was thus that I always asked alms of Don Diego, a good old signor, who came to the Church of Notre Dame de los Desemparados, and to which I owe many a handful of reals. It is now about ten years since the worthy old man died, leaving behind him a widow and four daughters, who are still quite young. He did not leave much property to his wife, and that, being a small entailed estate, goes to the eldest daughter; so that the three youngest daughters being unprovided for, their mother, a proud ambitious woman, sooner than they should marry beneath their rank, resolved that they should take the veil. The two eldest of these entered the Benedictine convent. Donna Theresa, the youngest of the sisters, was to have been provided for in the same manner; but when she attained her fifteenth year,

every one who saw her said: 'Donna Theresa is so very beautiful that the widow Vasconcellos will not be under the necessity of providing for her in a nunnery; the signors will be glad to marry her, portionless as she is.' She always came to prayers with her mother at the Notre Dame de los Desemparados. At that time I stood near the door on the third step toward the left; we had held that place from father to son without ever having given cause of offense or complaint; I can say that. When Donna Beatrice and her daughter arrived, I never failed to take off my hat, and say, in a respectful tone, 'Noble descendants of the Cid, charity, in the name of God!' It flattered the old lady's pride to be thus addressed, and she invariably gave me something, and Donna Theresa, putting aside her veil, would drop a *maraveda* into my hat. Sometimes she would say to me in her low, sweet voice, 'God help thee, my poor man! say a prayer for me at Notre Dame de las Nieves.' And I did pray, Tovalito, that He would bless the young girl, and grant her a good husband, instead of shutting her up between four walls. And I am not sure that He has not heard my prayer; for thou seest that she has found a fine one, young, brave, and rich! Many's the serenade she has had under her window when the old lady was a-bed. I know of four handsome cavaliers who were in love with Donna Theresa, who used to follow her to Notre Dame de los Desemparados, and wait for her outside. But she never looked at one of them, and kept herself closely veiled. I know of another, however, at whom she *did* look. He was the most persevering of all her admirers. At first she treated him with the same cold indifference she did the others; but one morning this fine, aristocratic-looking signor, whose name I do not know—for he was a stranger in Valencia—came up to me: 'Thou art acquainted with the beautiful young lady who goes to church at Notre Dame. Wilt thou give her this note, and take this for thy trouble?' said he, putting a note and a doubloon into my hand. He spoke so politely, and yet with so much authority, that I could not refuse."

"Aye, friend Paco, there is certainly an irresistible authority in a doubloon!" interrupted Tovalito.

"But I was greatly embarrassed," continued Paco, without noticing this sarcastic observation, "for I knew not who

the signor was, nor did I know in what manner to accost Donna Theresa. However, I took my usual station on the third step of Notre Dame, put the paper into my hat, and the doubloon into my pocket, and awaited patiently the arrival of the two ladies. I was not there long when they made their appearance. Dost thou know, Tovalito, that there is a natural cunning in all women that would deceive and throw any man off his guard? Would'st thou believe it; when Donna Theresa was passing me on her way out of church, she slipped her hand very quietly, without even looking at me, into my hat, and took out the note, leaving in its stead a handful of reals? The strange cavalier, who was standing a step below me had no occasion to ask if I had performed his commission, for he saw the transaction. A moment afterward he walked away after the ladies. I saw no more of him for several days after that, till one day that Donna Beatrice had gone to pay her eldest daughters the Countess de Vasconcellos, a visit at Oriheula. I was in my usual place, when Donna Theresa came with her duenna to morning prayers, and immediately following her was the young cavalier, who had given me the letter ten days before. From that day he came regularly to the morning service, but he gave me no more epistles. Three weeks afterward the Dowager Countess de Vasconcellos returned to Valencia, and I again lost sight of Donna Theresa's lover. The first Sunday after her return, the old lady was more profuse than usual in her charity, and said to me as she passed me on her way from church, 'On Thursday morning after Pentecost, I give bread and wine to the poor; come and take thy part of it.'"

"It was to-day," interrupted Tovalito.

"I know it; but I did not choose to put myself out for such a trifle. Donna Theresa kept her veil down, so that I did not see her face, but I knew by the sound of her voice that she was weeping: 'Pray to God for me, good Paco,' said she, putting some money into my hat. That following Sunday, when the prayers were over, the reverend father Marco published the banns of marriage between Donna Theresa de Vasconcellos, and Signor Don Antonio de Guevara, and the report was immediately spread that alms were to be distributed at the church door, to the poor, in the name of Don Guevara, who is a

stranger here, and a native of Seville. I, of course, thought that Signor Antonio and the stranger who had been so liberal of his notes and doubloons was the same person. Being, therefore, curious to see the bride and bridegroom, I strung my wallet over my shoulder, and came hither this evening, as thou knowest. But instead of seeing, as I expected, the gallant who was so generous to me, I see a man whose face I can not recognize. By the hairs of my head! he is no more like Donna Theresa's lover, than thou art, with thy blind eye, and one arm, Tovalito! No, no! it is not he whom the beautiful bride loves; and yet she will be married to him to-morrow by the dignitary the Canon don Ignacio de Vasconcellos, her uncle."

"Perhaps not!" interrupted a voice that made the two mendicants start to their feet. A tall man stood before them; his form was commanding, his features were regular and handsome, his beard, which was light, was cut to a point, and thus displayed the perfect oval of his fine face. A large wide-brimmed hat slouched over his eyes, and fell behind over the collar of the ample cloak which concealed the rest of his person. "Here," said he, throwing a doubloon into Paco Rosales' hat, which always occupied a prominent position, even when the owner himself stood modestly back—"would'st thou be clever and daring enough to deliver this note"—holding one up—"to its address?"

Paco, who was quite stupid by the sudden and unexpected appearance of the stranger, made him no reply, but took the note mechanically, and putting it into his hat, left the thicket where he and his companion had lain concealed from observation.

CHAPTER III.

THE MYSTERIOUS LETTER.

THEY were still dancing in the ball-room; twenty couples with their light castanets marked the time of the lively and graceful bolero, whilst the windows, in the obscurity of the night, formed two vast illumined frames, in which these *tableaux vivans* came and disappeared, like the changing views of a diorama. As Paco drew nearer to the front of the house, he could distinguish the form of Donna Theresa, as she leant pensively

over the balcony, apart from the busy crowd within. Don Guevara was standing by her side, and she appeared to listen to the words he addressed to her with a calm and mild attention; but a close observer might have seen her lip quiver, her cheek grow pale, and her fair young brow slightly contract with the pain of suppressed emotion; whilst the flowers which she held in her hand trembled and shook, although there was not a breath of air sufficient to agitate or set them in motion.

Without, all was still and silent; the terrace, which was but faintly and partially illuminated by the reflection of the lights from the ball-room, was mostly in the shade, and the garden beyond it was in the deepest obscurity; for dark clouds covered the sky and mingled the horizon with the deep blue of the distant sea. Theresa gazed in a silent and melancholy abstraction upon the gloomy landscape before her, which, from its dark and lowering aspect, seemed to sympathize with the troubled thoughts of the young girl.

At this moment a light breeze sprang up, and shook the branches of the orange trees, and bent the heads of the two palms, which grew so near the house that their foliage completely shaded that end of the balcony occupied by the Spanish maiden and her intended lord. The sound evidently awakened some association in her mind that pained and distressed her, for she started, sighed deeply, and turned uneasily aside.

"I fear thou art indisposed, my love," whispered Don Antonio, in a tone of tender solicitude.

"Do not be uneasy, Signor," replied Theresa, "the crowd and heat of the ball-room have overcome me—I shall soon be better."

"The fresh air of the garden would doubtless revive thee; suffer me to lead thee to it, my Theresa?"

The tender tones of her lover's voice appeared to displease her, for she feigned not to have heard what he said, and turned away to join her mother in the saloon; but at that moment a dark shadow passed beneath the balcony, and stood still when it reached the palm trees which overhung the end of it. The young girl shuddered, for the figure was so near her that she could have touched it with her hand. At length a plaintive voice, which she instantly recognized, cried, "Charity, noble descendant of the Cid, charity for a poor

Christian! God will reward you for it in this world and the next!"

These well known sounds again awakened the associations which had before disturbed her mind; a death-like pallor overspread her countenance, and a faint exclamation escaped from her trembling lips.

"That wretched creature has alarmed thee," said Don Antonio, looking angrily toward the spot where Paco Rosales stood, half concealed beneath the palm trees, "How has he dared to come here? I will go and have him turned out."

"Signor," quickly interrupted Donna Theresa, "he is here by my leave; I gave him permission to enter the garden to see the fete; I know the man; he is a pensioner of my mother's."

"Charity, charity, noble young lady! charity for a poor Christian;" again cried Paco Rosales, holding up his hat.

Theresa bending low put some money into it, and furtively withdrew the note, which she concealed within her bosom; then pale, and trembling, with her hands pressed upon her heart, she stood still and motionless, gazing into the obscurity of the terrace as if in search of some object of deep interest and anxiety. Paco Rosales had already disappeared, and joined his companion at the place where he had left him.

"What is the matter?" said he, seeing Tovalito with his hand on the hilt of his dagger: "why dost thou look so angry and excited, what hast thou seen?"

"I have seen one whom I did not expect to meet here," replied Tovalito, in a low voice. "I have just stood face to face with my enemy, my mortal enemy. By every drop of blood in my veins, his life hung but by a thread."

"But where is he?" asked Paco Rosales, more and more astonished.

The other mendicant, after looking cautiously round him, replied in a still lower tone, "Close to us, perhaps; it is the same cavalier who gave thee the letter awhile ago, and whose name thou art in ignorance of. Let us go further off, and I will tell it to thee."

Tovalito, drawing his companion away from the garden, sat down under the hedge outside, and Paco took his seat close by him: "Well; who is this gallant?" asked he. "He is not what he appears then?" "Thou hast recognized in him a comrade, perhaps?"

"No," replied Tovalito, coldly; "I recognized Don Alonzo de Gusman, the eldest son of the Duke de Medina Sidonia, Governor of Andalusia, and a Grandee of Spain."

"What dost thou say, Tovalito? so powerful a Signor. Oh! and pray what is he doing at Valencia, alone, and without attendants?"

"I know not; it was not in this country I knew him; no doubt he is here on some secret State affair."

"This is some mysterious history," said Paco Rosales, "and I pray thee let me hear it. This time we are alone, thou canst speak fearlessly."

"It is no love story, nor did I learn it, unfortunately, at the door of a church," answered Tovalito, drawing a deep sigh; "formerly, I led a different life to this."

"Merciful Heavens!" interrupted Paco, "what dost thou mean? Well, I have always suspected that thou hadst another manner for asking for money from thy neighbors."

"Yes, before taking up the wallet I carried the musket. It is not from thee, friend Paco, that I would conceal what happened to me during my campaigns. First, then, thou must know that professionally, sometimes for one thing, sometimes another, I made a great many journeys to the frontier; often being in Portugal in the morning, and in Spain in the evening; and if I had been content to follow my own little commerce, instead of meddling with State affairs, I should now be in a very different position. It was that which ruined me. But thou dost not understand what I allude to, Paco."

"Not I, by my soul!" replied the mendicant, with an ironical smile; "is it that instead of having followed thy trade on thine own account, thou didst march under the orders of some grandee?"

"Thou hast guessed it. There was at that time a much more dangerous trade than mine going on at the frontier. Since the Duke de Braganza had revolted against our master the King of Spain, and the Portuguese rebels had put the crown upon his head, he kept up a secret correspondence with Andalusia. The persons chosen to carry on this correspondence were merchants, monks, and smugglers; by them were the Duke de Sidonia's letters conveyed to the Queen of Portugal, his sister."

"They were affairs of State, perhaps

some conspiracy against the King," interrupted Paco, "and which might have endangered thy neck?"

"No doubt of it," quietly replied Tovalito, "but he who risks nothing gains nothing."

"That is true. Go on with thy story," said Paco Rosales, closing his eyes, "I am listening."

CHAPTER IV.

THE CONTRABANDISTA.

"I did not know exactly what they were plotting," said Tovalito; "the letters I carried were sealed; besides, I don't know how to read. At the end of a little time, Don Alonzo de Guzman came to the frontier, under the pretense of visiting a relation, the Marquess d'Agamonte, whose estates lay on the left bank of the Guadiana. Then there were great hunting parties, to which a number of gentlemen were invited from all parts of the country. When I saw the costly entertainments which Don Alonzo gave to all these people, I guessed that some rebellion was ripe for execution. As I am a native of San Lucar de Barrameda, and a subject of the Duke de Sidonia, they trusted me. I was not then as naked and as poor as Job; I had, in the neighborhood of Agamonte, a small house, very much dilapidated, certainly, but it served my purposes, and was a safer retreat for me than four better walls might have been. One day Don Alonzo himself came to me with my orders, which were, that I should repair immediately to Portugal for a large quantity of fire-arms and ammunition. I took my departure that same evening, and two days afterward everything was smuggled into my house. It was a complete arsenal. When Don Alonzo saw how well I had executed my commission, he remitted me five thousand reals and a packet of letters. The reals were for myself, and the letters I was to convey to Lisbon. For that stroke I thought my fortune was made.

It was late when Don Alonzo went away. As I was to start at daybreak, I made all my necessary preparations, and then lay down on the bed in my clothes, and fell asleep. About midnight I had a dream, a terrible dream. I thought that the walls of my house crumbled to pieces, and turned into as many demons, that

mocked and grinned at me as I lay pressed down by some immovable weight. In vain I attempted to scream or call for help, the demons formed a circle round me, which gradually narrowed and narrowed, till I was so closely and tightly hemmed in, that I could no longer breathe, then I gave one shriek of despair and agony, which awoke me, but I awoke to a reality as terrible, and more so, than my dream. Around my bed were about twenty armed men, with drawn swords over my head. In a moment I saw the peril I was in. It was clear to me that we were betrayed; a spy had informed against us, and all must be discovered. The letters were on a small table by my side; the officer who commanded the troop of soldiers seized upon them. I saw that all was over with us, so recommending my soul to God, I took one of my pistols from my belt and fired upon the barrels of gunpowder which stood in the corner of the room.

"Merciful Father! thou mightest have died unrepentant," interrupted Paco Rosales.

"We were blown up," coldly pursued Tovalito. "The roof, the walls, every thing the house contained, were scattered like a handful of dust to the wind. I found myself lying on the floor, in the midst of the ruins; around me were the dead and the dying, whose cries of agony and shrieks of despair still ring in my ears. I endeavored to rise, but fell down again with almost as little life in me as the corpse that was stretched at my side. How long I lay in this state I can not tell, but when I came to my senses it was to find myself blind and mutilated, as you see me. However, I did not then regret it; those letters which would have betrayed every thing were destroyed."

"And Don Alonzo, did he not reward thee for this noble act of fidelity?" interrupted Paco Rosales.

"He? No. When I recovered my senses I was in jail, with a handful of straw for my bed. I thought every day would be my last, so horribly did I suffer from my wounds; but a kind and charitable Franciscan, who visited the prisoners, applied some salve to them, which at length cured me. The cure, however, was not meant to last long, for I was condemned to death, not for a State crime, nothing having been discovered, but for a few miserable bales of merchandise which

I had smuggled. Then I expected that Don Alonzo would come to my assistance, and effect my deliverance, or at least, send me the means of making my escape from the prison; but I was at last undeceived. Immediately after the event he had taken his departure, without caring what would become of me. Perhaps he was in hopes that I should be hung, that he might be rid of me. I got out of it, nevertheless, by the help of God; the evening before I was to be hanged in the great square of Agamonte, I made my escape. I walked for three weeks, only stopping to rest for a few hours, or to beg a morsel of bread at the cottages I passed on my way. At length I reached this good town of Valencia. No longer in a condition to follow my old trade, I made up my mind to get my living, like many other honest folks, by begging at the church doors. This is my history, and the secret of my acquaintance with Don Alonzo de Guzman."

"And well he has recompensed thee, for having lost an eye and an arm in his service, as well as every thing else thou didst possess," cried Paco Rosales; "in thy place, I should have revenged myself, friend Tovalito!"

"Revenged myself! in what manner?"

"This," said Paco, laying his hand on the dagger which he wore in his belt. "Thinkest thou that this does not strike a man as dead as the sword of a hidalgo? Thou hast lost a fine opportunity this night."

"I know it;" replied Tovalito, "there is nothing easier than to kill a man; but what is death to him who has no time to anticipate its approach? He does not even feel it. So poor a revenge would not satisfy me."

Paco Rosales, hearing a slight rustling noise amidst the foliage, arose to see what it was; to his surprise he saw the form of a female, robed in white, emerge from the thicket into the broad walk of the terrace, and after walking a few steps, pause, as if uncertain what to do; then again, as if struck by some sudden thought, it turned to retrace its steps back to the house, when a voice, which he immediately recognized as belonging to the strange cavalier who had given him the note, arrested her further progress. "Theresa," cried he, "I have awaited thee this hour, and I began to upbraid thee for thy tardiness, and to think thou didst not intend to come. In which case I had resolved to

go and tear thee by force from the arms of my detested rival. But thou art here, and now naught can separate us—come, dearest, let us hasten from this, before thou art missed from the ball-room," added Don Alonzo, passing his arm around her waist to draw her away; but the young girl drew timidly from him, and attempted to pass, when again he put his arm around her, and forcibly held her back. "Well!" cried he, with bitter irony, "so thou didst not expect me; but thou seest I am here, and punctual to my time, and ready to fulfill my promise."

"Alas! it is too late; dost thou not know that they are even now celebrating my approaching nuptials with Don Alonzo de Guevara, and that to-morrow he leads me to the altar?"

"Yes, another has received those vows of which I am the dupe; another will receive those tender caresses and soft endearments, for which I have risked my life! Nay, more, my name, mine inheritance. But no, it must not, can not be. Theresa; I will not suffer thee to accomplish thy cruel treason!"

"With what dost thou upbraid me? Didst thou not leave me, without informing me where thou wentest, without one line to say that I was still in thy memory? Had I not to struggle alone against the prayers, the entreaties, and, at length, the authority of my mother? And when I knelt at her feet, and confessed my love for another, I had not even the power of telling her the name of him I loved; for I knew it not."

"Thou shouldst have had more confidence in me, and have trusted to my honor," replied Don Alonzo, proudly; "but there is yet time, I can still save thee; but thou must follow me now—this instant."

"No, no, leave, leave me!" cried she, endeavoring to extricate herself from his arms; but he strained her the more tightly to him, and passionately exclaimed:

"Cruel girl, why wouldst thou quit me? Thou knowest how I love thee. Hast thou already forgotten our moonlight walks amongst these orange groves, and how thou didst swear by their tender buds to love and cherish me—only me? See this orange blossom, it is scarcely blown since then: and yet thou art changed! Can it be that its bloom and scent outlives a woman's love? Oh! Theresa, is this thy love—this thy faith,

thy trust? Have the few days that I was absent, compelled to be absent, wrought this change in thee? Leave thee! yes I will leave thee, since I know thou dost not love me—that thou didst never love me! Farewell, Theresa. I loved thee—I fear I love thee still; but I pity, I despise thee!”

“Oh, signor, recall those words,” cried the young girl, dropping on her knees before him; “recall them ere I leave thee; I have but one moment more to spare; they are already in search of me. My life, nay more than life—my honor is in thy hands! Have mercy on me; say that thou dost not despise me, and let me go. I have loved thee; oh! how well!”

“Then love me still, Theresa,” cried Don Alonzo, raising her in his arms.

“Oh! I do, I do; but I can not—must not.”

“Prove it,” interrupted Don Alonzo. “Thou lackest the courage; thou dost not want it—mine will serve for both,” added he taking her in his arms.

“No, no, it can not be,” answered Theresa weeping bitterly, “I would have followed thee as thy wife into poverty and obscurity. I would have worked—slaved for thee; have sacrificed all—parents, friends, home, the world as thy wife, but not as thy mistress. Thou mayst kill me if thou wilt, but I will not follow thee.”

“Listen,” said he, forcibly detaining her, “the obstacles to our marriage are almost insurmountable; but if thou wilt trust thyself with me, I swear to thee to remove them; but it will be months, per-

haps years, before I can succeed. In the mean time, if thou wilt be content with a private marriage, my hand and soul are thine.”

“O heavens!” hastily interrupted the agitated girl, as she tightly grasped the hand that supported her trembling form, “dost thou hear that noise?”

At that moment the sound of voices and footsteps were heard in the garden, and the lurid light of numerous torches flashed across the walks, and played over the flower-beds, lighting up the remotest parts of the garden, and penetrating the thick foliage of the orange grove and thickets that surrounded the terrace. The name of Theresa resounded from a hundred lips, and echoed from bower to bower; men ran wildly to and fro, their dark countenances lit up by the torches which they bore aloft above their heads, whilst in their midst Don Guevara, pale and haggard-looking, called in accents of despair upon Theresa’s name.

The mendicants, seeing the confusion, joined the throng on the terrace, and pointed out to Don Guevara the place where they had last seen the lovers.

“We saw them, signor,” said Paco, “but a few minutes since, in the orange grove. The cavalier was tall, and wore a long dark cloak; they can not be far off.”

Without waiting to hear more, Don Antonio hastened to the spot. A few minutes after he returned with her diamond necklace in his hand. He had picked it up in the orange grove.

HANDEL.—Germany is desirous to do honor to the memory of one of the greatest musicians the world ever saw, and to whom it was Germany’s privilege to give birth. A monumental edition of Handel’s works is projected, and a committee has been formed for the purpose of superintending the enterprise. The committee consists of most of the great continental publishers and musicians, with one or two London names of eminence. According to the plan of publishing at present devised, the entire series of Handel’s works are to come out in three parts; the first part to consist of his oratorios; the second, of

his operas; and the third, of his instrumental works, chamber music, etc. They will occupy sixty volumes, three of which (one of each part) are to be issued annually. It will therefore be twenty years in progress. The society is under the immediate patronage of H. R. H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. For the three annual volumes £2 will be paid by each subscriber, and thus the complete collection of the works of this great master will be obtained for £40. Considering the extent of time over which the publication is to be spread, there ought to be some guarantee of the design being fully carried out.

From the Eclectic Review.

THE WANDERING JEW.*

THE Legend is here printed in a large but thin folio volume, on beautiful paper, and in stately type. Several men of talent and two men of genius have coöperated in the work. We mark, as the men of genius, Gustave Doré himself, the marvellous Rabelaisian illustrator of Rabelais; and Dupont, the author of the rhyme, which is a shadowy, quaint, singular poem, redolent of Middle-Age superstition and simplicity, as well as of the rare mystic grandeur which made that superstition terrible and that simplicity sublime. Certainly, Mr. Thornbury and Mr. John Stebbing are men of talent, their translations bearing the impress of scholarship and taste, as well as of considerable literary power. We think it as well to introduce their names and merits at once to the notice of the reader, who is impatient, perhaps, to follow the Wandering Jew on his terrestrial rounds.

The literature of almost every period presents some enigma of authorship as matter of speculation, argument, or research, according as its solution is attempted by the man of theory, the controversialist, or the antiquary. Fancy, reflection, diligence, have alternately been exercised; yet the "Tribus Impostoribus," the still more celebrated "Remarkable History of Master Reynard," the "Chatterton Fragments," the "Letters of Junius," are, fortunately for the *dilettanti* of literature, as prolific of discussion as ever. But mystery, stimulating the imagination, incites a peculiar interest; and to the obscurity usually accompanying the origin of legends and traditions, often attributed by credulity to some supernatural source, is in a great measure owing their powerful influence over the popular mind. This uncertainty surrounds the

famous Legend of the Wandering Jew. The production of some earlier Bunyan, it existed previously to the thirteenth century—an era introductory to the magnificent religious allegories of Dante; the characteristics distinguishing the Wandering Jew, rendering him unmistakably the personification of the Jewish nation, the fulfillment of whose destiny is typified in his history. Like the Jewish people, he had rejected the Messiah—had eagerly desired his crucifixion—had persecuted and reviled him in his hours of agony; and his chastisement, like theirs, was pronounced by the Saviour himself. From that time, its expiation has been seen in the strange vicissitudes of the Jewish nation, which, in the midst of a perpetual exodus, again and again banished, persecuted, and despised, has, nevertheless, with peculiar tenacity, maintained its nationality unaltered, even to minute details of observance and costume. This singular individuality, ineffaceable in spite of continuous intercourse with the different nations of the world, and the influence of variety of custom, climate, and character, is symbolized strikingly in the career of the Wandering Jew, hurrying in extinguishable vitality from region to region of the globe, wooing death vainly everywhere—an immortal Cain upon the earth.

The Legend, whether introduced by the Crusaders from the East, or derived elsewhere, was, at all events, known and credited widely among Christians, as we have said, anterior to the thirteenth century. According to some, its origin was connected with the year 1000, the date it was prophesied, through an erroneous interpretation of a Scriptural passage, of an event, the anticipation of which became a terror to men's minds. This was the coming of Antichrist, and the Last Judgment. The occurrence of famine and pestilence strengthened the delusive dread, while the crisis, favorable to impostors,

* The Legend of the Wandering Jew. Translated by G. W. Thornbury. With Illustrations by Gustave Doré. Addley & Co.

was improved by them to their profit, through personating the part of Antichrist, and thus collecting alms, which weakness and ignorance liberally awarded. The year, however, in spite of omens, came to an ordinary termination; but the appearance of the pretended Antichrist in different places led to the supposition that it was the Wandering Jew, whose melancholy fate rendered it impossible for him to rest, and who was transported rapidly from quarter to quarter. Then arose discussions among theologians to certify his personality. Some sought to prove that the wanderer was no other than Malthus, against whom Peter had drawn the sword, some maintained that he was the unrepentant thief, and others, that he was Pilate. The testimony of respected authorities was not wanting to prove his existence. In the year 1228, an archbishop of Great Armenia having made a pilgrimage to England, took up his abode in the Monastery of St. Albans; and the legend, narrated by him to the holy brotherhood, concerning Joseph, otherwise Cartaphilus, constitutes the first historical record with reference to the Wandering Jew: the chronicle being transcribed in the monastery, a few years later, by Matthew Paris, one of its members. It was here narrated, that at the moment when Jesus was delivered to be crucified, the Jews dragging him harshly from the judgment-hall, caused him to fall upon the threshold, when Cartaphilus, the door-keeper of the hall, insolently pushing him, struck him with his fist, and cried, mockingly, "Go faster, Jesus, go!—why do you stop?" And the Saviour, sternly regarding him, replied, "I go; but you shall tarry until my return." After the death of our Saviour, Cartaphilus having become a Christian, took the name of Joseph; and at the present time, says the story, living a life of frugality and piety, awaits the coming of the Lord.

The Legend, in this form, having made its way into France, passed into the Low Countries, was received with especial favor in Germany; and, current throughout the Middle Ages, became gradually incorporated into the literature of Continental nations. In June of the year 1564, we find the existence of the Wandering Jew, under the name of Ahasuerus, through the medium of Paul d'Eitzen, a doctor of theology, and bishop of Scheleszving, affirmed by a devout citizen of Hamburg, who re-

ligiously received, and narrated in a letter, the testimony of Paul. This venerable prelate, when a student at Wittenberg, in 1542, went to visit his parents at Hamburg. During a sermon, which he listened to one Sunday, he observed, opposite the pulpit, a tall man, having long locks hanging down upon his shoulders, and naked feet, who sat absorbed by the discourse, never moving in the least degree, except at the mention of the name of Jesus Christ, when he bowed, and struck his breast, at the same time breathing heavily. His age apparently was fifty. His dress, although it was winter, consisted only of *chausses à la marine*, reaching down to his feet, a *jupe*, which hung down to his knees, and a cloak.

In answer to the interrogatories of the doctor, which were now put to him, he replied that he was a Jew, named Ahasuerus, and had followed the trade of a shoemaker; that during our Saviour's mission upon earth, he had lived in Jerusalem, and had joined the persecution against the Messiah. Having heard that the sentence of crucifixion was passed, he ran to the porch of his dwelling, situate in the road which the Saviour had to traverse; and that Jesus, burthened with his cross and weary, leaned against the house of the Jew, who reviled him, and pointed onward, when the Saviour, steadfastly regarding him, replied, "I shall stop and repose, but you shall go on!" whereupon Ahasuerus, resigning the child he held in his arms, became an exile from home and country—for ever traversing strange lands—for ever witnessing fresh scenes.

Again, in the year 1575, the envoys of the Duke of Holstein to Madrid, met on their road the Wandering Jew, who addressed them in good Spanish! A few years later he entered Strasburg, even presenting himself to the magistrates, reminding them of his visit to the city two hundred years before—a fact corroborated by the national records! His appearance in France was reported in the year 1604, which chanced to be signalized by an especial number of storms and tempests. By these whirlwinds it was supposed that the Wandering Jew was borne from place to place; and to this day, when a hurricane howls along its desolating tract, the simple Breton peasants and the rustics of Picardy cross themselves, while they cry, "The Wandering Jew is passing."

Bat poems, no less than proverbs, have been inspired by the belief in this untiring wanderer, whose imaginary existence has proved so propitious to the practices of vagabondage and the encouragement of credulity. At the commencement of the seventeenth century, a complaint was penned, which, though inserted by Louvet in his erudite historical volumes, if of any value, is only so as indicative of the popular taste of the period.

In biographical and historical compositions, moreover, the Wandering Jew is a notable personage. Gustave Brunet, of Bordeaux, in his "Notice Historique et Biographique sur la Légende du Juif Errant," relating how he was met by two citizens of Brussels, in the Forest of Soignes, says: "He was clad in a costume extremely ragged, and cut in the antique fashion; he entered with them into an *auberge*; he drank, but would not sit down; he told them his story; said that his name was Isaac Laquedem; and left them terribly frightened," adds the chronicler, with *naïveté*. About the same period, a high-flown, romantic narration appeared in Belgium, under the title of "Histoire admirable du Juif Errant," describing, at length, the adventures of the renowned traveler in different regions, and followed by "a canticle," of even less merit than the "complaint." At schools and academies, moreover, the Jew was the subject of discussion, and his history gave rise to many a learned dissertation, "the most singular upon which," says Gustave Brunet, "is that of Droscher: this Sachem, deeming the thing proved, pretends to establish, that Ahasuerus and Cartaphilus are two distinct persons, and stands up for the existence of two Wandering Jews." Possibly, this enlightened champion of superstition had his own especial evidence, having met the Merchant of Rotterdam and Cartaphilus in companionship together on their travels!

After his welcome in the Forest of Soignes, it was confidently hoped that the wanderer would visit alternately the various towns of Germany; but not until the year 1772, on the 22d of April, was the expectation fulfilled by his entering into Brussels at six in the evening, as the date is carefully preserved. Since that period, whatever was his reception by the good citizens, he has not been induced by it to visit Europe again in the character of either Cartaphilus, Joseph, or Ahasuerus,

though invoked by the painter, the romancer, and the poet, and often selected as the favorite theme of the drama and the opera. Not less than ten French productions of this kind bear his name, from the play of "Caignez," represented at La Gaîté, in 1812, to the opera of MM. Scribe and St. Georges. Numerous poems are dedicated to him, preëminent among these the productions of Schubert and Quinet; but distinguished above all others, the noble song of Béranger, melodiously accompanied by the music of Ernest Doré. Pierre Dupont has added to these his admirable composition, the subject of which is peculiarly adapted to elicit the characteristic genius of Gustave Doré, so strikingly manifested in the splendid illustrations of the present work. The tradition, as adopted by Dupont is that of Ahasuerus, the shoemaker, condemned to perpetual wandering until the Judgment. Infinite diversity in situation, incident, and emotion, is afforded by the poet's theme, the changes of which resemble the variations to an air—the measure ever distinctly heard through the intricacy of harmonies inseparable from and attendant on it. Thus, amidst the most contrasted localities, seasons, and circumstances, all which are apprehended and vividly depicted to the minutest details by the artist, the shadow of the Cross ceaselessly appears over the path of the wanderer, who, toilworn and weary, if reposing for an instant, is urged irresistibly on by the beckoning hand of the avenging angel.

The graphic interpretation of this marvelous legend, through the skill of Doré, immortalizes it anew. As we have said, it is suited especially to his particular order of talent. His fancies, wondrously bold, not to say grotesque, powerfully express the extravagance of the subject. His genius does not, with the accuracy of a Durer, appeal so much to the actual as to the ideal conceptions of the poet. Mountain, valley, ocean, appear transfigured into a dream of poetry by his pencil, yet are vividly natural. The grandeur of architecture, the gloom of forests, the busy life of cities, groupings of age and youth and infancy, the terrors of the battle or the storm, sacred awe and quaint humor, are alike truthfully delineated by the creative versatility of his imagination, which blends the most incongruous elements into one harmonious whole. The

very surprises, ingeniously bold and fanciful, which in his pieces awaken admiration, would excite only ridicule if attempted by a less able artist.

First among the twelve magnificent designs of M. Doré, he has chosen to represent the moment of the malediction. On the adjacent hill crosses are seen erected; a busy crowd hastens to assemble round the scene of suffering. Pharisees, executioners, legionaries, women, boys, and all the rabble of the city are collected, affording ample scope to the artist for the portrayal of physiognomy, who improves it to the exhibition of the Jewish face under the varying aspects of an Absalom, a Caiaphas, a Barabbas, a Judas, and a Saul. Ahasuerus, the cobbler, stands, boot in hand, beneath his shop-sign. He hears the fearful doom in answer to his taunt as the Saviour toils toward Calvary, and remains immovable for an instant with horror—then hurries on the hopeless wandering. The Jew is next seen emerging from a town of an antique stamp. The steeples of its buildings are in view, and a cross by the wayside arrests his agonized gaze. It is a bitter night, and the rain dashes remorselessly; a tempest glooms in the sky; the trees groan as though in pain; a rough wind bears the exile onward, his garments and long flowing beard fluttering in the gale. A ghastly light is reflected on the figure of the Saviour. Desolation is impressed on the entire scene.

The city of Brussels next appears. Towers, domes, gables, windows, and bell-turrets, all bespeak the lavish architecture of the age. Opulent burghers surround the remarkable stranger in order to interrogate him, and are joined by a motley group of boys and animals, one of which, the salesman's ass, mistaking the flowing beard of the Jew for hay, nibbles at it. The varying phases of the throng, the burgesses with wigs and queues, doffed hats and ceremonial antics, the ignorant tradesboy in gaping wonder, the stoic regarding all contemptuously, are graphically described, and form an excellent specimen of the picturesque.

The fourth illustration represents the traveler consenting to an invitation to rest awhile in an inn, forgetful momentarily, it is inferred, of his doom, but instantaneously recollecting it, is seen breaking away from his companions, urged forward by the figure of the angel. All are eager to detain him in order that the re-

laxation of his pilgrimage might increase the entertainment and jollity of the evening, and, uproarious at his resolution to depart, essay different temptations to induce him to remain. One reveler holds up a glass of beer; another, clicking the lid of his flagon, shouts an intoxicated ditty; and the buxom landlady is at her wits to maintain order. The reckless mirth of these wassailing Flemings at the inn, and the blaze and bustle of its interior, contrast forcibly with the gloom of the night without, into which the exile is hurried by inexorable mandate—a burning and ever present remorse within his breast. The pathos of Guido, the truthfulness of Holbein, and the humor of Hogarth, are concentrated in this picture.

The traveler is next seen hurrying along the Rhine, the waters of which reflect the vision of Calvary and himself in an attitude of reviling, as with figure bent and head bowed down, he pursues his ceaseless course. The landscape is grand and of vast extent. Caves, rocks, and trees appear, black as night. The relics of feudal banqueting-halls and dungeons are seen in the ruined towers crowning the steeples and glimmering far in the blue horizon. Among them, on a rocky eminence, rises a chapel spire. Over all is the cheerful sky fleeced with sailing clouds.

The Jew then enters a graveyard decorated with urns and amaranthine garlands. Epitaphs tell either of vanity or affection. The white tombs glisten against the somber blackness of yew and cypress. The church-tower tolls a knell, and the wanderer wishes it were for him. But no; in his own gaunt shadow on the turf, in the waving grass, on the earth, in the sky, in mountain, wood, or torrent, in light and in darkness, the Cross is before him ever. The curiously woven aspects of the clouds have for him a symbolic meaning, and their irregular outline pictures to him the memorable procession. He sees the Saviour goaded onward by the crowd, whose yells still echo in his ears. He rushes on through the lofty Swiss valleys, where fir-darkened slopes lead up to snowy peaks. Torrents gush from out the forests. The scream of the eagle rings among the defiles. Suddenly the pines and stones take hideous shapes. Faces are formed by the boughs. The tree-tops appear like menacing axes; indentations in the trunks yawn into a ghastly smile; the leafless branches wrestle together

in fierce anguish; when glittering against the blackness of the scene, the white-robed angel of his destiny shines radiant as the sun, bearing in her hand a torch of fire.

Nature glorified into matchless beauty by the glow of sunrise, beaming with opal and amethystine splendor, attracts him, but he can not stay. He wanders on amidst the loftiest regions of the Alps. Their pure summits seem crimsoned by the blood of the Cross. On, on he hastens—the marmot and the lamb-vulture his sole companions—leaving the track of the chamois-hunter and the blue blossoms and roses of the mountain far below, from whence the bell of the herdsman sounds faintly. The Jew, holding by a rock, looks from the surrounding glaciers mournfully to the chill sky above. There the vision haunts him still. Fantastic carvings in the ice form the solemn procession. The ponderous cross beneath which the Saviour bows, the uplifted hand, the fierce soldiers—all are vividly depicted. Beyond and above, through the misty air, as though heaven itself were revealed, a majestic band of saints and apostles appears. The artist has lavishly expended the resources of his genius on this awful scene. It is magnificently picturesque, vast, and wondrously varied, yet not confused. Amidst the multiplicity and diversity of the objects introduced, each one is distinct and expressive, from the strange, faded form of the unresting traveler—his white head, flowing beard, and loose garments fluttering in relief against the darkness of surrounding rocks, clefts, and ravines—to the little cross on the hospice-tower. The wild grandeur of the scenery—its gloom and solitude—contrast strikingly, yet are in peculiar harmony with the celestial revelation irradiating the heavens. The whole picture, expressive of sublimity, is suited to be the bold range and lofty inspiration of the artist's fancy.

The ninth illustration exhibits a widely dissimilar vein of Doré's imagination. It is a battle-piece. Here all is action and turmoil. A town is besieged by an army in the mediæval age. Fortified heights of feudalism occupy the background. Before is seen an array of clashing spears. All the horrors of the struggle are graphically described, often with a morbid and fantastic extravagance. Enemies have hewn each other to pieces in the fierceness of their malice, and mangled limbs strew the ground. One invincible warri-

or fights with his sword in his mouth. Some, falling under the mortal blow, are receiving consolation from the priest. The glitter of the armor, the plumed helmets, and the trappings of the horses, present the rude splendor of knightly warfare. The Jew rushes into the thickest of the fight, but no danger menaces his marvelous life.

He is next seen plunging into the ocean, but the angry waves will not receive him. Out of a ship's crew wrecked by the hurricane he alone is saved, fording the seas as easily as the river. A loaded boat disappears beneath the tossing surf, and forth from the gigantic billows seething round him despairing faces appear. A spar, the sole remaining hope, is swallowed by a sea monster. The doomed ones cling to the Jew's beard in their agony. From amidst the heaving, foaming waste, are revealed the forms of the dead long since victims of the relentless ocean. The stony gaze of these expands into wonder on beholding the deathless traveler.

He toils on through the Andes. Lions, serpents, wild beasts fail to destroy him. Snakes and river-monsters crowd his path, but no sting can harm him. The snowy peaks of the mountains are here portrayed above the dense shade of thickly-growing palms, and the dark, sunless river widened by the trail of the alligators.

At length, after ages of wandering, the Jew is summoned to repose. The trump of the Last Judgment is heard by the awe-stricken universe, and the Jew welcomes it with a shout of wild laughter as, leaning on a stone, he tears off his time-worn boots. The very act of reposing is a millennium to him, and is greeted by an irresistible burst of merriment. A mingled crowd of demons, saints, and mortals, are here represented; and all the reckless ingenuity of the artist is invoked for the description of the scene. Amidst the vast array of the resurrection, kings, popes, and priests are seen, some in antique costume, some in the various peculiarities of more modern attire. The center of the picture is a chaos of flames and blackness. A shower of light streams from above, and myriads of rejoicing angels cleave the air. In spite of certain eccentricities of fancy, dignity and pathos characterize this illustration. It is adequately conceived, as a whole, when we consider the difficulty of worthily representing a subject which not even the genius of Angelo could depict unalloyed by error and extravagance.

From the Leisure Hour.

STUDIES IN HISTORY.

WALLENSTEIN.

CHAPTER I.

THE great conflict between the Roman Catholic and Protestant parties in Germany, known as the Thirty Years' War, was the longest war of which history contains any record, and, looking to its results, was the most important of modern times, not excepting even that of which the first Napoleon was the instigator and the head. It was that enduring contest which secured for Protestantism a firm and lasting political basis, while it taught the House of Austria to know its own place in the great German family of nations: more than that, it tended, above all other events, to consolidate the dominion, and to establish while it limited the authority and influence of the other European potentates. These advantages, not of the most palpable kind, and hardly recognized at the period, but which were to be reaped by succeeding generations of men, were purchased at a price which it is terrible to contemplate. They cost Germany the lives of millions of her people, thousands of millions of dollars, and such a sum of human misery, produced by human barbarity and atrocity, as the world had never till then witnessed, and which it is affecting to recall.

With the exception of Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden, who appears to have fought solely in the interests of the Protestant faith, the chief actors in this miserable drama were nearly all men of unbridled and unprincipled ambition; and to none of them, perhaps, unless it were to Ferdinand II., the Emperor of Austria, is this character more applicable than to the man whose name stands at the head of this sketch. But Wallenstein's is a character which it is difficult, if not impossible, to judge precisely, owing to the want of evidence upon the most important points.

His history has been written for the most part, by his enemies, and very much from testimony furnished by those who first partook largely of his bounty, and then forsook or betrayed him. That they should accuse him of treachery was but the natural sequence of their own treason, which needed the foulest crimes on his part to justify their own conduct; but, in spite of this consideration, the weight of circumstantial evidence against him is so strong, when the known character of the man is taken into account, that his vindication from this particular charge appears to us almost hopeless. We shall have occasion to allude to this subject again; and in the meanwhile we leave the reader to form his own conclusions from the facts of Wallenstein's life, which, with all consistent brevity, we proceed to lay before him.

Albert Wincelau Walstein, or Wallenstein, was born in Bohemia, on September 14, 1583, and was the son of Henri de Walstein, a Protestant. As a boy, he was educated by a minister of the Protestant religion and in youth he displayed extraordinary talents, which were, however, combined with a spirit of obstinacy and insubordination which defeated all endeavors to repress it. This unmanageable quality in the youth induced his preceptors to beg the parents to withdraw him from their tuition—a request which was complied with; and the young lad was transferred to the household of Charles, Margrave of Burgau, son of the Archduke Ferdinand, where he served in the quality of a page. It was while in this service that he fell accidentally from a considerable height, and, when the bystanders supposed him to be killed by the fall, arose from the ground unhurt. The Jesuits, by whom he was surrounded, persuaded him that he owed his miraculous

preservation to the direct interposition of the Virgin, and under this conviction he embraced the Roman Catholic faith. On leaving, shortly after, the service of the Margrave, young Wallenstein went to Prague, and there he abandoned himself to all kinds of follies and extravagant vices and excesses, mingling with the worst characters in the city, and, at the same time, devoting the hours of the night to the hard and persevering study of mathematics and astrology—studies which he continued to pursue for the whole of his life. On his return to Bohemia, he paid court to a widow of the family of Wizekova, a woman possessed of enormous property, and married her. The union, as might be expected, was the reverse of a happy one; the unfortunate lady died without issue before four years had expired, leaving him the possessor of her almost boundless wealth.

At this epoch, a war broke out between the Archduke Ferdinand and the Venetians. Wallenstein, at his own expense, raised and equipped a troop of three hundred cavaliers, and offered them to that prince, who received him with particular favor. He distinguished himself greatly in the war which followed, and was raised to the rank of colonel by Ferdinand, who had, by the election of the German princes, succeeded to the imperial throne. Wallenstein was now dispatched upon an expedition to Moravia, where he was again successful, and where he unscrupulously enriched himself by abstracting a large sum from the public chest—twelve thousand crowns of which he kept for himself, making over the rest to the Emperor. With the plunder thus acquired, he raised a regiment of Walloons, a thousand strong, and offered them also to his sovereign, who accepted them with gratitude.

In the year 1618, the Bohemians raised the standard of revolt—an act which was virtually the commencement of the Thirty Years' War. Wallenstein was immediately commissioned by Ferdinand to appease the troubles in Bohemia. His military reputation and his great wealth made him of importance, and his Protestant countrymen tried every endeavor to win him back to his first faith and their righteous cause; but these efforts were without success. On the other hand, his own attempts to appease the rebellious spirit of the Bohemians were equally fruitless; and the

Protestants, finding him deaf to their arguments, even confiscated the estates which he possessed in their territory. It is considered by some of his biographers that Wallenstein's conduct in this mission is open to suspicions of self-interest, and that he trifled with both parties, with an eye to procuring for himself the crown of Bohemia, which the hesitating and imbecile Frederic was too weak to defend.

On his return from this unavailing negotiation, Wallenstein, by a new present to the Emperor of two regiments of infantry, acquired fresh popularity and additional favor at court, and was dispatched with a command into Bohemia, where he carried on the war several years with his usual success—a war which was virtually terminated by the Battle of Prague, which deprived the pusillanimous Frederic of his crown and kingdom, and where Wallenstein fought as a colonel under Maximilian of Bavaria.

In 1621, he was again dispatched into Moravia, where, by superior tactics, he foiled the efforts of Bethlem Gabor, and added considerably to his own reputation. The Emperor, in return for his services, advanced him to the post of Major-General, and conferred on him the confiscated estates of the rebels. Wallenstein was now almost fabulously rich; but at the same time his successes made him enemies among the German princes, and his unscrupulousness gave a color to the grave charges they brought against him. He silenced these accusations, however, for a time, by the lavish distribution of his prodigious wealth, gained the friendship of the most considerable men in Ferdinand's court, and married a daughter of the Count of Harrach, a favorite of the Emperor.

After the victory of Prague, Ferdinand might have made a peace, and put an end to the miseries of his country. He preferred rather to prosecute his own ambitious schemes. The success which attended him for a period, and for which he was mostly indebted to the arms of Bavaria, at length began to wane. The approach of the King of Denmark, and the ravages of Count Mansfeld, while they rendered him more than ever dependent on the League, threatened a disagreeable crisis, from which nothing could free him but a powerful army under his own orders; but war had already exhausted his dominions, and they were unequal to the expense of such a levy.

At this juncture—in June, 1625—Wallenstein proposed to the Emperor to raise and clothe an army at his own private expense, and even undertook the charge of maintaining it, if he were allowed to augment it to fifty thousand men. The project was everywhere ridiculed as the chimerical offspring of a madman; but the Emperor received it gladly, and assigned certain districts in Bohemia for recruiting and for depôts, and allowed Wallenstein to choose his own officers. The Emperor lent only his name; but the reputation of the general, the prospects of promotion, and the hope of plunder, drew to his standard adventurers from all quarters of Germany. In a few months, Wallenstein had twenty thousand men under arms, with which, quitting the Austrian territories, he soon after appeared on the frontiers of Lower Saxony with thirty thousand. It was at this time that the Emperor created him Duke of Friedland.

The famous Tilly was at this moment posted in Lower Saxony, where he held in check at once the King of Denmark, the fiery Mansfeld, and Christian of Brunswick. Wallenstein was dispatched to second the operations of the Bavarian army; but his unbounded pride and haughtiness would not permit him to act under the orders even of Tilly, the greatest general of the empire; and he contented himself with operating in concert, but separately and alone. The manœuvres of these two generals had the effect of paralyzing the operations of the armies of the circle of Lower Saxony; and the result of this was some indefinite prospect of a peace; of which both parties were desirous, after a struggle which had endured for seven years. But the Protestant chiefs, presuming on some late triumphs and the reputation and resources of their northern allies, took the tone of conquerors; and the League, confident in the new levies, and successes yet more recent, did not choose to figure as the vanquished party. The war, therefore, continued with the customary vicissitudes of triumph and defeat on either side. Wallenstein defeated Mansfeld with great slaughter; but this latter general recovered from the disaster, recruited his shattered forces, and marched rapidly through Silesia into Hungary to join Bethlem Gabor. The Court of Vienna, alarmed, called Wallenstein to the succor of the hereditary kingdom. Wallenstein set out in pur-

suit of Mansfeld, defeated a body of Turks who were on their way to join the Hungarian general, Gabor, raised the siege of Novigrad, and took Wats on the Danube; but his haste and impetuosity involved him in a critical, almost fatal position: his army, without provisions in a devastated country, was reduced to the straits of famine; the troops mutinied and revolted in masses, and were only prevented for want of a leader from assaulting the camp of their general and sacrificing him to their fury. From this dilemma he was only saved by the quarrels of his enemies, who could not act with unanimity. Bethlem Gabor, aware of the defeat of Christian IV. by Tilly, at the Battle of Lutter, and fearful of having to sustain the entire burden of the war, entered into a separate treaty with the Emperor, and enabled Wallenstein to effect his retreat, which he accomplished at length with the loss, by famine, desertion, and the sword, of sixteen thousand men. Mansfeld, abandoned by his ally, sought refuge in Italy, where he hoped to raise new troops; but death overtook him in the village of Bosnia. Wallenstein had the reputation of delivering the League from this brave adventurer, who for seven years had been the terror of the Papal party and the scourge of the Romish ecclesiastics.

The defeat of Christian of Denmark, above alluded to, and which took place on the 27th of August, 1626, at Lutter, had enabled Tilly to resume the offensive. He had beaten back the Danes in the vicinity of Bremen, and had passed the Elbe, when Wallenstein, having recruited his army, traversed Brandenburg, forced the Elector to recognise Maximilian as Elector of Bavaria, took possession of the territory between the Baltic, the Elbe, and the Weser, and penetrated as far as Holstein and Sleswick.

The success of the League appeared now to be decisive; but these advantages were in a great measure counterbalanced by the atrocities of the Roman Catholic armies. Nine years of slaughter, exactions, devastations, and pillage, and the horrible excesses of their troops, had spread terror and desolation through the north of Germany. Wallenstein surpassed all his predecessors in these cruel enormities. War, which ruins other armies, augmented his. The license he allowed attracted the most remorseless and savage spirits to his ranks, which increased daily,

without his efforts, in large numbers. His profuse and indiscriminate bounty surrounded him with a crowd of gentlemen, and even of sovereign princes; and on the whole his force amounted now to not less than a hundred thousand men. This enormous mass cost the Emperor nothing, either in pay or provender—a fact which sufficiently depicts the misfortunes of the unhappy country which they occupied.

The important services which Wallenstein had rendered now brought him fresh rewards. The dukes of Mecklenberg having been put under the ban of the empire for not furnishing their contingent to the army, Wallenstein solicited and obtained the title of Duke of Mecklenberg, and the investiture of the Duchy; and at the same time was conferred on him also the title of Generalissimo of the Fleet of the Ocean and the Baltic Sea. The effect of these honors soon became apparent: he assumed the designation of "Highness," adopted a more haughty carriage and taciturn habit, and from this moment took his meals alone.

The princes of the north of Germany, divided among themselves, had to bend and bow beneath the iron yoke of this man. Wallenstein, ambitious of depriving them of all hope of recommencing the struggle, contemplated an invasion of the states of the King of Denmark, their principal support. The Emperor was flattered by the project; but at this era the conduct of Wallenstein gave rise to suspicions that he wished to create for himself a powerful independence, of which Mecklenberg should form the nucleus. Certain it is that he made no distinction between Protestants and Roman Catholics in the choice of his friends, and that there were but few of the latter holding command in his army. Again, his haughtiness led him to affront Tilly, who, as a soldier and tactician, was far more than his equal, and whom he endeavored to disgrace by slights, while he arrogated the successes of that veteran to himself. Moreover, he systematically paid no regard to the orders of the Emperor, but replied to his missives by advising him to enjoy the pleasures of his court, and not to meddle in the affairs of the war.

Whether to establish his own independence, or to further the interests of the Emperor, is a disputed point; but at this period Wallenstein cast his eye on the

neutral port of Stralsund, and resolved to get it in his possession. With this view he ordered the magistrates to receive an imperial garrison, and to permit the passage of his troops. The magistrates refused, and he laid siege to the town. Here, however, his pride and self-importance had to sustain a tremendous check. The Stralsunders resisted with vigor, and when pressed hard by Wallenstein, appealed to the Emperor, who issued orders to his general to retire from the place. The haughty general took no notice of the order. The besieged, in despair, had recourse to the King of Sweden, who sent succors by sea; and on the 22d of July, 1628, Wallenstein was compelled to raise the siege, with the loss of two months' labor, ten thousand eight hundred foot, and twelve hundred horse—heavy losses, which were but feebly compensated by the taking of Rostock, and some trifling advantages over the Danes.

The Swedes now began to be a source of inquietude to Ferdinand: the deliverance of Stralsund opened his eyes to their importance, and it had become a point of policy to separate, if possible, the interests of the two kings of the North. Denmark was reduced to the defensive. Wallenstein had private reasons for desiring to gain the good will of Christian IV. Everything combined to favor his negotiations. When the Swedish ambassadors presented themselves to take part in the council, he dismissed them with insulting contempt; and, without their complicity, peace was signed between the Emperor and Christian IV. at Lubeck, in 1629. It was thought an advance toward the general peace, for which all had long been sighing, and not without reason; for Wallenstein, besides the cruel atrocities he had allowed, had levied no less than sixty millions of dollars in the devastated states. The distress of the miserable inhabitants was now at its height; corpses were found of men and women furnished to death, with the raw grass of the fields in their mouths; many disinterred the dead to appease their hunger on the putrid bodies; children devoured their parents, and mothers were seen killing their babes and cooking them for food.

The Emperor, however, cared less to put an end to these awful calamities than to profit by the success of his arms. To this end, he published, on the 6th of March, 1629, the famous and fatal Edict

of Restitution, in virtue of which the property of the Roman Catholics, confiscated more than eighty years before, was to be restored. One may conceive the alarm which this excited among the Protestants, most of whom had purchased the confiscations they held, and long enjoyed quiet possession. At the same time, it did not satisfy the Roman Catholics, who only regarded it as an instalment of the benefits they were to derive from the success of the League.

Meanwhile, the successes and honors of Wallenstein, his indomitable pride, his offensive haughtiness and contempt of all authority, together with his indifference to the sufferings of the people, had not only aroused the odium of the populace, who regarded him as the author of all their miseries, but had stirred up the wrath of the German princes, who saw themselves contemned by their inferior in birth, and postponed in the favor of the Emperor to a man who scorned to receive them as his equals. They naturally, therefore, sought his overthrow, and they sought it with the more eagerness as, by bringing about his disgrace, they hoped to abate the ascendancy which his exploits had obtained for the house of Austria, and which ascendancy was the source of profound inquietude. They unanimously demanded his dismissal from the army; he, nothing daunted, went to brave the whole of the electors assembled at Ratisbon, and appeared there in a style of such magnificence and pomp as eclipsed that of the Emperor himself. Ferdinand, though not at all indisposed to humble the man to whom his will was any thing but a law, was perplexed beyond measure, and knew not how to act. How could he depose from command a man to whom he was under such immense obligations? how, on the other hand, was he to resist the reiterated complaints of all Germany, and the entreaties of all the princes of the League? He thought to appease the universal discontent by directing that men, to the number of eighteen thousand, should be disbanded from the imperial army; but this act only increased the demand for the dismissal of Wallenstein himself which now redoubled from all quarters. The Spanish allies, whom Wallenstein's haughtiness had thoroughly disgusted, pressed for his dismissal as eagerly as did the German princes. The French envoys, by direction of Richelieu, who was at that moment en-

gaged in a treaty with the King of Sweden, joined in the cry from motives of policy. Ferdinand hesitated for some time, but had not strength to resist so unanimous an appeal. The dismissal of Wallenstein was pronounced in July, 1630. He was then at Memmingen, in Suabia, and it had required the united efforts of nearly all Europe to overthrow him.

Wallenstein, at the head of an army of more than a hundred thousand men, received the news of his disgrace with apparent calmness and resignation, merely observing that the Emperor was betrayed, and that he was sorry at finding himself abandoned so easily. He retired at once, and quietly, to his estates in Moravia and Bohemia; a round number of his officers followed him; multitudes of the troops unceremoniously quitted the service, and in a few weeks the army of over a hundred thousand men was by his retreat reduced to forty thousand.

CHAPTER II.

THE spectacle of Wallenstein in his retirement is one worth contemplating, and is certainly unique of its kind. If the world looked upon him as a disgraced man, he, blinded by his own pride and arrogance, entertained a far different opinion of himself. His palace at Prague, where he chiefly resided, had six grand entrances, and he pulled down a hundred houses for the purpose of enlarging it and isolating his dwelling-place from the approach of noise and tumult. His household consisted of nearly a thousand persons. He was waited on by twenty-five chamberlains and by sixty pages of honor, in sky-blue velvet. He never had less than a hundred dishes served at his table, and he had upward of a thousand saddle and carriage-horses, which fed in his stables out of marble mangers. When traveling, he was never accompanied by fewer than fifty carriages, drawn by six horses each, and as many drawn by four. In a lofty banquetting-hall of his palace, he was depicted in a triumphal car, drawn by the four horses of the sun, with a star over his laurel-crowned head. His yearly revenue was estimated at six hundred thousand pounds of our money, and he coined ducats with the legend of his name, as Duke of Meeklenburg. He called diviners and astrologers to his aid, and made a friend and confidant of the star-gazer Seni.

His munificence was as lavish as his pomp; he was splendid and luxurious. He rewarded the most trifling services with a rich donation, never bestowing, even on the common soldier, less than a hundred crowns. But his severity equaled his lavish profusion. He detested noise, and avenged its infliction, actually causing an officer to be put to death for disturbing him by the jingling of his spurs, and hanging a valet for awakening him on one occasion by his heavy tread and heedless movements. He passed much of his time in solitude, writing the records of his life, maintaining a large correspondence, and doubtless consulting the stars by the aid of the astrologer. Thus do the extremes of majesty and meanness, of pride and prostration, meet in the same child of the dust.

It was at this time, according to his enemies, that he began to mature his treasonable designs against the Emperor; and they even accuse him of corresponding with the King of Sweden to draw that monarch into his plan. Schiller, in his "History of the Thirty Years' War," takes the treason of Wallenstein as an assured fact; but he adduces no proof of it, beyond his correspondence with Gustavus—a matter innocent enough in itself, and not at all extraordinary at that time of day, when much of the romantic etiquette of medieval chivalry still survived. It is known also that Wallenstein at this time tried negotiation both with the Romanist and Protestant princes—a fact sufficiently suspicious, but which also may be explained away, and is explained away, by his friendly biographers, on the ground that in so doing he only sought to set them all together by the ears, in order to make them obnoxious to the Emperor, for whom it is well known he had intrigued at Lubeck, when peace was concluded with the King of Denmark, for the sovereignty of the whole of Germany. What may be regarded as certain is, that no documentary evidence exists of treason on the part of Wallenstein during his retirement. That he meditated vengeance upon those who had counseled his dismissal and disgrace, there can be no question; and in stern still wrath the fallen potentate bided his time.

Tilly was now named Generalissimo of the Emperor and the League, the united forces forming an army of eighty thousand men. In the mean time, Gustavus Adolphus, in answer to the Protestant cry for

help, had disembarked in Germany, and was hailed everywhere as a liberator. He brought with him only fifteen thousand Swedes, yet in a few months after his landing his army equaled that of the Emperor. Germany, accustomed to the terrible license of the troops of the League, saw with amazement an army so vast in numbers, and composed of such heterogeneous elements, asking only for lodging, scrupulously respecting property, protecting the service of religion and education, defending agriculture, maintaining as far as possible peace amid the horrors of war, and triumphing over those who had reigned by terror and devastation: so true is it that order is one of the first elements of power.

A few months entirely changed the face of affairs. Tilly, who had besieged Magdeburg, and after firing the city had put the wretched inhabitants to the sword with unheard-of barbarity, was overtaken at Leipzig by the victorious Swedes under Gustavus, and on that field suffered the most signal defeat which has been witnessed in modern times. His whole army was either routed or cut to pieces: seven thousand of his troops were left dead on the field of battle; a proportionate number of wounded crowded the houses and hospitals; and five thousand prisoners were taken, most of whom joined the forces of the victor. Of the whole army of eighty thousand men, which on that 7th of September, 1631, marched against the King of Sweden, not two thousand could be mustered when its miserable wrecks recovered from their panic; and the whole of the imperial artillery and camp had had fallen into the hands of the foe. Tilly, wounded and crestfallen, could only retreat as Gustavus advanced; the Protestants obtained the ascendancy at all points; the Roman Catholic princes were all subdued or ready to submit; alarm reigned in Vienna, whither the Swede was hastening; and Wallenstein's hour of vengeance had come.

What could Ferdinand do in this terrible conjuncture? He knew but one human arm which was likely to arrest the torrent of destruction—it was that of Wallenstein. But how could a sovereign, who had disgraced his benefactor at the suggestion of envious rivals, stoop to implore assistance from a justly irritated subject? There is no time, however, for debating so odious a question. Gustavus

is already on the banks of the Rhine and marching towards Suabia. All considerations of imperial pride must therefore give way before the general safety, and Ferdinand must humiliate himself before his disgraced general. The humiliation is resolved on, and deputies are dispatched in haste with propositions to Wallenstein. He, on his part, is in no haste at all to entertain them, but repulses the deputation with scorn. He declares haughtily that he has no predilection for the task of repairing other men's blunders. To a second appeal, he retorts that there is not, and can not be, a good understanding between himself and the allies of the Emperor. To a third, he pleads his love of retirement, his disinclination to engage again in the fatigues and toils of war, and the necessity of repose for his health's sake. The Emperor perseveres, and insists—what else can he do? But it is not until Wallenstein has made him drink the cup of mortification to the dregs, that he engages to levy, by the month of March, a new army for the imperial service—though even then he refuses to be placed in its command.

The magic of Wallenstein's name has all its former efficacy, and repeats the prodigy it had effected six years before. By the time he had stipulated for, Silesia, Bohemia, and Moravia, had furnished him with eighty thousand men—a powerful army; but which, wanting a commander, was a body without a soul. The earnest solicitations of the Emperor, backed by the supplications of his friends, at length induced Wallenstein to accept the command; but he would only assume it on conditions so monstrous, that they are worthy of record, if only to show to what extent circumstances may enable a subject to dictate to his sovereign, as well as the gigantic arrogance of which the human mind is capable. These were the stipulations. He, Wallenstein, should be Generalissimo of Austria and Spain, and should alone dispose of all offices and employments; the Emperor should be bound not to appear at the army, and never to interfere in the command; Wallenstein should be guaranteed a hereditary principality in the states of Austria; he should govern exclusively in the countries occupied by the army; the product of all confiscations should belong to him; he should have the sole right of amnesty; at the peace his title of Duke of Mecklenburg should be

recognized; all his expenses should be paid; and, finally, in case of reverse, he should be allowed to retire to his hereditary estates. Such were the astounding conditions agreed to.

Wallenstein's first endeavor, after accepting the command, was to detach Saxony from Sweden; but failing in his negotiations with that view, he had recourse to arms. He entered Bohemia, marched towards Prague, and took possession of that town, on the 5th of May, 1632, without firing a shot. He sought to cut off the retreat of the enemy, but the Saxon general, Arnheim, deceived him and escaped. Nevertheless, Wallenstein had obtained his principal object, and was master of Bohemia. Before this time, the veteran Tilly had been a second time defeated by Gustavus, and had retreated to Ingoldstadt, where he subsequently died of his wounds. In March, having repaired the disaster of Leipsig, he had reappeared in Franconia in considerable force. Gustavus had pursued and overtaken him on the banks of the Lech, and by a decisive victory had terminated the career of the most relentless of the foes of the Protestant faith.

Gustavus, having crossed the Lech, was now marching a conqueror through Bavaria, so that Maximilian, who had opposed with all his influence the recall of Wallenstein, was now driven to implore his aid in defense of his own territories; but Wallenstein, deaf to the voice of the Elector, turned toward Nuremberg, in the hopes of drawing the King of Sweden to that point, and sheltering the hereditary estates of Austria. Gustavus accepted the implied challenge, and encamped in the vicinity of that city. Wallenstein had the advantage in numbers, but the king was in a position to draw reinforcements from Nuremberg. The two generals intrenched themselves. Notwithstanding that Gustavus was inferior in force, Wallenstein hesitated to expose the cause of the Emperor and his own reputation to the chance of a battle, and he hoped to subdue his adversary by famine. Moreover, he judged that to stop such a man in the career of his triumphs was in itself a victory, and that this circumstance alone would cool the zeal of the Allies, and restore to the arms of the League the superiority of which they had been deprived.

The imperial army and that of Gustavus watched each other for three months,

during which no consideration would induce Wallenstein to accept the chances of a fight. In the partial skirmishes that took place, the Swedes nearly always had the advantage. At length a most frightful famine began to prevail not only in the town, but in the Swedish camp. Goaded by apprehensions on this score, Gustavus at length, on the 24th of August, 1632, advanced with seventy thousand men, and commenced a general attack on the camp of the Imperialists. The battle raged with fury for ten hours; the carnage was hideous, and Wallenstein wrote to the Emperor that he had never witnessed any thing so terrible. The Swedes, who made the most desperate attempts, were repulsed at all points; and the Duke Bernard de Weimar, who had won possession of a height which commanded the camp of Wallenstein, was compelled to retire from the impossibility of getting cannon to the summit, owing to the wetness of the soil. The loss of Gustavus in this affair is estimated at from three to four thousand men, to say nothing of ten thousand of the wretched inhabitants of Nuremberg, who were slain by the famine in the town. The Imperialists lost but one thousand men, and Wallenstein gained the renown of having arrested, if not vanquished, a leader who, up to that hour, had always triumphed without a check.

The King of Sweden remained a fortnight in presence of the Imperial army; at length, on the 9th of September, he struck his tents and defiled his troops before Wallenstein, who was not tempted to incommode him. Four days afterward, Wallenstein also quitted his intrenchments, abandoning or burning a vast quantity of provisions and munitions of war. He signalized his departure by cruelly setting fire to several villages surrounding the town; and having reinforced his army, dispatched General Gallas to Bohemia with ten thousand men. He then marched on Forchheim, relieved the country of Colmbach, Cobourg, and Bayreuth; summoned the first of these cities to surrender, but in vain, it being garrisoned by Swedes; took the second, but was repulsed in an assault upon the citadel; then he turned toward Saxony, and rejoined Pappenheim on the Swale. Soon after he marched upon Leipzig; but having heard that Gustavus had arrived at Naumburg, and intrenched himself there, he deliberated whether he should attack him or

not, and was deterred from doing so by his generals.

Wallenstein now took possession of Leipzig, as well as of the citadel and several smaller towns in the neighborhood; and, resolving to establish his winter quarters in Saxony, he gave orders to Pappenheim to return again to Lower Saxony with his twelve thousand men. Gustavus, informed of this circumstance, abandoned his intention of rejoining the Saxon army, and marched upon Veissenfels, at the head of twenty thousand men, to attack Wallenstein. The latter, although his forces were somewhat inferior, awaited his coming, and shortly the two armies were in presence of each other. The battle of Lutzen, which soon followed, was fought on the 6th of November, 1632. After many vigorous assaults, the left wing of the Swedes was repulsed. Gustavus, however, at the head of his right, had routed the enemy, and the Imperialist left was in retreat; he was hastening to repair the disaster of his own left, when he received a mortal wound. The death of Gustavus spread dismay in the Swedish ranks, and the unexpected return of Pappenheim promised to secure their defeat; but their dismay gave place to a furious thirst for vengeance, and they continued the combat with a desperation that bore down all opposition. Pappenheim fell mortally wounded, to the discouragement of the Imperialists; and the talents of Bernard de Weimar, who now occupied the post of Gustavus, seconded by the irresistible fury of his troops, triumphed over the rage of Piccolomini and all the efforts of Wallenstein, who, suffering from the gout, and wounded by a ball in the thigh, yet, borne about in a litter, traversed the field with the utmost activity. All, however, was in vain; the Imperial army fled in disorder, and the Swedes remained masters of the field. Wallenstein, enraged at this defeat, instituted a rigid inquiry into the conduct of his officers after the battle, and avenged himself for his disgrace by putting eighteen of them to death.

But the death of the King of Sweden was itself a great victory for Austria and the League; and all Germany now looked to see how Wallenstein would profit by the fall of his great foe and the consternation his loss had struck in the Protestant party. The general astonishment was extreme when, having reinforced his army,

he marched into Silesia. The enemy overran the banks of the Rhine and Suabia, and menaced Bavaria. The Emperor besought him to succor the exposed territories; but Wallenstein remained doggedly inactive, and if the testimony of those unfriendly to him is to be relied on, commenced negotiations with Sweden, Saxony, and Brandenburg, for securing to himself the crown of Bohemia as the price of a peace; and offering, in case the Emperor should refuse his acquiescence, to march upon Vienna and compel consent at the sword's point. These charges have probably very little truth in them: all that is certain about them is, that they were very unanimously made; but it should be borne in mind that Wallenstein's despotic haughtiness had created him a host of enemies among the German princes who were continually looking for opportunities to destroy him, and were not idle in inventing them. His inaction when called upon to defend Bavaria is easily accounted for, by the resentment he felt against Maximilian as the most persevering and ungrateful of his personal enemies—a consideration which goes far toward solving the mystery of his conduct at this period.

After remaining idle some time, Wallenstein moved his army towards Lusace. The Saxon general, believing that Saxony was threatened, separated his force from the Swedes, and flew to the defense of his country. Wallenstein immediately retraced his steps, attacked the Swedes on a sudden near Steinau on the Oder, October, 1633, and forced the Count de Thurn to surrender at discretion with a body of six thousand men. He at once dismissed the Count about his business; and when the Court of Vienna expressed indignation at this release of their ancient enemy—"What would they have me do with such a fool as that?" he said, "he will be of more value to us in the Swedish camp than anywhere else." This signal success was followed by the capture of several towns in Silesia, and the taking of Landsberg—an exploit that threatened the integrity of Lower Saxony.

Meanwhile, Bernard de Wiemar, master of Ratisbon, pushed his victorious march beyond the Iser. Wallenstein was preparing at length to go to the aid of Bavaria, when Bernard, stopped by the ice of the Inn, returned to the upper Palatinate—a demonstration which altered Wallenstein's

intention, who now reentered Bohemia, where he took up his winter quarters. The Emperor, annoyed by this step, so fatal to a country already exhausted, and alarmed by the establishment of the Swedes in Bavaria, pressed Wallenstein to march against them. So far from obeying this injunction, Wallenstein ordered General Suys, who was already approaching Passau, to stop on this side the Ems, and forbade him, under pain of death, to obey the orders of the Emperor. For himself, he remained in Bohemia, crushing the inhabitants, not only by the support of his troops, but by most exorbitant exactions, and insulting their misery by the indulgence of his unbridled personal luxury. More than a thousand servants, and as many horses attached to his private use, were entertained at the expense of the Bohemian state. Ferdinand, incensed at the scant respect paid to his sovereign will, reiterated his orders to Suys, and commanded Wallenstein to send six thousand of his men to the Cardinal Infante of Spain, who had returned from Italy to the Low Countries. Wallenstein interpreted this order as an avowed determination to diminish his influence; and now it is highly probable that for the first time he began to put in execution a plan of defection, which may or may not have been revolving in his mind for years. He had chosen Piccolomini for a bosom friend, from the absurd reason that this man was born under the same constellation as himself, and he hesitated not to impart to him his treasonable design. Piccolomini listened to the detail of his plan, and after seeking in vain to turn him from his purpose, embraced the whole of the propositions made to him, promised everything, and immediately hastened to communicate all to the Emperor.

Wallenstein convoked his generals at Pilsau for a council of war, and under the pretext of treating of peace, invited the Saxon and Swedish commissioners. The meeting took place in January, 1634. Three important objects were submitted to its deliberation: the Emperor's demand that Wallenstein should abandon his quarters in Bohemia—that he should attack Ratisbon—and, finally, that he should detach six thousand men from his army. The assembled generals declared unanimously that these measures were impracticable. Then Illo, one of the confidants of Wallenstein, having first dwelt with much

vehemence on the perfidy and ingratitude of the Court of Vienna towards a man to whom they owed the salvation of the monarchy, declared that the intention of Wallenstein was to throw up the command. These words produced a most extraordinary sensation. Four generals were deputed to wait on Wallenstein, to implore him to renounce so fatal a resolution. He yielded to their entreaties, but required at the same time an engagement from them to remain faithful to him. To this they all agreed, and a writing was drawn up and read to them at a banquet, to which Illo invited them. This general did his best to ply his guests with liquor; and when they were well heated with wine, proposed that they should all sign the document they had head read. Illo, after reading the document, had contrived surreptitiously to change it for another, in which the important words, "so long as he shall remain in the service of his majesty, and shall employ them in the same service," were omitted. Some of the chiefs, remarking the omission, refused to sign, and others equivocatingly signed in an illegible manner; but Wallenstein having on the following day represented to them his services and the injuries received from the Court of Vienna, the machinations of his numerous enemies, and the perils of his position, they all consented to sign afresh the document as he desired. This treasonable act, the proofs of which appear to be too manifold and forcible to be explained away, was the beginning of the end of Wallenstein's extraordinary career—a career in which we see overweening pride trampling ruthlessly and remorselessly on all the interests which the human heart holds dear.

CHAPTER III.

THE spies by whom Wallenstein was surrounded reported day by day the whole of his proceedings to the Emperor, who dispatched persons on whom he could rely, to fathom, if possible, the purposes of the rebellious general. Wallenstein, probably aware of the impossibility of keeping his designs much longer secret, sent in all haste for those of his generals who had been absent from the council, with the intention of obtaining from them an assurance of their adherence to him, or, in default of that, of seizing their persons.

But already rumors of his doings had reached them, and put them upon their guard. Altringer feigned sickness as an excuse for not coming. Gallas came, but it was in the capacity of a spy of the Emperor, who at this time issued secret instructions to his principal officers to seize the persons of the Duke of Friedland and his associates, Illo and Terzky, and to keep them imprisoned closely, in readiness for judgment; but if that could not be done, to take them at all events, dead or alive. At the same time Gallas received a patent commission, releasing the army from obedience to the traitor, appointing himself successor to the command, and granting a general amnesty to all, save the persons named, for offenses committed against the imperial majesty at Pilsen.

Gallas saw that it was impossible to execute his commission under the eyes of the Duke, who had been so long the object of general veneration, and he was especially anxious to consult with Altringer. He proposed to Wallenstein to go in search of the latter, and bring him to Pilsen. Wallenstein lent his own equipage for the journey, and Gallas set out, but did not return; and, instead of bringing Altringer to Pilsen, he sent him to the Emperor with further information. As Gallas delayed his return, Piccolomini begged to be sent after him, and again Wallenstein, suspecting nothing, was the dupe of his betrayers. At a safe distance from Pilsen and Wallenstein, Gallas announced himself to the different imperial armies as the commander-in-chief, from whom they were in future to receive orders, and denounced the Duke as a traitor.

At last Wallenstein's eyes were opened, and he woke in consternation at the baseness of those whom he had enriched and trusted—a baseness and treachery of which he had first set the example; yet he still had faith in the fidelity of his army, and in the auspicious fortune promised his deluded mind by the stars. He appeared accordingly to advance rapidly on Prague, where he intended to throw off the mask and declare war against the Emperor, and where Duke Bernard was to join and support him with the Swedish troops. But he had already delayed too long. While waiting intelligence from Prague, he suddenly received news of the loss of that town, the defection of his generals, the desertion of his troops, the discovery of his plans, and the advance of an imperial force

under a leader sworn to his destruction. Still he did not despair, though betrayed by all on whom he depended. The extremity to which he was reduced was now, both to Swedes and Saxons, a guarantee of the sincerity of his purpose, and they hastened to afford him their protection. Saxony offered him four thousand men, and Duke Bernard agreed to meet him on the frontier of the kingdom with six thousand chosen troops. He left Pilsen with Terzky's regiment, and hastened to Egra, in order to facilitate his junction with Duke Bernard. During his flight he occupied himself with a gigantic scheme for dethroning the Emperor, and on his arrival there was thunderstruck with the news that he was himself proclaimed a public enemy and a traitor.

At Egra, Wallenstein pushed on his negotiations with the enemy, unaware that the dagger which should slay him was already unsheathed. Among his officers was one Leslie, a Scotchman, who had risen by his bounty, and in whose gratitude he confided. This man, who was ready to betray his benefactor and earn the price of blood, disclosed to Colonel Buttler and Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, who commanded in the town, the treasonable purposes of the Duke, which had been confided to him during the journey. These men, pledged to the allegiance of the Emperor, deliberated how they should deal with the bold and powerful rebel, whom a retributive Providence seemed to have delivered into their hands. They came to the resolution of capturing the Duke, and delivering him alive to the pleasure of the Emperor; but they held their peace, and with the outward show of devotion to their victim, waited for a favorable opportunity.

Wallenstein was now fully alive to the perils of his position, and to the absolute necessity he was under of trusting unreservedly to the faith and honor of the Emperor's enemies. He unburthened before Leslie all the anguish of his mind, and in the violence of his agitation imparted to him his last remaining secret. He informed him that it was his intention to deliver up Egra and Ellenbogen, the passes of the kingdom, to the Saxons, and at the same time apprise him of the expected approach of Duke Bernard, of whose arrival he hoped to have tidings that very night. Leslie immediately communicated these particulars to the conspirators, who

at once changed their plan. There was not time for the proceedings they had contemplated: in a few hours the place might be in the hands of the enemy, and their prisoner at liberty. To make all sure, therefore, they resolved upon the extreme measure of assassinating both him and his associates.

The next day Colonel Buttler invited Wallenstein, with his friends Illo, Terzky, William Kinsky, and Captain Neumann to an entertainment in the castle of Egra. All the guests came, with the exception of Wallenstein, who, being too anxious to enjoy company, excused himself. They gave themselves up to the pleasures of the table, and drank the health of Wallenstein as a sovereign prince, in bumpers of wine, and talked magniloquently of his impending greatness. When the dessert was brought in, Leslie gave the signal to raise the drawbridges, and in a moment the room was filled with armed men. With a presentiment of their fate, the guests sprang from the table. Kinsky and Terzky were killed on the spot before they could draw their weapons. Neumann escaped into the court, where he was instantly cut down. Illo drew his sword, and, placing his back against a window, fought bravely, killing two of his assassins ere he fell to the ground, pierced with ten wounds.

When this sanguinary work was done, Leslie ran into the town to prevent a tumult. He related to the town-guard the details of Wallenstein's conspiracy, the measures already carried out for defeating it, the fate of the conspirators, and that which awaited Wallenstein himself. He found these troops loyal to the Emperor; and he sent a reinforcement from the castle to patrol the streets, to guard every avenue to Wallenstein's house, and to overawe the small number of his partisans in the town.

Before proceeding to consummate their terrible exploit, the conspirators deliberated on the alternative of killing their victim, or making him prisoner. Though reeking with the blood of his only friends, they shuddered at the thought of slaying so illustrious a man; on the other hand, the sense of immediate danger and total ruin to themselves in case of the arrival of either Saxons or Swedes, showed them that in the death of Wallenstein lay their only chance of safety. They therefore hesitated no longer, but issued orders to

Captain Deveroux, an Irishman, who had undertaken the assassin's task, to act decisively and at once.

During the banquet and the murderous scenes that followed, Wallenstein had been engaged, with his astrologer Seni, in consulting the stars, and drawing from their present aspect in the heavens omens of future prosperity. Seni, who could not be unaware of the fallen fortunes of his master, had warned him of impending danger; but Wallenstein, who would, if possible, bend even the heavens to his will, persisted in regarding the adverse omens as indicative of success. He had dismissed the astrologer, and gone to bed and to sleep, when Deveroux, with six halberdiers, entered the house. A servant, who met them on the stairs and attempted to raise an alarm, was run through the body. Another, whom they encountered at the door of Wallenstein's chamber, put his finger to his lips, to warn them to make no noise, as his master was asleep. "Friend," cried Deveroux, "it is time to awake him;" and, rushing against the door, burst it open.

But Wallenstein was already awake. The despairing shrieks of the Countesses Kinsky and Terzky, who had learned the violent fate of their husbands, had aroused him from his first sleep; he had leaped from his bed and gone to the window to ascertain the cause of the dreadful cries, when Deveroux and his band of murderers suddenly stood before him. Amazed at their insolent presumption, Wallenstein, standing in his shirt, gazed at them in silence. "Art thou the villain," cried Deveroux, "who designs to deliver up the Emperor's troops to the enemy, and to pluck the crown from the head of his majesty? Now thou must die!" He waited a moment as if for an answer; but Wallenstein deigned him not a word: throwing wide his arms, he received the deadly weapons in his breast, and fell to the ground—lifeless.

The death of Wallenstein occurred in his fifty-second year. The Emperor Ferdinand, whose monarchy he had twice saved, and who had issued the secret order for his assassination or capture, while openly corresponding with him on friendly terms, hypocritically affected profound sorrow for his death, and ordered three thousand masses to be said for the repose of his soul. He did not neglect, however, to reward the murderers for

their unscrupulous devotion to his will, nor hesitate to enrich them from the vast treasures of his slain benefactor. In the Emperor's justification, it has been asserted, that he did not intend to kill Wallenstein, but only to depose him and drive him from Bohemia; but this assertion is clearly disproved by documents afterward discovered, and published by Förster in the third volume of "Wallenstein's Letters."

On the news of Wallenstein's death, the army in Prague broke out into a terrible mutiny. His German partisans loudly maintained that he was no traitor, but that he had perished by the intrigues of the Jesuits, whom his contempt of their order had mortally offended. Duels were fought almost hourly between the Italian and German officers on this quarrel; and at length it grew to such a pitch that whole battalions of German and Italian regiments fought each other on the question of Wallenstein's guilt or innocence. The mutiny threatened the total disruption of the imperial forces, and was only quelled at last by the exercise of ruthless severity toward the obstinate, and a largess, equivalent to three months' pay, to the rest of the army.

The person of Wallenstein has been thus described: "A tall, thin, proud figure, with fallow countenance and sternest features; a lofty, commanding forehead, with short, bristling black hair; small, black, fiery, and piercing eyes; dark, mistrustful looks; his chin and lips covered with a pointed beard and thick mustachios, the ends of which stood stiffly out; such was the man, as we may still see him in his portraits. His usual dress consisted of a buff jerkin and a white doublet, scarlet mantle and hose, a broad Spanish ruff, boots of Cordova leather, lined with fur on account of his gout; on his hat he wore, like Tilly, a long waving red plume."

His character may be best gathered from his acts. In estimating it, however, we are bound to take into account the circumstances of his time—a time of civil war and political intrigue, and a time when humanity had fled from the counsels of men, and the influence of moral principle is nowhere to be recognized in their deeds. As a military leader, he possessed in great perfection the skill of governing the most savage spirits, and of moving large masses of men. Many of his contemporaries surpassed him in tactics in the field and in

the splendor of their deeds of arms. Tilly, Gustavus Adolphus, and even Bernard de Weimar, excelled him as conquerors; but neither of them equaled him in the art of drawing multitudes to his standard. Twice did the magic of his name improvise an immense army; and twice he had the fate of Germany, perhaps of Europe, in his hands. We are not to attribute the success of these great levies to the fame of Wallenstein's arms: when he raised the first great army he had done nothing extraordinary; and the remembrance of his signal defeat at Stralsund must have been fresh in all minds when he raised the second. It was not by victory that he fascinated the wild spirits he drew around him, but by the license he permitted. He made his officers the guests of his own table, where they feasted luxuriously. He winked at the excesses of the soldiers, so long as strict discipline was observed in actual service. His camp was ever joyous and gay; he allowed crowds of camp-followers, but no chaplain. He enlisted all that came—robbers, bandits, free-booters, of whatever nation, and promoted the most able, so that every private soldier had the highest rank open before him; and he rewarded every act of bravery with princely munificence. On the other hand, his severity was almost fiendish. Cowardice he punished inexorably with death. At the smallest breach of discipline, he would dispose of the offender with the brief order, "Let the brute be hanged." Men, in his hands, were the mere tools with which he worked. When Gustavus once made a proposition to him to give quarter, he sent back for answer: "The troops may either fight or rot." He did not care to be gazed at by his soldiers, and they were directed, when he walked between their tents or through their ranks, not to appear to take any notice of him. "The men were struck with a strange awe when Wallenstein's tall, thin figure glided along like a ghost; there was about all his being something solemn, mysterious, and unearthly. The soldiers were fully convinced that their general had a bond with the powers of darkness; that he read the future in the stars; that he could not bear to hear the barking of the dog, nor the crowing of the cock; that he was proof against bullet as well as against cut and stab; and, above all, that he had charmed Fortune to stand by his colors!"

To test the obedience of his troops, he

would sometimes issue the most absurd and capricious orders. Schiller relates that he once ordered that none but red sashes should be worn in the army, under penalty of death. A captain of horse no sooner heard the decree than he tore off his gold-embroidered sash and trod it under foot! and Wallenstein, on the spot, promoted him to the rank of Colonel. On another occasion, he published sentence of death against all who should be caught pillaging; and himself meeting a straggler in the open country, had him seized, and thundered out, "Hang the brute," according to his custom. The soldier pleaded, and proved his innocence. "Hang, then, innocent," cried Wallenstein; "the guilty will have all the more reason to tremble." The man, driven desperate, flew at his judge to avenge himself, but was overpowered and disarmed. "Now let him go," said the Duke; "it will excite sufficient terror."

Wallenstein owed his ruin to his unbridled ambition and his unbounded arrogance, and presents a signal example of the working of that irrevocable law, enunciated in the Word of God, and illustrated so frequently in the history of mankind, that "pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." It was this latter quality which offended, because it wounded his most intimate associates, and transformed those whom he had raised by his favor and enriched by his bounty into secret enemies and betrayers. It is said that Gustavus believed him mad, and was not alone in his belief. Those who entertained this opinion seem to have grounded it upon those periods of inaction and indecision in Wallenstein's career, by which he appeared to throw away the best opportunities offered him by the vicissitudes of the war; while others see a stronger reason for the imputation in the fact that, at a period when the fallacy of the pretensions and pursuits of astrologers had been made manifest to all reasoning minds, he should have squandered so much time and money in the prosecution of that study, and given credence to its absurd prognostications.

We have already stated, with respect to the charges brought by his adversaries against Wallenstein, of treachery to the Emperor, that we see no grounds for believing them true up to the period when, at the earnest solicitations of Ferdinand, he raised the second powerful army, and as-

sumed the command. We even go yet further, and submit that it would be difficult to produce satisfactory evidence of treason on his part previous to the convoking of the generals at Pilsen. It is our conviction that, up to the hour of that meeting, although he may have meditated defection, he had come to no resolution, much less taken any active measures, to carry it out. Wallenstein knew, by the command which he had received to evacuate Bohemia, and to weaken his forces by sending off six thousand men to a distance so great as to prevent their recall, that he had lost the favor of the Emperor, who took these means of diminishing his influence and authority. He saw in this an evidence that the machinations of his implacable enemy, Maximilian of Bavaria, and the stealthy hostility of the Jesuits, had prevailed with Ferdinand against him; and that the latter, while professedly favorable and friendly, had decreed and was working his overthrow. This was the conviction that rankled in Wallenstein's breast, and made of him a rebel. At Pilsen, the ostensible adherence of the generals to his interests hastened the formation and development of his plans, which were defeated by his trust in them, and their precipitate treason to their benefactor. Wallenstein fell, not because he designed treason against the Emperor, but because the Emperor was first a traitor to his engagements, both public and private, with himself. He saw Ferdinand, under the mask of friendship, striking at his authority and reputation; his self-love revolted at the spectacle, and his pride and arrogance goaded him to a fatal revenge.

This appears to us the natural solution of the long-voxed question, about which it is probable nothing decisive will ever be known. By the friends of Wallenstein's fame it is argued that no documents have ever been discovered which show him to have been guilty of the treason laid to his charge. To which it may be replied, that the treasonable plans being recently

formed, it was not likely that there should ever have been many such documents in existence; and further, that it is shown on evidence perfectly reliable that, on the night previous to that of his death, Wallenstein destroyed at Egra six hundred letters and documents, the contents of which were known only to himself; and again, that immediately after his death the Countesses Terzky and Kinsky destroyed by fire the whole of the papers of their murdered husbands, Wallenstein's most confidential associates. Notwithstanding the absence of all documentary proof, to our thinking the guilt of Wallenstein, from the moment of his reception of the Emperor's command to divide his forces and quit Bohemia, is morally proved in a manner the most incontestible. How else are we to explain the desertion of his generals, who profited more by his favor than they were ever likely to do by the Emperor's, who were all chosen by himself, and owed their prosperity to him? and how else is it possible to account for the march of the Duke of Lauenburg and Bernard de Weimar toward Egra, which was to have been treasonably delivered up to them, and where the former fell, and the latter narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the Imperialists?

The defection of Wallenstein, however, does not excuse or palliate the double-dealing and base falsehood of Ferdinand, which brought it about. That he should decree, without even the form of a trial, the death of a man who had saved his empire from ruin, and to whose welfare he was pledged by solemn compact, is a plot so foul as to be almost without a parallel in the records of any other reigning family. The crimes and treacheries of individuals and dynasties seldom end with their perpetrators; they bear fruit, according to God's irreversible laws, from generation to generation; and in the prostrate and insecure condition of the Austrian dominions, the thoughtful mind will recognize evidences of the retributive hand of a righteous Providence.

From the Leisure Hour.

CELESTIAL FIREWORKS.

It was a brilliant and an imposing spectacle—the flight of ten thousand rockets, from the summit of Primrose Hill, at the recent celebration of the Peace. Up they went, not one by one, or score after score, but in a monster burst—flaring, hissing, and vaulting, then curling and winding aloft like so many fiery flying serpents, till they finally dissolved in a shower of stars, most dazzling to the fifty thousand pair of upturned eyes that followed their course. The display, duly advertised before hand, fully answered to expectation, but did not much exceed it. Though admiration was excited, there was little surprise, except among the juveniles. Much less was the mind of the multitude stirred with those feelings of awe bordering on apprehension, which are usually roused when the impression to the eye is so occult as to defy intelligence to apprehend its cause—a splendid but mysterious apparition. The whole was of the earth, earthy. It was known to be of man's device, and of no difficult manipulation, while only gorgeous, or even visible, within a very limited range. At a comparatively short distance from the scene of action, the lofty seemed low, the beautiful was obscure, and the imposing became insignificant. It dwindled down to the likeness of a few squibs, fired by some frolicsome urchins escaped from school, till, a little farther off, the horizon showed nothing in the direction but the ordinary darkness of night. Far otherwise is it with the fireworks which Nature occasionally exhibits. We allude not to the glare of the volcano, the flash of the lightning, or the coruscations of the northern lights, but to brilliant appearances of a more recondite description—more remote, too, from terrestrial connections, most frequently and magnificently seen in tropical localities, sometimes visible over thousands of square miles of the earth's surface, and through a vast linear extent of celestial space, occurring both as isolated drops of light, and forming copious luminous showers. St. John might have

had the phenomenon before him on its grandest scale when he indited the passage referring to the opening of the sixth seal: "And the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind."

It is very common, when the curtains of the night are drawn, and clouds are absent from the star-decked sky, or only blot it in patches, for a line of light in the concave to arrest the eye, as though a fiery arrow had been shot from an invisible bow in space, or a star had fallen from its sphere into an extinguishing gulf. Hence the familiar names of shooting and falling stars applied to such apparitions. In certain situations—as when away from the din of towns, on shipboard, in the still valley, or on the solitary moor—the appearance is not a little impressive; and, being not more striking than well known in all climes and countries, it has been consecrated in the records of inspiration as an image of the complete and rapid overthrow of principalities and powers, "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!" "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven." Often as the sight has been witnessed, it seldom fails to arrest attention, whether contemplated by rustic ignorance or cultivated science, and to fix thought upon the inquiry, for the moment, "What can it be?" In the oldest literature we meet with allusions to these swift and evanescent luminosities. Homer compares the hasty flight of Minerva from the peaks of Olympus, to break the truce between the Greeks and Trojans, to the rapidity of a radiant overhead streamer. Virgil makes it a kind of telegraph between Jupiter and poor old Anchises; and mentions the phenomenon, when frequent, as a prognostic of stormy weather:

"And oft, before tempestuous winds arise,
The seeming stars fall headlong from the skies.
And, shooting through the darkness, gild the night
With sweeping glories and long trains of light."

Modern observations show that these and other objects of the same class—the shooting-stars, falling-stars, fire-balls, and thunderbolts of the vulgar—the meteors, meteorites, aërolites, bolides, eolides, and uranolites of the scientific—are to a moral certainty identical in their nature and origin, though differing in their exhibitions. The leading circumstances under which they appear may be stated.

1. Shooting stars, meteors, or whatever else we may call them, vary in their *form*, *magnitude*, and *brightness*. Some consist of phosphoric lines, apparently described by a point; and these are the most numerous class. In others, the globular shape is occasionally very conspicuous, answering to a ball of fire, usually followed by a train of intensely white light; but this is sometimes tinged with various prismatic colors of great beauty. A third variety present no uniform aspect, remain stationary in the heavens, and are visible for a considerable time. Estimates of the diameters of the globular class give measurements of 500 feet, 1000 feet, and 2000 feet. Some are not more conspicuous than small stars to the naked eye, while others are more resplendent than the brightest of the planets, and throw a very perceptible illumination upon the path of the traveler.

5. The luminous objects differ likewise in their *height*, *velocity* and *duration*. A series of observations was carefully conducted by Brandes, with coadjutors at Breslau and the neighborhood, between April and October, 1823, when, out of a great number, ninety-eight were observed simultaneously at different stations. Of these, at the time of extinction, the computed altitudes were :

4	under	15 miles.
15	from 15 to	30 "
22	" 30 "	45 "
33	" 45 "	70 "
13	" 70 "	90 "
6	above	90 "
5	from 140 to	460 "
98		

The greatest velocity was thirty-six miles a second, or double that of the earth in its orbit; but a rate vastly greater has been registered, equal to eleven times that of the earth, and to seven and a half times of Mercury, the fastest galloper of the planets; and much greater altitudes are on record. Commonly the time of visibility

involves only a few seconds; but the luminous trains of the globular class have been seen from several minutes to half an hour after the disappearance of the brilliant balls, while examples of the stationary amorphous kind have remained in sight much longer.

3. Their *direction* is in general more or less oblique, but sometimes it seems horizontal; and the extraordinary fact is mentioned in one instance of a shooting-star moving away from the earth, or upward, as if caught in the act of deserting celestial space, and dragged back into its depths by an attraction superior to terrestrial gravitation. It is usually the case that these objects move from north-east to south-west, which is contrary to the direction of the earth in its orbit. This seems to have an important bearing upon their physical history.

4. While limited to no particular part of the earth, state of the weather, or season of the year, they are most numerous seen in tropical localities, under tranquil conditions of the atmosphere, toward the close of summer and the commencement of autumn, especially about the middle of August and November. The displays have been gorgeous and terrific, as seen in America, when at the same time nothing remarkable has been observed in European skies; while, contemporaneously, on other occasions, the revelation has been splendid in the atmosphere of opposite hemispheres. In 1837, a vast number appeared in Europe; and on the same day, on the other side of the globe, they were witnessed from the French ship "Bonite."

5. Commonly the sight is the only sense addressed. "There is no speech nor language—their voice is not heard." But occasionally hissing noises and loud detonations have been distinctly audible, owing doubtless to greater contiguity. Windows and doors have rattled, and even buildings have trembled at the violence of the explosions. The meteor which passed over Italy, in 1676, disappeared to seaward in the direction of Corsica, with a report which was heard at Leghorn. A similar visitor, witnessed all over England in 1718, passed from north-east to south-west, and the sound of an explosion was heard through Devon and Cornwall, and along the opposite coast of Brittany. This was a very brilliant object. Sir Hans Sloane, being abroad in the streets of

London at the time of its appearance—a quarter past eight at night—found his path suddenly and intensely illumined. He at first thought it proceeded from a discharge of rockets; but looking up, he saw an orb of fire traveling with immense velocity aloft, so vividly bright that several times he was compelled to turn away his eyes from it. The stars disappeared; the moon—nine days old, and high, near the meridian, the sky being very clear—was so effaced as to be scarcely visible.

6. On the same night, the appearance of falling-stars is ordinarily limited to two or three examples, and weeks may pass away without a single one being observed; but at times the number is prodigious, as if the whole celestial host had been loosened from the concave to rush in lawless flight toward the earth, resembling a perfect shower of fiery snow. Medieval chronicles contain records of such events, once considered as marvels invented by the chroniclers, but now admitted to the class of facts, since modern experience is familiar with precisely similar displays. Some of these relations are worthy of notice.

Arabian annalists state that on the night of the death of King Ibrahim ben Ahmed, referring to the month of October, in the year 902 of our era, an infinite number of falling stars were seen spreading themselves like rain over the heavens from right to left; and this year was afterwards called "the year of stars." In some annals of Cairo, it is related that "in this year, (1020 of our era,) in the month Redjeb, (August,) many stars passed, with a great noise and brilliant light." In another place the document states that "in the year 599, on Saturday night, in the last Moharrem, (1202 of our era, and on the 19th of October,) the stars appeared like waves upon the sky, toward the east and west; they flew about like grasshoppers, and were dispersed from left to right; the people were terror-struck." Mohammed, in a chapter of the Koran, alludes to the falling stars as the visible flame which the angels, guarding the constellations, hurl at the evil spirits who come too near. Hence a modern poet makes his Peri fly through space—

"Rapidly as comets run
To th' embraces of the sun;
Fleeter than the starry brands
Flung at night from angel hands
At those dark and daring sprites
Who would climb th' empyreal heights."

On the night of April 25, 1095, both in France and England, the stars were seen "falling like a shower of rain from heaven upon the earth." The Chronicle of Rheims describes them as driven like dust before the wind; and great commotions in Christendom were foreboded in consequence by the members of the Council of Clermont. By the common people in England, the event was deemed ominous to the king, William Rufus, "that God was not content with his lyvving; but he was so wilful and proude of minde, that he regarded little their saying."

To come down to modern times. The last century was drawing to a close, when a grand meteoric shower was seen over a very considerable portion of the area of the globe. It became conspicuous toward midnight on the 12th of November, 1799, and rapidly waxed terrible, continuing for several hours. To the Moravian missionaries in Greenland, who witnessed the scene, the contrast was of the strangest description—a landscape of unvarying ice and snow around them, and the semblance of the heavens on fire above; for glowing points and masses, thick as hail, filled the firmament, as if some vast magazine of combustible materials had exploded in the far off depths of space. Humboldt and Bonpland observed the spectacle on the coast of Mexico. The former remarks:—"Thousands of bolides and falling-stars succeeded each other during four hours. Their direction was very regular from north to south. From the beginning of the phenomenon there was not a space in the firmament equal in extent to three diameters of the moon which was not filled every instant with them. All the meteors left luminous traces or phosphorescent bands behind them, which lasted seven or eight seconds." Mr. Ellicott, at sea, off Cape Florida, was another spectator. "I was called up," he states, "about three o'clock in the morning to see the shooting-stars, as they are called. The phenomenon was grand and awful. The whole heavens appeared as if illuminated with sky-rockets, which disappeared only by the light of the sun toward daybreak. The meteors, which at any one instant of time appeared as numerous as the stars, flew in all possible directions, except from the earth, toward which they all inclined, more or less; and some of them descended perpendicularly over the vessel we were in, so that I was in constant expectation of

their falling on us." The same appearances were seen on the same night by the Capuchin missionary at San Fernando, a village in the Llanos of Venezuela; by the Franciscan monks stationed near the cataracts of the Orinoco; at Marca, on the banks of the Rio Negro; at Quito, Cumana, and Santa Fe de Bogota; in French Guiana and Western Brazil; at Nain and Hoffenthal, in Labrador; and even at Weimar, Halle, and Carlsruhe, in Germany, shooting-stars were very numerous. The area of visibility embraced 64° of latitude, and 94° of longitude.

Passing by several meteoric showers, more or less remarkable, we come to the most stupendous hitherto witnessed—that of the 13th of November, 1833; which, being the third in successive years, all occurring in the same month, and on the same day of the month, seemed to intimate periodicity, and originated the title of the November meteors. The night of the 12th was singularly fine. Not a cloud obscured the sky. Toward midnight the spectacle commenced, and was at its height between four and six o'clock in the morning. It was seen all over the United States, from the Canadian lakes to the West Indies, and from about longitude 61° in the Atlantic Ocean, to that of 100° in the center of Mexico. It included the three classes of forms previously mentioned—phosphoric lines, large fire-balls, and luminous bodies of irregular shape. One of the latter, observed in the state of Ohio, resembled a brilliant pruning-hook, apparently about twenty feet long by eighteen inches broad. It was distinctly visible in the north-east more than an hour, and gradually declined toward the horizon till it disappeared. Another, of tabular contour, appeared near the zenith, over the Falls of Niagara, and remained stationary for a considerable time, emitting large streams of light. The roar of the cataract, the wild dash and incessant plunging of the waters below it, with the fiery storm overhead, combined to form a scene of unequalled sublimity. Some persons died of fright. Many thought that the Last Great Day had come. In the slave States, the terror of the negroes was extreme. "I was suddenly awakened," says a planter in South-Carolina, "by the most distressing cries that ever fell on my ears. Shrieks of horror and cries for mercy I could hear from most of the negroes of three plantations, amounting to from six to eight

hundred. While listening for the cause, I heard a faint voice near the door calling my name. I arose, and, taking my sword, stood at the door. At this moment I heard the same voice still beseeching me to rise, and saying, "Oh! master! the world is on fire!" I then opened the door, and it is difficult to say which excited me most, the awfulness of the scene, or the distressed shrieks of the negroes. Upward of one hundred lay prostrate on the ground—some speechless, and some with the bitterest cries, but most with their hands raised, imploring God to save the world and them. The scene was truly awful; for never did rain fall much thicker than the meteors fell toward the earth. East, west, north, and south, it was the same." An observer at Boston compared them, when at the maximum, to half the number of flakes seen in the air during an ordinary snow-storm. When they became less dense, so as to admit of being individualized, he counted 650 in fifteen minutes, in a vertical zone which did not include a tenth part of the visible horizon; and this number, in his opinion, was not more than two thirds of the whole. Thus there would be 866 in his circumscribed zone, which gives 8660 for the entire hemisphere every quarter of an hour, or 34,640 per hour; and as the phenomenon continued seven hours, the grand total of falling stars and meteors visible at Boston on this memorable night exceeded 240,000. The spectacle must indeed have been of the sublimest order, and we can not wonder at the simple, unlettered negroes having experienced sensations of terror. The Creator of these stupendous phenomena, though overflowing with love, is also the Moral Governor of his universe; and on such occasions as these the inquiry will force itself upon the mind, whether it is in a state of reconciliation with him—whether its sins have been forgiven—whether, in short, it is prepared to meet its God?

Some leading features of this magnificent spectacle, as noted by intelligent eye-witnesses, may be concisely stated. *Firstly*, The meteors had their origin beyond the limits of our atmosphere. They all, without a single exception, moved in lines which converged in one and the same point of the heavens, as indicated by the diagram. But their course commenced at different distances from it, while around the point itself there was a circular space

of several degrees in which none appeared. The position of this radiating point, with reference to the stars, was near γ in the constellation Leo. It was stationary among the stars during the whole period of observation, or, in other words, instead of accompanying the earth in its diurnal rotation eastward, it attended the stars in their apparent movement westward. Thus the common focus from which the meteors seemed to emanate was clearly in the regions of space exterior to our atmosphere. *Secondly*, The height of the place whence they proceeded, though not accurately determined, must have been several thousand miles above the surface of the earth. This was inferred from observations of parallax. *Thirdly*, The meteors did not fall by the force of gravity alone, for the velocity observed was estimated to be much greater than could possibly result from the law of gravitation. *Fourthly*, They consisted of combustible matter; took fire, and were consumed, in traversing the atmosphere. They were not luminous in their original situations in space, otherwise the body would have been seen from which they emanated. Combustion ensued upon reaching the atmosphere, owing to the heat evolved by the sudden and powerful compression of the air consequent on their tremendous velocity; and the combustion

was complete, since no particles, notwithstanding the momentum, made their way to the surface of the earth. *Fifthly*, Some of the meteors were evidently bodies of considerable size. Several fireballs were observed apparently as large as the full moon. Dr. Smith of North-Carolina, who was traveling all night on professional business, thus describes one: "In size it appeared somewhat larger than the full moon rising. I was startled by the splendid light in which the surrounding scene was exhibited, rendering even small objects quite visible; but I heard no noise, although every sense seemed to be suddenly aroused, in sympathy with the violent impression on the sight." *Sixthly*, The large meteors were still high in the atmosphere when they exploded, or resolved themselves into smoke; for evidently the same objects were observed from far distant points, and while the explosions were seen, no report of any kind reached the ear.

While the eye was alone appealed to upon this occasion, the ear—as before remarked—has been addressed; and the sense of touch has taken cognizance of solid bodies which have fallen from surrounding space. But these "bits of stars," with the hypotheses proposed to explain the entire phenomena, must be reserved for future notice.

AMYLENE, A SUBSTITUTE FOR CHLOROFORM.—About fifteen years ago, a substance was discovered by M. Cahours, to which chemists gave the name of *amylene*. From that time till very lately it attracted but little notice; but toward the close of last year its properties as an anæsthetic agent were brought under the observation of medical men, and Messrs. Ferguson and Bowman, under the superintendence of Dr. Snow, put it to the test by performing a most painful operation upon a patient in King's College Hospital, London, while under its influence. Its va-

por is much less pungent than that of chloroform, although the patient breathes a larger quantity. It causes a perfect freedom from pain, although the patient retains a semi-consciousness throughout; and is advantageously distinguished from chloroform, in being unattended with sickness afterward. It is made by distilling fusil oil with chloride of zinc, and is composed of ten equivalents of carbon with ten equivalents of hydrogen; it is very light and volatile, being only two thirds the specific gravity of water, and boils at a temperature of 102° Fahrenheit.

From the Leisure Hour.

THE UPAS TREE OF FACT AND FICTION.

SOME time about the year 1775, a certain Dutch surgeon called Foersch, who had traveled much in Java, came back and wrote a book, in which he described some curious things he had seen. Unscrupulous travellers, in the time when Surgeon Foersch lived, could take greater license of description than now. Then, there were no railroads in Egypt or Hindostan. Bottles of soda-water were not then retailed to travelers in the desert. Fishes had never been frightened into fits by the paddles of dashing steamboats; and even the steam-engine itself was a clumsy sort of thing. Turks did not wear frock-coats, mermaids were reported plentiful, and the kraaken lifted his huge bulk out of the maelström.

To return to Mynheer Foersch, however. This gentleman, after traveling in Java, came back and published an account of the Upas Poison-valley of Java; so grave and circumstantial that, extraordinary as the testimony was, people did not hesitate to accept it. So many little details were given, that every statement made had the quality of *local coloring*, as an artist would say; and one could hardly refuse to believe it.

Foersch, after prefacing his tale respecting the upas with the remark, that although he had long heard of the extraordinary tree, still he could not believe in its existence, goes on to say that he had satisfied himself on that point, and that the reports of the natives respecting it were by no means overdrawn. He then proceeds to tell us all about it, the summary of which is as follows: Somewhere in the far recesses of Java there is, according to Foersch, a dreadful tree, the poisonous secretions of which are so virulent, that they not only kill by contact, but poison the air for several miles around, so that the greater number of those who approach the vegetable monster are killed. Nothing whatever, he tells us, can grow

within several miles of the upas tree, except some little trees of the same species. For a distance of about fifteen miles round about the spot, the ground is covered with the skeletons of birds, beasts, and human beings. Amongst other evidence which Foersch brings to bear collaterally upon the subject of the upas tree, as described by him, is the following: He mentions, that many hundred Javanese who once rebelled against the emperor, and were conquered by the imperial armies, rather than submit as prisoners of war, took refuge in the districts out-lying the upas tree, which latter, however, they did not approach nearer than fifteen miles; nevertheless, so poisoned was the air, that the greater number of the rebels in question died; the remainder, having humbly implored the emperor that they might be allowed to seek a healthier resting-place, had their prayer granted. Nevertheless, the fatal emanations of the upas tree had already done the work—very few of the pardoned rebels recovered.

According to Foersch, the poisonous juice of the upas tree was much employed, not only to envenom arrows, and as a means of criminal execution, but for the still more objectionable purpose of secret poisoning. The Dutch, according to Foersch, suffered during their wars with the Javanese to such an extent, by drinking water which had been tainted by upas poison, that they at last were in the habit of carrying live fish about with them in their campaigns, as tests of its presence. If the fish lived after immersion in the suspected water, all was well; if they died, of course the water was poisoned.

Foersch gives us a circumstantial account of an execution witnessed by him, of thirteen of the emperor's wives at one time, by means of a lancet smeared with the upas poison. These unhappy ladies having offended their lord and master, and being sentenced to die, fell victims

to the deadly plant a few seconds after each had been punctured with the poisoned lancet.

The reader will now, perhaps, be desirous to know how, according to Mynheer Foersch, the upas poison was obtained, seeing that the tree was so exclusive in its site, that no person might approach it nearer than some fifteen miles without the most imminent danger. It was obtained, he said, by criminals condemned to die. After sentence had been pronounced, they were asked to choose between immediate execution and the chance of saving their lives by procuring upas poison. They usually preferred the latter; for, though exceedingly dangerous, nevertheless the errand was not inevitably fatal. If, related Foersch, the wind happened to blow toward the tree during the journey, the criminal, if of strong constitution, usually saved his life; but not otherwise. According to our traveler, an old priest resided on the confines of the upas valley, whose sole office was to prepare the upas hunters for their duties, and administer religious consolation to them before they set out on their course. With this functionality, Foersch said he had a long conversation, during which many particulars about the wonderful tree were fully explained. The old priest is reported to have said, that, during a residence of thirty years in the upas neighborhood, he had dispatched no less than seven hundred upas gatherers; scarcely ten per cent of whom returned. On arriving at his house, each criminal was provided with a mask, or leather hood, and a small box, in which to contain the poison when collected. The criminals usually waited at the priest's dwelling until a favorable wind set in, under the protection of which they sped away on their fatal course, the old man accompanying them to a certain rivulet, the stream of which they were directed to follow until arriving at the tree. Foersch goes on to explain how desirous he was to obtain some portion of this marvellous tree as a relic; but after long waiting, and many entreaties, he could only procure two withered leaves.

Well, Mynheer Foersch, there would not be the slightest difficulty in procuring leaves of the upas tree now. They are figured in many books as leaves of the *Antiaris toxicaria*. The juice of the tree is so remarkably poisonous, that all which Foersch had related concerning the effects

of punctures with lancets poisoned by contact with it, is strictly consistent with what we know concerning the power of this class of poisons. Had the Dutch surgeon not told his readers that he was satisfied from personal experience concerning the existence of the upas tree, and that the accounts which he had heard respecting it were not overrated, there would be not much to be said against his statements; for Java contains upas trees, and their juice is remarkably poisonous. Java also contains a poison valley, the air of which is so impure, that any living being which finds its way there speedily falls a victim. The poison valley in question, however, is not poisonous because of the upas tree; its circumference is nearer half a mile than otherwise, and the extent of its influence over adjacent parts of Java may be readily inferred from the particulars I shall presently give.

Most people have heard of the celebrated Grotto del Cane, in the vicinity of Naples; a grotto so called because dogs are the animals usually selected to show by their suffering and death how dangerous it is. The Grotto del Cane may be entered by a grown-up human individual with impunity, because the poisonous gas, on which its energy depends, is so heavy that it does not rise sufficiently high to be breathed, though a dog's nose and mouth, being below the level of the poisonous emanation, the animal soon dies. The poison valley of Java is something like the Grotto del Cane on a gigantic scale. There is a difference, however, between the two as regards the kind of poisonous gas contained in each. That of the Grotto del Cane is carbonic acid gas—the same gas which is evolved from burning charcoal, from ginger-beer and soda-water, champagne, cider, and brewers' vats; but the poisonous air of the Java valley must contain, from the description we now have of it, other gases than the carbonic acid. Most probably the gas to which its energy is due is hydrosulphuric acid, or sulphuretted hydrogen; but the chemical reader shall judge for himself from the description of Mr. Alexander Loudon, who visited the pestilential spot in July, 1830. This gentleman was fortunate in being able to find natives ready to take him to the poison valley, which they hold in great dread. A previous traveler had a very faithful account of it by the natives, but could not find any person who would

show him its locality. Mr. Loudon heard for the first time of the poison valley, called by the natives "Gueva Upas," July 3, 1830, during a walk one morning with a native chief, who told him there was a valley only three miles from Batum, which no person could enter without forfeiting his life; and that the bottom of the place was covered with the skeletons of birds, and beasts, and human beings. Mr. Loudon having communicated this intelligence to some of the Dutch authorities, it was agreed that a party of exploration should be made up, and the poison valley should be visited. "I had heard," says Mr. Loudon: "that a lake existed on the summit of one of the mountains, and that it was dangerous to approach very near the banks of this lake; but of the poison valley I had never heard before: the accounts of it now were so very extraordinary that I did not believe them."

Early on the 4th of July, 1830, Mr. Loudon and his fellow excursionists set out on their exploration. The valley, as correctly stated by the natives, was only three miles from Batum. So far was there from being an absence of vegetation in its vicinity, as had been anticipated, that a Mr. Daendels—a gentleman in the Dutch service—ordered a path to be made through the dense brushwood, to facilitate the progress of the explorers. Mr. Loudon took with him two dogs and some fowls, as subjects of experiment. Arriving at the foot of the mountain, they left their horses, and scrambled up the mountain side, holding on for security by the branches of trees. The explorers were very much fatigued before they got up, the path being very steep and slippery. When within a few yards of the edge of the valley, a sickening, nauseous, suffocating smell was experienced; but no sooner did Mr. Loudon and his companions come close to the place, than the smell ceased. Mr. Loudon shall now speak a few words for himself: "We were lost in astonishment," he relates, "at the awful scene below us. The valley was an oval excavation, about half a mile in circumference—its depth from thirty to thirty-five feet. The bottom quite flat; no vegetation—not even a blade of grass—but abundance of stones like river stones in appearance, and covered thickly with skeletons of human beings, tigers, pigs, deer, peacocks, and a great variety of other birds and animals." Mr. Loudon, as soon as his first impressions

had abated, began to look about for the cause of the desolation there apparent. He examined for clefts or crevices, through which the escape of gas might take place, but he could not find any. The bottom of the valley appeared unbroken, and to be composed of a white sandy material. The sides of the valley, from top to bottom, were found covered with vegetation, both trees and shrubs. One adventurous person proposed to enter the valley—a proposal, however, which Mr. Loudon considerably declined, and which the proposer himself did not carry into practice. All managed, however, by exercising great care, to descend within eighteen feet of the bottom. Still no difficulty of breathing was experienced; only a sickly, nauseous smell. The deadly character of the emanations of the valley may be judged of from the result of certain painful experiments made. A dog was fastened to the end of a bamboo, eighteen feet long, and sent in. Some members of the party had stop-watches, by which the exact duration of life in the valley was determined. In ten seconds the animal fell on his back, overcame by the poisonous gas; he neither barked nor moved his limbs, but continued breathing for about eighteen minutes. The second dog broke loose from the bamboo, and walked in of his own accord to the spot where the other dog was lying. He then stood quite still for ten seconds, when he fell on his back, and only continued to breathe for seven minutes.

The first of the fowls was now thrown in; it died in a minute and a half. A second fowl was dead before touching the ground. On the side of the valley, opposite to where Mr. Loudon stood, he saw the skeleton of a human being bleached quite white, and lying on a large stone. The skeleton was lying on its back, with the right hand under the head. Mr. Loudon wished to procure this skeleton, but he was unable to do so. This, and other human skeletons existing in the poison valley, are supposed to have been those of rebels, who, pursued from the main road, had taken refuge here, ignorant of the fatal nature of the place. Until fairly into the valley, a stranger would not be made aware of the character of the spot; and, once in, there is no return.

It is a pity that Mr. Loudon, when he was about it, did not procure a bottleful of the gas which pervades this poisonous

locality. Had he done so, analysis might have settled the nature of it. The chemical reader, however, will be convinced, from various points of the description, that sulphuretted hydrogen, if not the sole gaseous poison there, must be a constituent of it to a very large degree. And a very terrible poison it is, too. Some years ago a curious experiment was made with it at the Veterinary College of Lyons. The object proposed was to determine whether a horse could be killed with it by mere absorption through the skin. For this purpose the poor animal was inclosed, all but the head, in an india-rubber bag, containing air mixed with twelve per cent of sulphuretted hydrogen gas. The conditions of the experiment of course permitted the horse to breathe atmospheric air; nevertheless he died. *This is the gas which accumulates in graveyards, cesspools, and other places where animal matter is collected.* Accidents originating with it have been particularly frequent at Paris, where the conditions are such that large amounts of animal matter accumulate, and are allowed to remain for considerable periods in domestic establishments. Surely all who are interested in the sanitary welfare of the community ought to be stirred up by the reflection, that through our want of caution we are often allowing the very gases that constitute the destructive properties of the upas valley to do their deadly work upon the population in the midst of us.

Were it desirable for any reason to purify the poison-valley of Java, there is reason to believe, from the description of the locality furnished to us by Mr. Loudon, that it could be effected by the exercise of moderate engineering skill. Sulphuretted hydrogen gas, like carbonic acid gas, is

very heavy; it remains at the bottom of a vessel just as a liquid would do. If, therefore, the poison-valley were tapped, like a barrel, at its lowest part, all the foul air would run away, and, mixing with the external air, would soon be diluted to such an extent that no practical harm would ensue. When sulphuretted hydrogen is mixed with air in very small proportions, it may be breathed with impunity. In point of fact, we breathe it every day of our lives, especially such as of us as live in cities; nay, it is continually evolved from our hair. A curious point may here be mentioned in reference to this evolution: sulphuretted hydrogen has the property of turning black certain metallic compounds which are brought in contact with it. Amongst the metallic compounds in question, those of lead and bismuth are conspicuous. If, therefore, hair be smeared with a paste into which litharge (oxide of lead) enters, and cutaneous exhalation retarded by a cap of oilskin, the hair is dyed black, although the dye itself be light red. Of this kind is the ordinary hair-dye. That oxide of bismuth is changed to black, has been discovered by ladies more than once, to their cost. Some mineral waters, amongst which that of Harrowgate is a familiar example, contain this offensive gas dissolved; and oxide of bismuth, owing to its pearly whiteness, has sometimes been used as a skin-pigment. Certain incautious fair ones have before now emerged from a bath of Harrowgate waters in a most alarming state of blackness, the cause of which the chemical reader will be at no loss to understand. The blackness, however, is not permanent; and if the accident causes a lady to reflect on the folly of using skin-cosmetics, it will not have occurred in vain.

MORNING ON LAKE CONSTANCE.

STILL lake, sweet lake,
Rippling on the shore,
To-day thy sunny wavelets make
Their old laments no more.

Fresh breeze, morning breeze,
Wandering through the air,
To-day thou dancest o'er the seas,
Instead of battling there.

Sweet flowers, color'd flowers,
Waving on your stems,
To-day 'twas dew, not heavy showers,
Dower'd you with gems.

Everywhere the sun shines bright,
Or else the earth is green,
And birds sing out their heart's delight
In leafy nooks unseen.

From Titan.

OUR WISH; OR, THE CHILD OF AFFECTION.

PART I.

I WAS past my first youth before I met Paula Clive, and she was no longer a girl. I well remember seeing her tall figure standing erect, and with a sort of dignity that had a suspicion of haughtiness absent it, under the central chandelier of Lady Craven's brilliant drawing-room. It was at one of her ladyship's *conversazioni*, or, as she preferred calling her weekly réunions, "festivals of lions." On this occasion, I, precious in her dilettante eyes as a scientific lion, had been entreated, teased, and persuaded into coming—the most effectual persuasion, after all, lying in her passing announcement that:

"Miss Clive will be with me. Oh! I forgot—of course *you* never read those kind of things. But she is a most interesting person. I was fortunate enough to visit my cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Halliwell, in Staffordshire, this year; and Mr. Clive is curate of their parish. Singular isn't it, for a clergymen's daughter to write such books? Now, I assure you—if you'll only come——" etc.

I consented, and was relieved of the hospitable lady's voluble attentions. She had wrongly concluded that I "never read those kind of books"—novels, to wit. I had been struck by an extract in a newspaper from one of Miss Clive's fictions, and had been led to read the whole of it; and also the one or two other books that bore her name. Their chief attraction to me was, that they were real, and not romantic, and dealt more in facts than in sentiments. Under the veil of fiction, I saw sufficiently evident a sort of passionate radicalism, social, moral, and religious—an impetuous disdain of shams—an eager, enthusiastic yearning after some truth, be it comely or ugly, under the heap of fair-seeming falsities with which modern life is incrustated. I saw all this, and it aroused in me a keen interest for the writer—a woman so unlike most other

women—nay, of a mind whose depth and bravery must exceed, I thought, most men's. I was anxious to see her, and when, as I have said, I entered Lady Craven's saloon, I stood for some little time contemplating the tall lady under the chandelier, who was at once pointed to me as "the authoress of that queer book."

She was handsome—her presence would have commanded attention even if she had not been celebrated beforehand. Her voice peculiar, too; and I always had great faith in voices. I liked hers; it was no musical murmur, neither was it high-toned, nor sharply modulated—but it was clear, decided, tuneful, with a certain vibration in it like that of a firmly-smitten violin string.

Presently we were introduced. At the sound of my name, I noticed her cheek flush faintly, and a spark seemed to quiver in her eye for an instant. And when, as she bent toward me, she said she "was glad to know Mr. Heber," for the first time in my life I took the words of course in a literal sense, and believed them. We conversed for a little while on passing topics—nothing more,—and then both of us were compelled by our exigéante hostess to bestow our attention in other directions. But later in the evening we were able to resume our talk, and this time we plunged more into "the heart of things." I, at least, found it possible to see somewhat deeply into her mind; and I was not disappointed in what I discovered. It was a good, true, honest, fearless spirit, such as I honored—such as I had long since been tempted to decide did not exist in the world. Intercourse with it was like breasting a strong wind with a saline aroma in its breath. It was healthful and cheering to inhale it. I took delight in the boldness and bravery of her spirit. I gloried in her freedom from conventional prejudice—her daring disregard of traditions and opinions. All those slavish fetters that now-a-days trammel women's minds,

pinching and curbing them to a like degree of weakness and helplessness, this one woman, at least, had cast off.

Yes, I was glad to know her. I could have laughed at myself for the internal reluctance with which I quitted Lady Craven's house that night; and when, a week afterward, one of her ladyship's dainty billets invited me to a "select breakfast party—the very *crème de la crème* of literary and artistic London"—I was absolutely led to accept, shrewdly judging that, as Miss Clive was staying at her house, I should be sure to see her again on the occasion. I was disappointed. Properly enough, I sharply told myself, for having indulged in such vain foolery of anticipation. No; Miss Clive was not there. She had been summoned home the previous day to her father, who was ill.

"You know he is a clergyman," said Lady Craven, between sipping her chocolate and toying with the fragment of *pâté* lying on her plate, "and Puseyite to the last degree, I understand. An odd conjunction, isn't it, of High Churchism and those reforming, discontented with every present state of things novels of hers? And they are strongly attached to one another, I believe. She lost her mother years ago. And she is very good and active in the parish—visits the sick, helps the poor, and so forth; but never teaches in the schools, I'm told. In fact, with her writing and her hard studies (you know she reads Greek and Hebrew, and all sorts of out of the way languages!), she can not have much leisure. She is an extraordinary woman, certainly. I like her very much. So original: not the least like the hackneyed type of literary woman."

Some months passed on. I had not forgotten; for the impressions made on that portion of myself which was devoted to human interests were always far too few to be easily or speedily erased. Therefore, one day, when I was looking over my note-book of engagements for the coming autumn, it was with a curious thrill that I recognized the name of the provincial town near which Miss Clive lived as one of the places where I was to deliver a course of lectures.

And when, at the appointed time, I took my place on the platform of the spacious "Literary and Scientific Institute" of that important manufacturing borough, I could not, or did not, choose to refrain from a searching gaze at my audience, to

try and discover amid that strange sea of unfamiliar faces one face that I well remembered. I saw it. In one of the foremost ranks, seated beside Lady Craven's cousin, the lady of the manor, I saw again the pale, significant face, lit with its wonderfully eloquent eyes. Those eyes! I saw them more than once when I was not looking at them. It seemed marvellously natural to see her again, like recalling the notes of some well-known tune. * * *

Well, the lecture finished, I was draining a glass of water in the committee-room, when a message was brought to me from Mr. and Mrs. Halliwell. Would I kindly allow them a minute's interview? And presently I stood face to face with Miss Clive, and this lady and gentleman, the latter of whom I already was slightly acquainted with. In brief, it resulted in my being invited to become a guest at the Manor House during my stay in the neighborhood, and my acceptance of the proffered kindness.

And we all drove to the Manor House together; but there Miss Clive left us. She could not be longer away from her father, whose health, it seemed, was still precarious. That night when, after a dull interval of talk with my host and hostess, I was at length alone, I was somewhat puzzled at myself. What motives had induced me to become a guest in this house? I did not like the people, nor the place particularly. Why, and for what, had I given up my independence at my inn? Why, and for what? Then I remembered, or thought I only then remembered, the plan for the next day—a visit to Gale Falls, twelve miles off—and we were to call for Miss Clive. She was to go with us.

The excursion to Gale Falls was one of many similar pleasures. Yes, they were pleasures. Excellent Miles Halliwell, I owed thee much! Even the pair of gray horses that drew our barouche have a place in my grateful remembrance. It was autumn weather, such as I never remember before—soft, shining, exquisitely, tremulously beautiful. The sunsets especially had a strange loveliness in them. They came nearer to me; I saw them more clearly, more vividly, both with the eyes of the body and the eyes of the mind. Moreover, they always seemed to me to have some significance as regarded myself—I was going to say *ourselves*, for Miss Clive, it happened generally, saw them

with me. If I had been a painter, and could have nailed those sunsets to a piece of canvas, as some one or two painters have done in the course of many centuries, I could, I think, go over glibly every smallest detail of that time, by the mere looking at the pictured memoranda of those radiant half-hours. They seemed to condense into one drop of light the whole luster of the bygone day.

We suited one another—Paula Clive and I. There are various kinds and degrees, even in love. It was no enthusiastic, passionate affection that I felt for her—although, perhaps, the love partook of the best part both of enthusiasm and passion, in the intense reality that caused it to be interwoven with my life so completely. It grew to be as much a part of the various, multiform personality that I call *me*, as the eyes whereby I see, or the soul wherewith I feel. She suited me. The thoughts she expressed aroused echoes in my spirit which, it seemed, were waiting to be aroused. And the recondite beliefs, speculations, hopes, and doubts that I sometimes confessed, were her own also. I could see it by the flash of sympathy that lit her face. She had believed and doubted, hoped and imagined, the self-same things. So, in her face, I often saw looks that must have been, I thought, familiar to me in my very infancy. Her smile would sometimes send my thoughts voyaging back upon the misty sea of the past, with, as it seemed, a new compass to steer by, a new light to lead. I could believe the eastern fable of twin-created souls, in looking on and listening to her.

But I am not going to enlarge on this period. I always feel a certain reluctance when I am expressing the thoughts and feelings of those days; or, indeed, when I express my thoughts of her at any time. But I would have you to understand that I am not romantic, nor poetical, nor imaginative. In those days I used to believe myself entirely free from such "weaknesses." Neither then, nor at any time, was it my habit to be demonstrative of any state of feeling within myself. Externally, at least, I have always been a quiet, staid, matter-of-fact man. In relating to you my history *now*, it may be that I can not but unconsciously color it with those feelings intensified by time and thought, which when felt I scarcely recognized. But I am not a romancist; I can simply set down facts; and feelings such

as these that I tell you of are facts, stubborn as any demonstrated by science.

The day before I was to leave the neighborhood, I had an interview with Mr. Clive. I told him I loved his daughter—that she loved me—that we asked his consent to our marriage. The old man was much amazed—that I had expected; but he seemed troubled also by an amount of perplexity and indecision which I, in my turn, was surprised at. The cause came out at last—my religious opinions. Scientific men have a bad reputation with the Church, and my beliefs, or rather unbeliefs, were sufficiently patent to the intelligent public at large to render it no marvel that the Rev. Charles Clive should have heard of them.

Poor old man! he found much difficulty in stating this to me. He was gentle, good, and feeble, in heart and intellect—a type of a class that I, for one, had not had much experience of. In his weakness I was ready to believe; but I was not prepared for the straightforward sincerity and the indomitable, although meek-seeming, steadiness with which he finally gave me my answer.

He spoke even firmly then, although it was after much nervous hesitation, and many awkward half-finished sentences. He told me he appreciated the advantages which (he was pleased to say) were offered by connection with a man distinguished as myself. And the words of compliment assumed a curious air of truthfulness as he uttered them in his quavering voice. Also—and there the accents grew yet more unassured—he knew that Paula loved me; and he could not bear to pain her—to cause her grief. "But, sir," said he, with sudden firmness, "I can not give my daughter to an unbeliever. I could never look her mother in the face, when I meet her in heaven, if I did. No, sir; I can not. Do not ask me."

He looked beseechingly at me, his clasped hands trembling. Nevertheless, though he trembled, I noted with some perplexity the unflinching brightness of the eyes he fixed on me. In them burned a light I could not understand, even as, in his tone and manner, were manifest a strength and resolution incomprehensible to me, because so incongruous with my gauge of his character.

Howbeit, whatever was the cause of his courageous decision, I saw it was useless

to attempt to combat it then and there; and I therefore at once assured him I should not weary him by my entreaties. I merely hinted that I thought his objection strange, considering that Paula Clive, clergyman's daughter though she was, already shared my own doubts, (I used that mild word,) and believed in very many of my own theories. He said nothing to this, only looked again at me with the curious, helpless, entreating gaze which I could not quite reconcile with the determination he displayed. So I left him.

I went to Paula, who was sitting in the garden, under a grand old horse-chestnut-tree that stood sentinel at the very end of the domain. She looked up from her book as I came near, with the still eloquent smile which, on her face, was as beautiful as it was rare. I smiled in answer, for I did not feel at all seriously troubled by Mr. Clive's obduracy. In fact, I was more puzzled than annoyed. I had not been accustomed to find men so stanch and uncompromising in their adherence to their beliefs as was this old man, for all his apparent weakness and gentleness. As I have said, I could not understand it. I had known men eminent far talent, learning, strength and capacity of intellect, and I valued them accordingly. Also, because I prized my own honor, and had due respect for my own conscience, I believed in other men's honorableness and conscientiousness. But it was only to a certain extent. I could not believe in a man abiding conscientiously by this faith in what I held *must* not only be, but seem, utterly chimerical to any sound, clear intellect. Therefore I landed at last in the conviction that Paula's father was not so much to be admired for his consistency, as compassionated for his blind adherence to a creed. He was not the first by many whom I, from my height of superior knowledge, and in the daring courage of a strong brain and a nature able to stand alone, had so pitied—so looked down upon.

However, I told Paula, and was newly amazed to note the earnest, deep-feeling seriousness with which she heard what her father had said. Nay, when I had concluded, and after a silence during which she turned her head aside, and seemed to be idly playing with one of the fan-like leaves of the tree, I saw two tears fall upon her lap—the first tears I had ever seen her shed.

"Why, Paula—what is this?"

She looked at me, neither ashamed nor with any other shade of self-consciousness; but there was a peculiar softness in her face, such as I had never noted before.

"I must make my poor father very unhappy," she presently said, with her usual simplicity and directness of diction. "I wish it were not so."

She paused, and seemed meditating; the softness grew and grew in her face—the "level fronting eyelids" trembled, and again the tears came, but this time rested unshed. I could hardly bear to see the tender beauty of her look; albeit I stood quietly watching and analyzing every inflection of her face, with what may have seemed the grave, dispassionate regard proper to a *savant*.

"If my mother had lived," she next said, in a loving, lingering, low-toned voice, that was as strange to hear as were her tears to see, "it would have been different. I should have been different."

"How so, Paula?"

"I should have believed as she believed. I remember when she died, and said, 'God take care of my child'—I almost *felt* the blessing descending upon me. I never doubted then—I never knew what distrust and uncertainty were, *then*—"

"You were a child."

"Yes." She was silent some minutes. Then she lifted her eyes to me, with a slow, sweet smile. "I am glad I have been a child," she said.

"But you would not wish to grow backward, and become one now?"

She did not answer.

"You would not exchange even the least beautiful truth for the fairest of illusions?"

"No—oh! no!" she replied, earnestly; and she rose, and leaned upon my arm, and pressed her brow upon my shoulder, murmuring, half to herself, the old, often-repeated words of Othello, "'Tis better as it is—'tis better as it is.'"

Then we began to talk over the question of Mr. Clive's disapprobation of our marriage. I was thoroughly unprepared for the firm decision with which she declared that until his consent was obtained the marriage must not be. But she believed that when he saw her happiness was concerned, he would not long remain inexorable. I said nothing, but mused on the possibility of employing other means of moving the old man's resolution.

Circumstances soon made for themselves a way. Mr. Clive, like most men of his calibre, had a habit of pinning his practice, if not his faith, on the opinions of at least one other man. He had an inordinate respect and reverence for the great man of the parish, Mr. Halliwell—the clever, benevolent, much-beloved squire and lord of the manor; and he might have found many a worse monitor. Mr. Halliwell was a thorough type of respectable goodness. He loved his country, his Church, and his Queen—every thing, in fact, that it is proper and advisable for a man to love; while he hated nothing, not even radicals and dissenters, merely reserving for those benighted classes a calm and gentleman-like compassion. It is with such men, I think, that the world seems to thrive most flourishingly. Certainly *his* tenants were never insolvent—*his* speculations never failed—while as to minor matters, his house, his grounds, and his stables were perfect models of fortunate as well as judicious arrangement.

With Mr. Halliwell I was on excellent terms. He was a man of the world, and valued my society and friendship for many reasons. I had a fund of information at disposal that was continually happening to be of service to him in his farming and gardening operations. Moreover, I had been able to render him important aid in bringing under official notice an ingenious agricultural invention of his—I forget now of what nature; but I might have saved his life, I think, and made less impression upon his sense of obligation.

I suppose, after I left the Manor House, Mr. Clive took the worthy squire into his confidence, and much consultation ensued. Howbeit, only a few days after my departure, I received a letter, signed “Miles Halliwell,” stating, that he and his excellent and reverend friend had been considering various questions in which I was interested—would I kindly join them on the ensuing Saturday? as my correspondent especially thought it desirable I should do so; and he concluded with some vague suggestions of “possible results,” etc.

In brief, the final result arrived at, in two separate committees of the clergyman and the squire, the squire and myself, was satisfactory in the highest degree. It was Mr. Halliwell's acute, clear-seeing judgment which at once hit upon the solution

of the difficulty. Provided Paula Clive and Lewis Heber were married according to the form appointed by the Church of England, he could see no reasonable obstacle to the union. And to this argument, after some deliberation, and a good deal of reasoning and persuasion on the part of Mr. Halliwell, Paula's father yielded. I was then asked if I had any objection to my part of the agreement; to which, with gravity, I replied in the negative; and I went, with the old man's formal consent, to ask Paula to name our marriage-day.

But here I met with an unexpected opposition. I shall never forget the sudden and brilliant joy that lit up her face with a wonderful dawn of radiance when she saw me—heard what I had to tell; and clasped my hand, as if to assure herself it was *real*. But, then, how she shrunk back, and what a pale shadow came over her—even to her very figure, I thought—when I told her the condition, named by me very much as a matter of course.

“Oh, not that! Lewis, not that!” she said, tremulously.

I laughed at her at first, but not for long. I soon saw that even I must submit to recognize her scruples as something more than a sickly fancy, unworthy her high womanly sense and feeling. No force of argument, no persistency of logic, had power to move her from the position she assumed. “She could not for expediency subscribe by lip or action to what her heart did not believe. She would not contemplate so hideous a wrong.”

“Wrong! To whom, Paula?” I asked.

She paused a minute, and clasped her hands hurriedly, as if in a kind of spasm of mental pain.

“To myself, if to nothing else,” she then answered. “I could not bear to look into my own heart—I could not endure the chafings of my own conscience, if I stooped to such turpitude. I, who have cried out against hypocrisies which, compared with this, were excusable and harmless! I to sin against the law of truth, which you yourself confess beautiful and worthy of obedience! Lewis, do not ask me to play traitor to my only faith!”

I listened to her without interrupting the passionate flood of words, so unlike her usual calm and almost reticent manner of speech. I watched the changing flush on her cheek—the sparkle that shone

with almost a lurid luster in her eyes. I tried to interpret to myself these signs of something new and strange to the still, contained nature of Paula Clive. But I was not then learned enough in the mysteries of a woman's heart to be able to translate it aright. I remember my first thought was, that her love for me was *less* than I had imagined. Also, I sighed to myself, recognizing the weakness inherent, it must be, to feminine humanity, since even Paula was not exempt from it—the weakness which was betrayed in the indescribably hopeless, helpless tone in which she uttered the last three words. And I marveled why it was that this lingering, desperate desire of some faith—some object for guidance, if not for worship—had never manifested itself in Paula so strongly and visibly as now. Perhaps a glimmer of the truth reached me when, as I took her hands in mine, she drooped her head, with one swift upturned glance at me—an eloquent glance. Perhaps I allowed to myself that I might be deceived, and it was from no weakness, still less from weakness in her love for me, that this proud-souled woman was thus subdued before me. All these reflections passed in orderly array through my mind, as I stood beside her, looking into her face, and at last compelling her to look into mine.

"Ah, don't smile!" she cried, with a restless movement of the hands I held. I had not known I smiled, but I curbed my lip into quietude before I spoke. Then briefly I set before her—not any new arguments, not any fresh appeal to her intellectual appreciation—but simply what was to become of *me*, if she persevered in her resistance to this the only means by which she might at once become my wife. I told her what a dreary life that would be to which she would exile me. I warned her that she, and she only, as my wife, could have power to detain me from joining an expedition, she had heard of before, which was about to proceed on a service of imminent danger to the seat of the then war. If she willfully crushed the love out of my life, be it for years or for ever, I would take refuge in the man's ambition which I could be almost content to forswear for her—did she so will it. And then, having enlarged on this branch of my subject, I expatiated, with some suppressed scorn, on the real nature of the obstacles that appeared to her of such mammoth dimensions—of such irresistible

force. I contrasted the gain—granting there was a gain—with the loss which would arise from the maintenance of her conscientious scruples. I showed her the picture of respected prejudices, and two lives blighted, if not ruined, on the one hand; and on the other—the *letter* of right-doing given up for the spirit.

"For you know, you feel, Paula, that there is only one right, true, best fate for you and me, on earth. You are my wife—I your husband—let what will interfere. Shall a paltry form, a conventional observance, a trivial sacrifice to the weakness of those around us—shall such a thing have power to effect that which a million devils, did they exist, should be impotent to do? I hold my own—I hold you! I defy this puny mannikin of superstition to wrest you from me. Look me in the face, Paula. Tell me to go, if you will."

But she clung close. I triumphed. In my haste I suffered some expression of exultation to escape me. I *knew* she must see the right at last—I *knew* the cloud that had obscured her quick sense, her clear brain, would pass away.

"No!" she cried, standing a little apart from me, but clasping my hands still. Her look was changed, so was her voice, but her eyes dwelt on me as she proceeded, calmly and slowly. "Not so, Lewis. I have not been blinded—I am not blind now. I feel and know, clearly and strongly, as I did before, that there is a terrible wrong—hideous, unnatural—in this thing that you name so slightly. Nay, do not speak. To *me* it is a wrong. I confess it—I face it—I dare it. I will take its penalty. Even that I can bear better than—"

But the rest I would not let her speak.

So we were married that day five weeks in the little country-church—with snow on the fields around, and enchanted hoarfrost on the great trees that overhung the Gothic porch, and a winter robin singing his ever-interrupted song at the oriel window. Miles Halliwell, Esq., and his lady were present: her father gave away the bride. She was dressed in white, and was duly pale and self-possessed. The dean of the neighboring city (an intimate friend of Mr. Halliwell) performed the ceremony. Nothing could be more *à la mode*. For a winter wedding, every one declared it quite perfect, and to have "gone off" admirably.

But I best recollect, when we were driving in the chaise to the seaport whence we were to embark for the Continent, the thrill of satisfied, rejoicing, infinite contentment with which I drew my wife close to me, feeling then, and not till then, that she was *my own*.

"Safely my own!—Thank God!" I said, in the thoughtless, meaningless—it *must* be meaningless!—spirit in which I, and others like me, have said, and do say, those words.

But Paula said nothing, I well remember.

PART II.

WE traveled abroad for two or three weeks, and then returned to what was to be our home. After the bright and beautiful scenes through which we had been wandering, the London street looked but dreary; the house, handsome and well-appointed though it was, appeared dark and, as I thought, soulless. But that was only natural, till our daily life, entwined about the dull walls, environing the still furniture, had made it all beautiful, and we knew it as our home.

Yet, even after we were settled in the place, I sometimes fancied it was but a dismal abode in which to bestow my Paula, country-born and bred, and loving the green fields and breezy hills with the passionate and abiding love of her deep and strong nature. Not that any look, gesture, or tone of hers ever betrayed that she missed or needed any thing that her new life did not contain. But occasionally, and not seldom, it struck me that the long line of grim and dusky houses, windowed alike in hideous brick-and-mortar regularity—the prospect which was all on which her eyes could rest as she looked up from book or work—it struck me that it was singularly incongruous with her own aspect, her free bearing, her looks that so expressed the noble, liberty-loving soul. Such a face as my wife's was never taught its changing inflections, its straight fearlessness of glance, its steady gaze that would not be denied, within the cramped limits of a city's streets.

Nevertheless, she never murmured. Nay, that is too little to say, and does not sufficiently indicate the spirit of brave, bright cheerfulness with which she illuminated our house, grim and dusky though

it was. At last I grew to believe that she *must* be abundantly content, because she made me feel so. I asked, I needed no more than I had. I pursued my vocation as intently, and almost as engrossingly, as if no image of Paula ever came between me and the business of my life. But it did come; and hard man of science though I had been held to be, I owned its sweetness, and breathed more freely for its presence. And then, during the long evenings that I snatched from my laboratory, it seemed to me that I tasted a new life, when, looking up from my grave folios and calculating papers, I saw my wife seated in her accustomed chair, working busily, but not so busily but she was quick to respond to my glance. The sudden smile that would then come trembling to her mouth seemed to make the whole face vibrate, as it were, with tenderness. I marked it, and to one who knew me less entirely than she did, it might have appeared that I marked it unmoved. But it was not so. I loved my wife with the might of my manhood, with the whole strength of my soul. She knew that, and rested in the knowledge, for she was one of the rare women whose nature could contain *repose*. I think she must have been at least very nearly happy in these days. There was such a wealth of love and utter trust between us, that it made up for, and even hid, the poverty that existed in other directions. I know it did so *quite* to me. I believe it was almost as successful with her, and that she was very nearly happy, as I have said.

We went into society, occasionally. That Mrs. Heber should be admired was inevitable; but it happened that I was seldom satisfied with the kind of admiration that reached my ears.

"How beautiful your wife is," said Lady Craven, who was self-privileged to be rude, under the disguise of candor. "As Miss Clive, she was striking, grand looking; a sort of Zenobia—a woman born to empery. But now, there is an added sweetness, a subdued brilliance, an indescribable beauty of aspect and manner.—It is very charming."

I liked this none the more because I knew that the speaker, parrot-like, was only repeating the opinions of others whose judgment was valuable. It irritated, displeased me. I looked at my wife. I contrasted the figure I then saw with that which, not many months before,

I had first noted, standing so erect under the radiance of the chandelier.

Now, she was sitting on a sofa, against the deep ruby velvet of which her face and figure were as if sculptured. Her head was slightly bent forward, for she was listening to the gentleman who stood talking to her, and presently, at something he said, the soft luster, that had used to be so rare, kindled in her eyes; she looked round, vaguely and instinctively, and caught my glance. Her answering smile brought me to her side, and I learned what it was that interested her so much. Some scheme for female education, about to be undertaken by various ladies, had aroused her earnest sympathy. She was desirous of being one among these self-constituted teachers. She had time to spare, she would love such a work, and she could do it, she thought. Did I think so too? And she looked to me for approbation. I smiled indulgently. She surely *could* do it, if she willed so, I said. And I left her taking eagerly, asking questions, planning, deciding, upon this important matter.

Another time, Lady Craven attacked me because my wife had given up writing.

"Ah!" said she, shaking her fan affectedly, "no more books now. How shall we punish you Mr. Heber, for depriving us of so much enjoyment?"

"Believe me, your reproach is sufficient," said I, truly enough. And then, some inscrutable feeling led me to tell her of the new work which Paula was undertaking. I did not choose people to suppose that she was content to subside into an ordinary every-day matron.

But, a few days afterwards, I noted an unusual restlessness about Paula. A curious glitter was in her eyes, a singular sharpness in her voice. At last both traits gradually subsided, and she talked and looked as she was wont. Quietly, and as if incidentally, she mentioned to me that she had given up her plan of teaching the poor girls. Surprised, I asked why.

"I did not feel fit for the work," was all she replied; and then irresistibly turned the conversation to another and alien subject.

Yes, I myself began to perceive the difference between Miss Clive and Mrs. Heber. And though I compressed my lips, with a feeling of perplexity which to a nature like mine must always be one of pain, I still could not in my heart, what-

ever were the cause of change, wish her to be other than she was. Yet I had often laughed to myself at the folly of men who were captivated by women who were eminent for *womanly* qualities. But, now my attention was awakened; I detected day by day in Paula traits which showed how philosophy, learning, wisdom, intellect, were all growing subservient attributes. The authoress, the student, the brain-worker, were all giving place, and she was becoming simply and merely—a woman. I had used to think her such a woman as the world of old Greece might have known, who made the fables of goddesshood seem no extravagances. But now, the goddess bearing was gone; the regal aspect was usurped by one sweet and gentle as any mild-eyed girl's among the crowd I had been accustomed to disdain. And I was puzzled, while I kept watch.

I remember, one evening in spring, I had been attracted by some primroses in Covent-Garden Market, and brought them home to Paula. She took them very silently, I thought, and bore them to a distant table, to arrange them. But when I presently approached her, she looked up, and did not attempt to disguise the tears that had been falling.

"Oh, Lewis! they remind me so of the spring, that *is* somewhere, though I can not see it."

This from Paula! Tears over a few hedgeway flowers! Over the remembrance of the country and the spring! She had changed, indeed. But, even if I thought it childish, I loved her.

I said, "You shall see the spring, if you wish. We will go into the country next week."

And we went. It was the very first advent of spring, which seemed to be dancing in an abandonment of happiness over the whole earth. And Paula almost danced too, as if in the joyousness of regained freedom. Her face looked like a child's sometimes, when she lifted it to me from her blue-bell gathering, holding the flowers before my eyes with such ineffable delight. I learned to love them all for her sake, and to listen with her to her favorite blackbird's song, and watch with her the tiny dew-brightened gossamers that hung to the hedges in the early morning. I believe that I, too, almost became a child again. That was an enchanted season, and there would seem to be something in the spring-time which brings out

the latent youthfulness of spirit in all of us with whom it yet lingers.

But on the brightness and beauty of that time came a sudden and unexpected grief. Her father was taken ill, and she was summoned to what the physician told her was his death-bed. We set out instantly for —; but we arrived too late. The old man was dead, and I could only hold Paula to my heart while she, in speechless woe, listened to the doctor, as he delivered the message committed to him by his dying patient.

His last words were of his daughter. He and her mother, he said, would wait for her in heaven. And there I bade the speaker cease, and leave us; for I felt her strong, passionate sobs rising against my breast. And they burst forth when we were alone. Great, hopeless shrieks rent the air, and her face—my Paula's face—grew dark with a mighty agony that I could not then understand. Nevertheless, I tried to soothe her. In vain. She sprang from me suddenly, and stood aloof, gazing at me like one distraught.

"You tell me to be calm, to be comforted!" she cried. "You—you—you who know —"

She stopped, the shrill voice broke down, and she fell helplessly at my feet.

After that, a brain fever prostrated her for many weeks. From the ravings of its delirium I learned strange new things that my man's instinct had failed to discover, that all my science, and learning, and logic could never have helped me to comprehend.

Trees, birds, flowers, skies, were mingled in a chaotic crowd; while through it all seemed to stalk a dreadful incarnation, a mysterious conception of something, which alternately she shrieked to in wild entreaty, or shrank from in horrible terror. Then she would seem to be stooping over the spring rivulet, gathering the spring flowers, as so lately I had really seen her. Murmuring to them, she would seem to shed her whole soul's tenderness over their beauty, their innocence, their happiness, till at last she seemed almost to rest in a sort of quiet trance, silent and at peace. But when that passed by, the paroxysm of convulsive fever was sure to succeed. Her diseased fancy ran riot then. Sometimes it seemed she imagined it was I, her husband, who was dead; and she would say, in a hoarse, quiet tone—a fearful tone, that it made even me shrink

to listen to—that she had expected it for very long.

"Ever since I loved him I knew it. I knew he would go. He would go!" And on the word the voice rose to a desperate cry. Often I buried my head in my hands, almost unable to bear to hear more or see more of the indescribable horror her every word and look expressed. At once, rousing myself from a half stupor, after some such suffering, I was amazed to perceive that she had become suddenly quiet. And even as I sprang toward her, she moved her arms that had been wildly tossed above her head, folded the hands one on another, and while a ghastly smile flickered on her face, the lips began to move. For a long time I could not detect the meaning of the low utterances, but at last, with a long sighing breath, some words became audible:

"Pray God bless mamma and papa—and make Paula a good child."

And presently she fell asleep. A calm, restful sleep, from which she awoke conscious. Feeble, more feeble than I can tell, so very frail was the thread by which she held to life for many days after. But —she lived.

During the days of her convalescence, when at length she was able to move from one room to another, she used to lie on the sofa, with her head turned to the window, her eyes wandering about the familiar prospect, with unrestful eagerness. Sometimes they would fill with tears, unaware, I think, to herself. Great, grieving tears they were that fell heavily on the thin cheeks, and then her eyes went back to their old quest. What was she seeking? I often wondered, with that wistful gaze of hers.

I dared not ask her. I was becoming a coward. Within the last few weeks, a new world of possibilities had opened before me. Those had been dreadful lessons taught by Paula. I could not bear to know more of the horror surging under the quiet surface of her soul. I let it be. I stood by, silent and passive. The great tears swelled in my darling's eyes, fell on her white cheeks, and oftentimes the mouth quivered and the hands were clenched, as in terrible pain; but I said never a word, gave never a sign. Rather, I moved from her side, or looked more intently on the book I held in my hand.

When—but, O heaven! what had I to offer in barter for the power to comfort

her? And how helpless I was! Her favorite dog, that came and licked her hand, or looked pensively and lovingly up at his sick mistress—he possessed as much power as I.

At last she was strong enough to travel, and change was prescribed for her. We were to proceed to Italy, and spend there the next few months. The last day of our sojourn in the old village, she asked to be allowed to walk a little way by herself. At first I remonstrated; but when she pointed to the little churchyard, I yielded. Better she should go alone, I thought, *there*. So I watched her as she went. But presently overcome by an intolerable gnawing feeling, half of strange curiosity, half of terrible anxiety, I followed her.

She stood leaning on the gravestone at the head of the two solemn mounds, one green and daisy-covered, the other brown and rough as yet. Something in the mere pitiful fact of this daughter bending over the graves of her father and her mother smote me with a sense of mysterious sorrow that was not all sorrow.

Something like sympathy stirred at my heart. It gave me singular courage. I drew near to her. In a moment I had my arm round her—I held her close. I felt strong, as if I could give *her* strength.

"Paula—wife!" I said.

She turned to me a still face, with a sad, forced smile just flickering on the brows.

"I am ready; let us go, husband."

Her arms rested on mine, her eyes were bent on me, and, with a steady step, and the same faint smile, she walked from the graveyard.

At the gate she paused, and looked back. Lush with summer were grass, and flower, and tree. Gray clouds kept back the sunshine, and softened the light. I remember well what we saw that minute, and the sound that then fell on my ears. Paula's low trembling voice filtering these words:

"If we should be wrong, and I not comfortable —?"

Oh! the anguish of the questioning look she turned on me! But I answered nothing—I could answer nothing. She said no more. We passed through the little wicket, and it closed after us, breaking the stillness with a harsh noise.

PART III.

THE foreign mission which had enabled me again to leave England occupied more than a year. During that time, we traversed almost the whole extent of the European Continent, seldom staying more than a few weeks in each place, till during the last month or two, when we were able to live quietly in a little Neapolitan village on the shore of the Adriatic. I had daily business at the town a few miles off, but I used to return early, and Paula and I had many happy wanderings. The sky, the sea, the air, were all so bright and so peaceful, they could not but impart some of their brightness and peace to her. She had been bravely cheerful all through our wanderings, but I had detected how much strong effort it had needed to make her so. Now, it seemed to me, she was at once quieter and more truly serene. She did not attempt to laugh or talk gaily; her voice and manner became more natural, if less mirthful. Sometimes she was thoughtful, and she had not allowed herself to be so for a long time, I knew. On those sunny afternoons, when I rode back to her, I used often to find her seated in the rude balcony of our casella, looking out over the sea intently, with something of the same searching look that I had seen long ago in her eyes, but never since.

But one day, the last of our stay in the place, when I returned, she was not there, nor in the house, nor in any of her usual haunts. The old woman who performed the part of servant for us told me that she believed the signora had gone into the village, with a poor woman who had come to her for help.

"She has a sick child, *la poverina*," added she, "and the signora gave her money, and then went after her with wine and meat."

So, having received directions as to the locality of the *casucciaccia* wherein dwelt poor Madalena, who was the widow of a fisherman lost at sea the summer before, I wended my way thither. There was a little gathering of women and children about the open door, and, from their ejaculations and gestures, I was at no loss to understand that the child was in great danger. I had a curious feeling as I heard them frequently utter my wife's name, with many exclamations of praise and gratitude, and frequent benedictions. My first instinctive fear was, lest the illness in

the miserable dwelling wherein Paula had been lingering was infectious; but of this apprehension I was relieved at once.

The poor mother's voice, sharp and clear, met my ears as I entered the outer room. Then my Paula spoke; very softly, but I heard every word.

"We have done all we can for him: we must hope now."

"And pray! Ah! Holy Mary look on me! Virgin Mother have pity! Help me—help my child!" shrieked Madalena. A torrent of passionate prayers, uttered with shrill rapidity, followed. Then, for a moment, she paused. "Signora, pray for me to your God. You that have been so good to me—ah—pray!"

I went into the inner room. There stood Paula, motionless and pale, by the wretched bed, whereon lay the child. Madalena had flung herself before a rude wooden crucifix, and was again uttering her earnest, imploring cries; while Paula watched her, but never spoke.

I touched her and entreated her to come away. The child was evidently dying, and I dreaded the effect of so much painful excitement upon her. But she shook her head. She would stay. I stood aside, and looked on. When the last painful convulsions came on, it was Paula who raised the little Beppo's head, and cradled it on her shoulder; for the mother was helpless with agony, and could do nothing.

And so, on my wife's bosom, the child died. She and I both watched the almost imperceptible "passing away" of that mysterious thing we call Life. We both saw the final spasm, and then the gradual and wonderful quietude which presently came over the little dead face.

Madalena seemed stricken into an awe yet greater than woe by the sight. She fell on her knees beside it with a terrible cry, and then was silent and still for many minutes. Hope and fear seemed to have sunk together heavily in the empty heart. The look she wore touched me. I did not wonder at Paula's fast-falling tears, and I was even glad to see them. * * * I left the two women to themselves for a little space. When I returned, Paula was ready to go home with me, having appointed one of the village women to stay with Madalena, and see all done for her that could be done. A chorus of women's voices followed Paula when she left.

"The Holy Virgin bless you, and make you a happy mother!"

She clung to my arm shivering.

"Poor Madalena! poor mother!" said I, to break the long silence that held us, as we walked along.

"Happy mother!" she cried, quickly, turning her flushed face toward me.

"Happy mother! she waits to see her child, her husband, again. In her heart, in her faith, she possesses them *forever*. Happy Madalena!"

"A childish faith, that speaks in parrot prayers, my Paula."

"Ah, she prays, she believes! It saves her heart from breaking. But I—I can not—I can not pray, even for my little unborn child."

The words were uttered rapidly, almost as if without her will. Then she was silent, and I also. We reached home, and sat long in the balcony, watching the purple sea deepen to black in the twilight. Stars came out; and the incessant murmur of the waves striving against the shore made solemn music. I stole my arm round my wife's waist. Then, and not till then, a wild sob was suffered to break through her self-imposed calm. Her head drooped on my shoulder, and she wept freely and sweetly. Yes, sweetly. They were not the burning, passionate tears she had been used to shed of old, but a very woman's torrent of tender, blessed rain, that relieved and freshened the air in falling. In the midst of them, she faltered forth some words. I bent my ear to catch.

"If—if, when our Wish is born, any ill should come near it, what should I do? where should we look?"

I tried to soothe her as one would soothe a frightened child.

"Lewis—Lewis—I am so afraid—so afraid!" She pronounced the word in a tone that lent it new and deepened meaning. "I never feared before, like this, even for you. Teach me to be brave—teach me—not to care."

"You are brave, my darling—you were always brave."

"I know I *was*. Tell me some of the old things I used to say, and believed that I believed. They were the first links of sympathy between us—do you remember? Our mutual scorn of traditions—of the slavery of opinion; our yearning for truth and freedom. How often we have talked of all these things!

We thought alike, felt alike; and it strengthened me to feel myself always so close beside you. Why, how have I gone astray, so that you can support and strengthen me no longer? Lewis—Lewis—bring me back again!"

But I could not. At that moment, instinctively I felt the vanity of all my logic, and I could not mock her with it now. She went on, in the same trembling, excited tone.

"Why, a little while ago, and for even the clearest-headed, purest-hearted believer, I could feel nothing but a proud, self-gratulating compassion. Out of the strength of my intellect, I pitied all those who were so weak as to have faith. And now—now—I envy—I would give my whole life to be able to feel for one little minute like that poor mother this morning—praying at the feet of a wooden image. Ay, though her child died—though it died!" Her voice rose, strained to a pitiful shrillness. "For she *believes* she shall see it again. To her, husband, child, and all the glory and beauty of life, are immortal. Is it ignorance that gives to people such wealth as this? Husband, teach me to be ignorant! Unlearn in me all that has entered into my mind through this false, treacherous Reason, that deserts me in my need. People go mad sometimes; what is intellect, or knowledge, or learning, or the wisdom *we* have thought so wise, worth then?"

I essayed to calm her. She listened, while I spoke to her in the old way, went over again the old arguments that once she had helped me to advance and support. I thought I succeeded in impressing her; for, when I had ended, she only replied by a quiet sigh.

"You have been too much excited to-day, my Paula. To-morrow you will see things differently."

"Shall I?" she said absently.

And she rose from her seat, and leaned over the balcony, looking out into the starlit night. There was silence, except for the wistful, ever-desiring voice of the sea. The soft air just moved the thin folds of her robe, and in the dimness I could discern the outline of her face, most beautiful, most pure, defined by the heavy braids of black hair. Somehow, the quietude of the time, the conflicting influences that were about me, stole into my heart with a strange tenderness. For the

first time in my man's life, I wished—ay, I wished—

But that was folly, and I cast aside with shame the half-formed thought.

That was, as I have said, our last day in Italy. Next morning, we departed for England. I did not take Paula back to the dreary London house. Instead, I had caused to be put in readiness for us a cottage on the outskirts of town, where, amid the green fields, with fresh air blowing among the many trees of the garden, there was a pleasant feeling of healthfulness and quiet. Here, one soft September day, our child was born.

Well named our Wish was our fair little baby girl. In the joy of her coming, all disquiet, all doubt, all pain was lost. Like the fevered visions of a past night, all remembrance of bygone heaviness and trouble seemed to depart from us. A new and happier life seemed opening to us with the advent of this tiny, helpless one. A wonderful strength seemed aroused in Paula; with returning convalescence, there came to her more than renewed vigor, both of mind and body. A healthful brightness shone over her face; her voice sounded once more clear and ringing. With her baby in her arms, she often looked to me completely, perfectly happy. And by virtue of some mysterious power that the simple fact of motherhood would seem to exert over all pure woman-nature, I believe she was so; nay, that it was not possible for her to be otherwise, just then.

It lasted, or I thought so, for many months. Our Wish thrived, and grew apace, like other babies, doubtless, though to Paula, and to me, too, it seemed a perpetual, special miracle that was working under our eyes. No very terrible anxieties marred our happiness in her babyhood. Her first serious ailment came when she was nearly twelve months old. Then, indeed, it was a dark time, and the desperate look I knew of yore began to shadow Paula's face. But the illness was passed safely, and the gloom went with it.

But, from that time, there was a change. Hitherto, the child had almost been a part of herself. On her lap, in her arms, or at her feet, Wish had always been with her. The helpless dependency of her babyhood had been to the mother the dearest, sweetest blessing of her life. But from this

time, every month, every week seemed to take away from the blessing, and render it less perfect. And as little Wish progressed in strength and growth, and learned first to creep along the floor, then to stand on her timid, staggering little feet, and at last to walk or run, fearlessly and alone—as all these epochs in baby life, one by one, came to pass, and the child's existence became daily more separate from her own, Paula's complete joy faded, her contentment fled. An ever-restless anxiety began to rack her heart. To leave the child, even for an hour, was, I knew, utter misery to her. Yet, the period of helpless, clinging infancy being over, there was no excuse for the mother to neglect other duties in her constant devotion to her child; and Paula was too inexorably conscientious to give way to those pangs of yearning that would continually have detained her with her little one.

Still, for all the pain, there were many halcyon intervals of happiness, both for Paula and me. On summer afternoons, when we sat under the trees in our sunny garden, with Wish playing at our feet, plucking up the grass and flowers, and bringing them to us to see, we would plan her future; guess what she would be like as a woman, and imagine her, a wife and a mother, bringing her children about us, when we were old people. That was happiness. The vanity of "planning," the over-daring of looking forward so far, never seemed to strike us. We allowed ourselves to dream and prefigure thus to each other; it was our favorite pastime. Pleasant it was to look up from our murmured musings to the child herself. She was very quiet always, and liked nothing better than sitting on the grass, crooning softly to herself over the daisies or the flowers we had gathered for her, often stroking them with her tiny fingers, as if they were sentient things. She was a happy little creature; childish ills seemed to come lightly to her; she never pined or fretted, and seldom cried with the passionate grieving or anger that seems natural to most young children. Her little life flowed on, serenely, equably; and we watched it, and were content. It was not either of us who first noted the fact, that our Wish, if she were never pettish, restless, or unhappy, like other children, also never showed any of the glee, of the overwhelming life, that is so manifest in "other children."

I remember the day that my friend pointed out this fact to me. The child (she was then nearly four years old) was sitting in her accustomed place at her mother's feet, her radiant little head leaning against her mother's skirt. Such a picture they made! my Paula, with her queenly head bent low over her darling, and Wish, so fair, so exquisitely, purely fair, with her baby fingers busied among the colored worsteds she had chosen for playthings.

"How quiet she always is!" said my friend, an eminent physician, who lived near us.

His low tone, his intent look at the child, startled me, and I glanced hastily toward Paula. She was smiling, happily; I could not tell why her smile smote me with a sense of pain just then. But Dr. Lethby had his hand on the door, and I followed him from the room.

"Yes," said I, indifferently; "little Wish is a quiet child. Only children are apt to be so, I suppose."

"How old is she—nearly four years?"

I nodded. He was silent; but I felt urged on to speak.

"She is backward with her tongue, too, which makes her seem quieter. She can only say a few words very imperfectly."

"I know."

"Your little Lucy, who is not so old, talks quite well, doesn't she? We shall be jealous."

He did not echo my slight laugh. He stood pulling on his gloves, and looking dubiously now at me—now at the ground.

"After all," he muttered, as if to himself, "it may only be a false alarm."

"What alarm?" I had him by the arm, and I compelled him into the adjacent room. I shut the door, and stood with my back against it, to guard it alike from affording ingress to Paula or egress to the doctor, till he had answered me.

"What is the matter?" said I. "What is wrong? What do you suspect?"

"My dear fellow—" he began.

"In few words, Lethby. I am strong, not patient. In few words."

"You will forgive me if time should prove (as please God it may) that I am mistaken. But for some time I have watched your little girl with apprehension; and I fear—all is not right—with the brain. There is—some defect in the

intellect. I fear so. I am not yet sure. Have courage."

I bit my lip till the blood flowed freely, and clenched my hands firmly on the chair I held by. My first impulse was to strike down the man who told me this terrible truth. For I felt it was truth. I had no doubt—no hope—not for a single instant. I *knew* it was as he said.

"Don't tell your wife," he went on, seeing I said nothing, "till the fact is ascertained beyond doubt. Remember, there *is* hope. I have been mistaken before, when I felt as assured of other things. The suspicion rests on my judgment alone. Nevertheless, it is well you should know—that you should recognize the possibility—you understand? Otherwise, I would not have told you. But precaution, taken in time, may do much."

The mad, animal instinct of passionate retaliation had passed by. I took the hand he held to me, and grasped it firmly. I thanked him for his kindness—his consideration—in a firm voice. I would not tell my wife; I would wait—guided by him—I would; but there he was without the door, and I closed it on him quickly, and went back to my study.

I sat there, thinking, till Paula came to seek me. I had wisely planned not to let her know, or suspect—planned like a man, not reckoning on the woman's instinct that is as a second soul with her, and, where she strongly loves, would seem to be almost omniscient. The instant her eyes struck on my face, her own look answered mine. She was on my breast, entreating, in her low, eager voice, that would not be denied nor hushed—entreating, entreating to know all. What ailed me? What ill was impending over me—or the child? Her voice rose to a pitiful cry on those words, *the child*.

Then she looked up at me—holding my eyes with hers by her straight, unflinching gaze—and she listened, while I told her.

PART IV.

AND the weeks grew into months, and the months into years, and little Wish grew tall and fair, like the arum lilies she loved to peer into with her wistful blue eyes. Wistful eyes, indeed, they were; as though perpetually yearning for what they could never find. As she became older, the peculiarity of her mind became

more evident. It was as if some thin but inexpugnable mist had been set between her perceptions and her comprehension—nothing more. Nothing more! It was enough. Sometimes a slender rift seemed to open, and let in the light with a sudden, sharp gleam; and then shut close again, more hopelessly, inexorably, than before. At such times, the child was sadder than her wont. Usually, she maintained the same quiet but mirthless serenity that had marked her infancy. Her senses were acute, and in their gratification she evinced a delicate, eclectic refinement at which I often marveled. She seemed instinctively to be drawn to the most perfect flower in the garden—the fairest trees—the greenest nooks. In the same way, harmoniously-assorted colors, graceful forms, and beautiful music, always attracted her; while all that was less than beautiful she turned from in utter and spontaneous rejection.

She spoke very seldom, though her utterance was distinct and quite free from defect. But speech seemed unnatural and painful to her; and unless all other and more habitual means of making herself understood failed her, she scarcely ever voluntarily resorted to it. I think, had it not been for her mother's persistent efforts, her pitifully-earnest, never-wearying endeavors, first in teaching the child, and then in inducing her to practice the utterance of the words she had taught—but for this, our Wish would never have taken human speech upon her. As it was, it needed all Paula's care and persuasion to prevent the knowledge slipping from her. The silent, quiet child seemed herself to feel no need of it. Enough for her to cling about us, to nestle in our bosoms, and look up at us with her eyes eloquent of love, or wonder, or perplexity. And her catalogue of emotions seemed completed in these three. She knew nothing of fear, or anger, or distress. Pain, that trial to most childish natures, appeared to have little power over hers. Once, when she slipped down and cut her arm, while Paula was in anguish as she bound up the ugly wound that looked so red and terrible on her fair white flesh, the child herself sat calmly on her mother's lap, and looked at her disturbed face in surprise.

"Does it hurt my darling much?"

"No." A minute after, she added slowly, "It hurts you, mamma." And

the perplexed look came over her face. Afterward, when the arm inflamed, and the pain for a few hours was very great, it was only by her involuntary restlessness we could tell she was conscious of it. She never cried, or complained, or fretted. She lay on the sofa quite still, except when she changed the position of her bandaged arm, looking out upon her mother and myself with steadfast, grave eyes. Ever and anon Paula left her work to hang over her, caress the shining hair, or cover the pale little face with kisses—any thing to let free some of the great passion of tenderness that was for ever throbbing at her heart. And then Wish would respond with her sweet, soft kisses, in silence. But when I went up to her, the dubious expression in her face waxed more intense; and then came the slow, quiet utterance which, perhaps because it was so rare, always seemed to me to create its own fit surrounding stillness.

"Papa, where does it come from?"

"What, 'it,' my Wish?"

"This;" and her slight gesture told me what she meant.

"The pain is in the wound the sharp stone made."

After a pause, she shook her head with the old wistful glance.

"I think mamma put it in," she said, presently.

"Mamma would not hurt Wish for all the world."

"Who is it hurts Wish?"

And I said again, "The sharp stone;" but she only turned aside her asking eyes, and dropped into silence.

Over such instances as these, how Paula and I pondered! How we treasured them in our remembrance, cheering ourselves with the thought of them often, when a long interval of strange, unchildish quietude and muteness had almost slain the embryo Hope in our hearts!

The child was always with her mother. She did not care to play with other children; from their boisterous games she instinctively drew aside, neither could she join in their chatter over pictures and story-books. For, though Wish would soon be nine years old, all our pains had been ineffectual to make her comprehend any thing of the mysteries of the alphabet. All was dark to her there; she could not penetrate even so far as the threshold of earthly learning. Neither did she seem to comprehend or be interested in any of

the usual interests of children. The stories they repeated to her sometimes, aroused no feeling in her; but Paula and I knew what she liked better. She would listen to us for ours together, while we told her long, dreamy tales of flowers, and birds, and clouds; or said to her, over and over again, musical stanzas, not the sense but the sound of which appeared to enthrall her in a species of fascination. To wander about the garden, looking at the flowers and *into* them, in her never-ceasing but inscrutable quest after we knew not what; to listen to the birds, and the wind, and the rain, and the busy little meadow-streams; to watch the clouds, and tree-tops, and the familiar faces about her; and sometimes to listen to us, as I have said—these were her pleasures, and in them her life seemed to pass serenely on. She never needed playmates or other companions; she never seemed less lonely than when alone.

Thus, as I have said, she was seldom with other children, though our friend Dr. Lethby's family lived so near us. But one spring it happened that his little daughter Kate had an illness, and for many weeks afterward was too delicate to go out-of-doors or play with the other children. In this state, the little invalid evinced a singular and persistent desire to have Wish with her. One day that Paula took the child in with her to Mrs. Lethby's, Kate would with difficulty be persuaded to let her go again; and the next morning came a petition that Wish might be suffered to go and spend that day with the ailing little girl, who "fretted after her continually."

Children often have such fancies, especially when they are sick; and Paula and I could hardly refuse to indulge this one. But it seemed strange, and painful, to take our child into another house, and leave her there, even though she herself seemed satisfied to remain, and stood quietly beside Kate, submissive to have her hands taken, her hair played with, and to be embraced and fondled to the heart's content of her companion.

When she returned to us in the evening, we both thought the visit had done her good. There was more vitality in the little face; and its usual paleness had given place to a delicate color that we liked to see. But she was very quiet and silent; and as she sat on Paula's knee for

half an hour before her bed-time, she replied chiefly by gestures to our questions concerning her visit. We gathered that she had been very content there, and would like to go again—that she loved Kate and Mrs. Lethby, and the canary birds and the pictures. When we mention these last, (for Dr. Lethby had a few very fine paintings hanging in his dining-room,) she turned round suddenly, with a wonderfully bright gleam of consciousness or remembrance shining in her face; but it seemed to pass before she could give it words.

Presently, Paula took her away. She had wished me good-night. Her sweet child-kiss still lingered on my lips. I resumed my book; but, after ten minutes' abstracted poring over it, some memoranda to make, some authorities to consult from the bookcase in our room, led me up-stairs. The room communicated with the smaller chamber where Wish slept. The door was open between the two, and the light streamed through. I went and lit the lamp by the bookcase, and commenced my search for the needed volume. Paula's voice occasionally sounded from the inner room, where she was undressing the child. Then I was startled by the sweet, clear, little voice of Wish herself:

"Mamma—I know!"

"What do you know, darling?"

"I know it! I know who made the flowers—and the birds—and the sky—and the grass——"

She stopped as if breathless, though she had spoken slowly, as usual. There came no answer from the mother. The silence was again lightly stirred by the child's voice:

"Why did *you* never tell me of God?" Again there was a pause. "Kate asks God to take care of her, and her mamma and papa. I will, too."

"No, no; not at *my* knees—not there!" I heard Paula mutter.

"Is it wrong—is Wish wrong? Is God a wrong thing?"

"Hush—hush! Nay, my own darling; it is not wrong. Look up, look up. Mamma cannot bear to see Wish cry."

But the passion of weeping, so rare in the child, was not easily assuaged.

"Mamma, mamma! I thought you would be glad. Wish was so glad."

For a long time I listened to Paula, as she strove to soothe and console her. Then I went down, my book in my hand,

and waited for her coming. She entered the room with the look on her face, that I was prepared to see—the look that had not rested there for many years. I met her outstretched hands, and answered the look; and then she dropped by my side, and hid her face.

"Is she asleep?" I asked her.

"Yes, Lewis. Her little voice is ringing in my ears now. Such a little innocent voice to utter words like those! Lewis, Lewis! what does it mean?"

"She has learned from Kate Lethby the words she used. The idea is new to her, and she caught it at once, like a child. That is all."

"Ay, but it is *not* all, Lewis; it is not all. It seemed as if the thought had been sleeping in her mind, ay, before now. It is not newly born; it is only awakened. And I—I must crush it back. I could do no more than strike it away from her. And she cried as she never cried before in all her life. Her tears rent my heart."

"I know; I can guess it," Paula.

"You can not; it is not in a man's soul to tell the agony of mine. I am her mother; and I have stabbed her with her first grief! Never in all her little life before has she shed tears like those."

"It is a good sign. It renews our hopes," I said, with resolved cheerfulness. But my wife turned from me in bitterness.

"What hopes? Oh! Lewis, is it not mockery in us to desire so earnestly for our child the strength and clearness of intellect that only brings doubt and misery to ourselves? Let her remain as she is—my innocent, trusting angel! She is wiser than we. Sometimes I believe in my inmost heart that she *knows* more that we—that her helpless, childish trust is nearer the Truth than all our doubts."

"That is not reasonable, Paula," I said.

"Away with this cold logic!" she returned, almost fiercely; "it speaks to my ears, and not to my soul. Lewis, I can not choose but cling to my little one's sweet hands; they draw me toward her, no less in spirit than in body. *She* is holy, and pure, and true. What am I, that I dare to dispute against her instincts? Let me follow her."

"I would not prevent you, if I could," I answered, sadly. "If you *can* believe, Paula, so happier for you."

"You say so?" she said, in an awed tone, looking into my face.

"Even I say so. Yes—I have not ceased to be a skeptic, Paula; but I no longer exult in my skepticism. As men grow older, I suppose it is so. Doubt, after all, may be a harder tyrant than belief. If will could bestow on me a creed, I should be no unbeliever now; but reason is strong, and will not bend. *I can not; I can not*——"

Paula drew closer to me in silence, as I abruptly broke off. There was a long pause before I spoke again.

"If it be possible for you to go out of the cold shadow that I am prisoned in—go, Paula. It would make me happier to see you in the sunshine. Forgive me; I know I have kept you from it hitherto. I did my share of the work."

"No—no—no!" she cried, vehemently. "Husband—husband, I will not have you say so; I will not have you reproach yourself. It is my own hard, stubborn heart that held me back always, that holds me back now. Not you—not you."

She melted into passionate tears, and we said no more.

It was the next day to this—a bright June day—I went early to London on my usual business. I said nothing to Paula about the child, nor did I ask if she was to go again to little Kate. Wish was her own quiet, noiseless self again that morning. She sat in her customary place, at that side of the table whence she could look out through the window on to the garden. Her clear eye seldom left that outlook, and I fancied her face brightened, momentarily, in the glory of the sunshine that was flooding earth and sky so graciously.

Her little footsteps followed me down the garden path; her little hand detained me at the gate. She lifted her face with the familiar gesture, and as I bent down to take her in my arms and kiss her, she said:

"Wish is glad—so glad."

"Why is she glad?"

"I don't know." And the yearning rose from the depths of her eyes. She looked round her searchingly at radiant flowers, trees, and sky, as if seeking the mystery of their brightness, then flung her arms round my neck, and nestled her head in my bosom. "Wish is glad," she said again.

What moved the child to this gladness, or to utter it in words on that especial morning? Shall I ever know?

The remembrance of her sweet look, the feeling of her dear arms round my neck, sunk down into my heart. I forgot nothing of the brief episode during all the day. It followed me into my usual avocations; it made the time beautiful to me. As I went home at evening, I thought of it. It was a thought in harmony with the ineffable purity of joyousness that seemed to pervade the world that evening. Clear and rosy shone the western sky, though the sun wanted half an hour to its setting—richly sounded the black-bird's song; and the green fields and the sloping hill beyond, with its broiery of woodland, and its crown—the old gray church tower and quaint wooden spire rising from it, all seemed to me *lustrous* that evening, as if the air around were something more than air, and illumined all that was beheld through it.

So I thought as I turned down the green lane leading to our cottage; as I walked along the garden path, where Wish's footsteps had followed me that morning. I entered at the open door and passed into the general sitting-room. No one was there; but Paula's needlework was scattered on the table, and a bunch of flowers, arranged as Wish loved to arrange them, lay on the window-sill. I took them, up, gratefully inhaling their fresh fragrance, while looking out anew on the radiant hill, and the western sky, where the sun was partially covered, and seemed trying to burst free from a long line of dappled clouds. So I stood in the recess of the bow-window for some time, till the rustle of a robe sounded in the room, and Paula's hand was laid upon my arm, and Paula's voice:

"Husband! Wish is ill—very ill."

I do not know what I said, or how she looked. I only remember the sudden horror of the shock, the heavy weight that fell on my heart, crushing all quiet thoughts away. I remember, too, that the sun had burst through the detaining clouds, and shone round and golden, while the level light, intense and absolute, glorified the landscape that had seemed bright before.

It was strange, and yet *not* strange, that both Paula and I, from the first, had the same dim, breathless terror of this illness that had suddenly smitten the child. She had drooped and sickened all within a few hours, they told me. At first, Dr. Lethby himself was perplexed by the sin-

gular nature of the attack; but ultimately it resolved itself into one of those dread fevers, so subtle and sometimes so fatal. Sometimes—only sometimes! I said this to myself day after day, trying to keep up the show of hope. But I was a hypocrite. Through the long hours that I watched by the little bed, where our darling tossed in restless delirium, though I watched as eagerly, as jealously, as if, by the keenness of my vision, I could fence off all ill that could come near her:—still—I *knew*.

On the ninth day, exhausted, I had been compelled by Dr. Lethby to leave the sick-room for a space. I fell into a heavy, torpid sleep, from which I was aroused by a voice. "Come," it said, "at once. The child is sinking. Nerve yourself for your wife's sake. She suffers more than you can do."

And I rose and staggered to my feet, like one in a dream, and followed him. * * * I could not bear it. I could not bear to see the tiny figure, with its lily face and closed eyes, lying there. All my manhood forsook me. I flung myself by the bedside, and burst into a passion of despair.

A hand took mine and pressed it. Paula had stolen to my side; Paula's voice spoke to me.

"Hush, husband!" Only those two words, but in such a tone! Calm, comforting, tender. I looked up at her—her face wore the same expression as her voice.

"Is there hope then?" I said, in a harsh whisper; and they told me there was none! "Paula, *can* she live?"

"No. Oh! be still, for her moments are very few; and she can hear you."

She was again hanging over the child, watching every quiver of her little face, listening to every faint breath that came and went.

Presently the eyelids trembled and unclosed. The wide blue eyes sought the mother's face, and rested there content. A smile parted the pale lips, and she seemed to try to speak.

"Mamma."

She laid her head beside her, so better to hear the feeble utterance.

"The pain's gone."

"Yes, my darling. Oh! my child, my child!" The agony would have waned for the minute. The little head turned restlessly on its pillow.

"Is mamma sorry?"

"No—no—no. Mamma is content."

There was a long silence. Then again the weak, tremulous, tiny voice:

"Where are you, mamma? and papa?"

We each took one small hand.

"Why can't I see you? Why are you so far off?"

Paula slid her arm under the dear head, and held her so. The slender breath grew short and fast. Dr. Lethby drew near—looked for a minute—then left us softly.

"Mamma—papa!" We detected the faint whisper, and bent down very close, that we might lose nothing of the fragile sound. "Come, too. Come with Wish!"

And that was all. The lips ceased to be stirred, even by the fluttering breath. A slight spasm convulsed her face for a moment, and then left it settled in that pure, peaceful likeness we were to know it by evermore.

We leaned over her dumbly. I felt as if in a dream. I could not realize; I could not believe in any thing that I saw. Wish lying there with that white, soft smile on her face was not real, and still less was Paula, sitting without a word or sign, gazing down on the dead face with her steadfast eyes. It was in an instinctive effort to break the circle of illusions which surrounded me that I called on her name.

She roused then, and looked up. The anguish seemed to surge over her face in a gradual wave of consciousness. It broke, with a forlorn wandering of the eyes, a beseeching gesture of the outstretched arms, and a low, long, desolate wail.

"My darling—my treasure. Oh! my child—my child—my child!"

I sat there, mute, and watched her agony. I dared not go near it. I was stonelike and helpless. I felt as if all my world had slipped by me—floated away irretrievably into an unknown vortex, while I stood watching, as now, with my hands bound to my side and my utterance choked, even from lamentations.

My last remembrance was of Paula coming to me, touching my forehead with her hands. Then every thing was blotted out from eyes and mind.

* * * * *

I had been a strong man; vigorous in health as I was held to be in intellect.

But in that long illness I seemed to be drained of life, both mental and physical, till only the drops of both remained. Then there followed a long period of convalescence, during which all I could do was to lie quietly where they placed me, sometimes with closed lids and heavy listless thoughts vaguely traversing my mind; sometimes with my eyes wandering restlessly about the room till they lit on Paula's patient face, whereon they would linger. About that face my thoughts grew entangled often. I could not rightly order them. A misty consciousness, a painful yearning after something forgotten, continually led me into a maze of ideas so imperfectly comprehended, that I felt more than ever weak and helpless in the midst.

At length, one day, a very little thing broke the spell that kept my mind so tightly in its bonds. Some flowers were brought and laid beside me. Their delicate fragrance seemed to steal into my very inmost heart. Among them were one or two sprays of white jasmine, with their peculiar aromatic odor. On the wings of that subtle essence recollection came to me, and renewed consciousness. These were favorite flowers of our Wish; they had been among those—the last gathered by her hands—that I had carelessly taken up that evening—a whole life since!—and distinctly, to every small detail of "that evening," I remembered. I saw the radiant hill and the rosy sunset, the aspect the room had worn, and the look on Paula's face when she came in to tell me that Wish was ill. Then came the long, blurred, hazy memory of the ensuing days, scarcely of anxiety—that were too hopeful a name for the feeling with which we hungrily watched every breath our darling drew—every change on her face—every stirring of her limbs—through that terrible time.

From these remembrances I lifted my eyes, and read their sequel in Paula's face. Yet was there still something in that shadowed face which I could not understand. Involuntarily my thought took words. "How changed!" I said. And again in my mind I commenced groping about for some new revelation which should make things clearer to me. But at the sound of my voice Paula came and stooped beside me, looking earnestly into my face, as if she were startled to hear me speak. Her own voice trembled as

she asked me "What was changed?" She was afraid lest my answer should betray that I was still not myself, for—poor wife!—I had been utterly bereft of sense for many weeks. "You are changed, Paula," I said; "is this a new world?"

"Ay—it is—it is!" she answered me; and she put her arms round me, and wept abundantly.

By-and-by, as she gradually told me the history of all those past seven weeks, I began to look in wonderment into her face, wherein I could detect no traces of the old story desperation that had been wont to come there when danger was near those she loved. For hers was a nature that could bear bravely, endure cheerfully, many troubles that most women would shrink from; but when anxiety or sorrow really touched her, it did more than afflict, it tortured her. All this slowly recurred to me with vividness as I lay on my sofa, holding her hand fast, and watching the outline of the pale, beautiful face that was slightly averted from me. She was looking at the landscape which was stretched out before the window. It was early autumn now; I knew the look of the trees in the garden, of the copse on the slope of the hill. *The hill*—I remembered it. Cruelly, relentlessly bright it looked now in the soft sunshine. After a little while I hid my face from it.

"What month is this?" I asked her.

She told me, August. I paused to think; and she divined my thought, and prevented the question that hovered on my lips.

"It was the last week in July that our darling went," said she, softly. "And then," she presently added, in the same hushed tone, "you left me, too. I thought I had lost both."

"How did you bear it, Paula?" I cried, hastily. "Why did your heart not break? Why was I the one to fail, and fall helpless at this time?"

"A year ago," said Paula, "I should have fallen helpless, too, Lewis. No human strength—no human fortitude is capable of enduring such woe as ours." She stopped abruptly—then added, in a strange tone, low but distinct, and with a tremulous quiver vibrating through every word—"But I—I was not comfortless."

I looked at her in silence.

"Lewis," she whispered again, "I was not comfortless." A pause. "No," she went on, slowly—and now her voice rose,

steady and clear, like the light that gathered and brightened in her eyes—"a mother who has seen her child die, is still *not* comfortless. For no mother who has lost her child can *doubt*. Lewis, do you understand me? God is good," she cried, passionately, "and in his mercy he ordered it so, that to a bereaved mother's soul *must* come the conviction that is more than knowledge—the faith that is worlds above all reasoning. I *know* that I shall have my child again! Lewis—Lewis—I *know* it!"

She sank down beside me; and again the soft rain of tears fell plenteously. When women weep so, it is well with them. * * And I lay still and thought.

* * * * *

It was well with Paula, I could see that. To see it, steadied me, strengthened me, infinitely. The feeling of that long convalescence was a very strange one. It might well be so, for the clear head, the vigorous brain, I had had a man's pride in possessing, had passed from me for ever; and, during those months of slow recovery to bodily strength, I had to grow accustomed to the truth. Mental strength would never be mine again. All my capacities were bounded now by but a narrow circle. The profound thought, the complicated reasoning, that had been easy to me as pastime, I could pursue no longer.

The affliction fell heavily upon me—perhaps the smaller cares it involved, helped to nerve us both to endurance. My vocation was gone, and with it, no means of living, save the small sum that yearly accrued to Paula. It was enough to save

us from absolute want; but my condition, the doctors said, necessitated many luxuries, and to gain money for these Paula worked hard. Not writing; the time for that was past. She had lived too much, perhaps, to be able to put life on paper as she had done years before. Imagination had been set aside by vital engrossing reality, for so long, that it could not now resume its functions as of old. But she was more than content to teach the few little children that came to her every morning. Intercourse with children, indeed, grew to be one great solace of her life.

The other—yes, I think I was solace to her, even when I myself was most hopeless. I think I helped her, though I was very, very weak, and so feeble as I have said.

And years passed on. Comparative wealth came to us then; but Paula for a long while continued her labor of love among the little children.

We grew old together. It is not long since she left me. I have been very lonely since then; but not—as she said once—*not* comfortless.

It has helped to wear away this time of waiting to write this history for you, my true and kind friend. You knew me when the world applauded me as strong and great; and when it compassionated my weakness and my ruined prospects. And I think you, who, seeing deeper than the world, saw through both the strength and the weakness, will find the lesson that I know these pages must convey.

So, farewell.

From Fraser's Magazine.

GERMAN LOVE.*

EVERY human face, say the learned in these matters, carries written upon it the story of its owner. The prevailing thoughts have shaped the organs; the prevailing passions have furrowed the lines. No emotion, whether of joy or sorrow, passes off without leaving behind it the

* *Deutsche Liebe*. Aus den Papieren eines Fremdlinge. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

penciled traces of its presence. It may be so. We need not quarrel with a theory which, for the present, is no more than a speculation. The generality of mankind are, happily, but indifferent phrenologists, and, for our time, at least, are likely to be spared a knowledge which, if it ever comes, will make the world intolerable. We have no anxiety to find a window opened into our consciences, to take the public

behind the scenes, where we can be seen, stripped of our stage dresses, in naked simplicity; and still less have we a desire to pry curiously into the secrets of others. The living torrents which, for eighteen out of each four-and-twenty hours, stream along our streets, are made up of units, each of whom has a history that would infallibly interest us if we knew it. Every one of them is struggling, suffering, loving, hating, failing, succeeding, doing every thing of which the most delightful novel is but a feeble counterfeit; and our feelings, if we were admitted to all these confidences, would speedily be worn threadbare by perpetual friction. Here, too, as in most other things, we have cause to think the world well made; that it is well for us all that we are allowed the exclusive custody of our own secrets.

Further, as we are able to keep our story to ourselves, so it seems as if, for the most part, we were intended to keep it to ourselves; as if human beings should be known to one another only as they come in contact in action and life, while the rest lies between each particular man and his Maker, or should be made known only where reserve is melted down by affection. The interest which the world might feel in any given story is no sufficient reason for communicating it. All ancient literature would not be too high a price to pay for a knowledge of those first thirty years in which the carpenter's Son was subject to His parents in Galilee. But our curiosity is altogether ungratified; we are told as much as there is any occasion for us to know.

Yet although concealment be the rule, it is, at times suspended by peculiar circumstances. More than one remarkable man, in the last and the present century especially, has chosen to make mankind his confessor; and has either shadowed out in fiction, or related, in actual narrative, his experiences outward and inward. Goethe and Wordsworth considered it their duty to expose the structure and growth of minds which had exercised so vast an influence over their contemporaries. Rousseau, from some unexplained impulse, laid bare in his own person the diseases of which the world was sick. It is idle to examine the motives of such things. Men of genius are sometimes driven to what they do by a force which they can neither resist nor understand; and in these rare instances, where a real

mind is really revealing itself, the result is its own excuse.

Of a similar kind, and similarly also to be explained, is the little book which is the subject of the present article. *German Love, from the Papers of an Alien*, may not be strictly an autobiography; but it bears about it the unmistakable impress of reality. It is the work of an uncommon man, who has sought relief from some inward sorrow by throwing it into a narrative; and although the beauty of the story forbids us to wish that it had not been written, yet it is difficult wisely to speak of it. The writer, whoever he may be, is highly gifted, both in intellect and feeling. The passionate outpourings of such a person are not to be coldly criticized, and we should have preferred, perhaps, to pass by the book in silence, were it not first for its most rare merit, and secondly, for the close and intimate acquaintance which the author shows with England and the most modern English literature. He calls himself an alien. He is perhaps one of the many waifs and strays which these late years have cast upon our shore, and his book is the explanation of his exile. The subject of it is the common one—love and disappointment. But the love and the disappointment are peculiar. The nature of them will be best seen by extracts, if a translation can convey tolerably the meaning of language which has been chosen with elaborate care. The following is from the opening page:

"Childhood has its mysteries and its wonders; but who can describe them? who can interpret them? We have all passed through this enchanted forest. There has been a time with each of us when we have looked around in perplexity of happiness, and our spirits have steeped themselves in the fair reality of life. Then we knew not where we were, or what we were. Then the whole world was ours, and we were the world's. That was an eternal life, without beginning and without end; without interruption or pain. Our hearts were bright as the sky in spring, fresh as the fragrance of the violet, calm and holy as a Sunday morning.

"And what disturbs this peace of God in the child? How is this innocent, unconscious existence brought to an end? How are we driven forth from this Eden of union and communion, and left desolate and alone on the outer earth?

"Say not, thou with the solemn brow, say not that it is sin. Has the child learned to sin? Say rather that we do not know, and that we must be resigned.

"And yet it is so sweet to look back into the spring-time of life—again to gaze into its sanc-

tnary—to remember. Yes, in the sultry summer heats, in the sad autumn and the cold winter, there comes here and there a spring day; and the heart says, 'I, too, feel as though it were spring: such a day it is to-day, and here I lie in the balmy forest, and stretch my weary limbs; I gaze upward through the green leaves, and think how it was with me in childhood.'

"All seems a blank. The first pages of memory are like an old family Bible, the opening leaves faded, soiled, or crumpled. Only when we turn on, and come to the chapters which tell how Adam and Eve were driven out of Paradise, it begins to be clear and legible."

We have next an exquisite picture of a German home, as it appears idealized in its simplicity: the loving mother; the great church with its gilt cross; the palace opposite the gate, with the eagles on its pinnacles, and the great banner floating from its central turret. The family are intimate with the Prince, and the boy grows up the play-fellow of the royal children. Among the latter is one, the Princess Maria, the eldest daughter, who had lost all use of her limbs, and with a heart-complaint in addition, has looked every day for death. She is older than the rest, a sort of guardian angel, as they loved to consider her. One day, when her illness was at its worst:

"She took five rings which she wore on her hand, drew them off one after another, and looked so sad and yet so gentle, that I shut my eyes to prevent myself from weeping. The first she gave to her eldest brother, kissing him as she placed it on his finger; the second and third she gave to her two sisters, and the fourth to the youngest prince; kissing each of them also. I was standing by; I looked fixedly at her, and I saw that she had one ring yet remaining; but she leaned back and seemed exhausted. Presently she caught my expression; and as a child's eyes speak aloud, she saw easily what was passing in me. I did not wish for her ring; but I felt that I was a stranger—that I did not belong to her—that she did not love me as she loved her brothers and sisters—and this gave me a shooting pain, as if I had burst a vein or bruised a nerve. She raised herself up, laid her hand on my forehead, and looked at me so searchingly, that I felt she was reading my every thought. Then she drew the ring slowly off and gave it to me, and said: 'I had intended to have taken this one with me when I went from you, but it is better that you should have it, to remind you of me when I am gone. Read the words which are written on the edge. "As God will." You have a passionate heart, and a soft one; may it be tamed by life, and not hardened.' She then kissed me as she had done her brothers. I can hardly describe my

feelings. I was a boy then, and the gentle beauty of the suffering angel had not been without its charms for my young heart. I loved her as a boy can love—and boys love with a devotion, a truth, a purity, which few preserve in youth and manhood; but I thought she was a 'stranger' whom, if I loved, I must not say that I loved. I scarcely heard her words; I only felt that our souls were as near as two human souls can be. The bitterness was gone. I was no more alone; I was not an alien, divided from her by a chasm. I was beside her, with her, and in her. I would not take the ring. 'If you would give it me,' I said, 'you must keep it; for what is yours is mine.' She looked at me for a moment, surprised and thoughtful. then she replaced it on her finger, and again kissing my forehead, answered softly, 'You know not what you say. Learn to understand yourself, and you will be happy, and make others happy also.'

Time passes. The Princess lingers on in life; the boy goes out into the world, and at length returns as a young man, when he is again thrown with her. A feeling rises between them which is not love in the ordinary sense of the word, but intellectual sympathy. Their minds are touched deeply with the mystic philosophy of the fifteenth century. They discuss the Deutsche Theologie, and from thence, and in the mystic spirit, our own most modern English writers—Carlyle, Tennyson, Wordsworth, and Matthew Arnold. They spend their days in a Swiss cottage attached to the palace. The misfortune of the lady throws her off her guard. She sees no reason why the play-fellow of her childhood should not be the companion of her age. At length prudent people are alarmed. The delightful meetings are brought to an end. He is recommended to travel, and wanders with an aching heart into the Tyrol. Thither, however, his fate follows him. The Princess, on the death of her mother, has inherited an estate among the Tyrolean mountains, and there he again meets her. She has been warned in the interval. A marriage, even if her health had allowed it, was inadmissible between the high-born lady and the unknown student, and a philosophic friendship was properly considered dangerous. She tells him that they must see one another no more.

"I have caught hold upon your life," she says, "forgetting how slight a touch will rob the flower of its petals. In my ignorance of the world, I never thought that a poor sufferer such as I could inspire any feeling stronger than compas-

sion. I welcomed you warmly and frankly because I had known you so long, because your presence was a delight to me, because (why should I not confess it?) because I loved you. But the world does not understand this love, and does not tolerate it. The whole town is talking of us; my brother, the Regent, has written to the Prince, and requires me to end our intimacy. I am very sorry to have caused you so much suffering; say only that you forgive me, and let us part friends."

Such words can produce but one effect. She is speaking at a disadvantage; a summer twilight amidst mountains and lakes and yellow moonlight are poor supporters to prudence. The old struggle commenced again between man and the world; the individual soul fluttering against the bars of its prison, and crying out against social despotism.

"When I recall the stories of my friends," he passionately pleads, "I could tell you volumes of tragedies. One loved a maiden, and was loved in return; but he was poor—she was rich. Parents and relations despised him, and two hearts were broken. Why? Because it is thought a misfortune that a lady's dress should be made from the wool of a plant in America, rather than from the fibers of a worm in China. Another loved a maiden, and was loved in return; but he was a Protestant—she was a Catholic. Mothers and priests disagreed, and two hearts were broken. Why? Because three centuries before, Charles the Fifth, Francis the First, and Henry the Eighth played a political game at chess. A third loved a maiden, and was loved in return; but he was a noble—she was a plebeian. The sisters were jealous, and two hearts were broken. Why? Because, a hundred years ago, a soldier slew another who was threatening a king's life in battle. He was rewarded with titles and honor, and his great-grandson atones with a blighted life for the blood which was then shed by him. Each hour, say the collectors of statistics, some heart is broken; and I believe it. But why? Because in all but all cases the world will not permit us to love each other unless we are connected by some peculiar tie. If two girls love the same man, one must be sacrificed. If two men love the same woman, one or both must be sacrificed. Why? Can one not love without wishing to appropriate?"

Since, however, there is no alternative, he asks her whether, rather than submit to separation, she will bear the world's displeasure. They love each other with all their hearts. Let them marry. She is silent for a time. At length she says:

"I am yours. God will have it so. Take me as I am. While I live, I live for you. May

God join us again hereafter in a fairer world, and reward you for your love?"

The Princess consents; but the destinies are unrelenting. Another solution awaits the difficulty. She had been warned against excitement, and the struggle had been too much for her. In the night which follows this scene, her heart stopped suddenly, and can not recover itself. Her lover wakes in the morning to receive her last message, the ring, with the inscription on it—"Wie Gott will."

"And days and weeks and moons and years are gone," he says. "My home has become strange to me, and a strange land is my home; but her love remains for me; and as a tear falls into the ocean, so has my love for her dissolved in the living ocean of humanity, and interpenetrates and envelopes millions—millions of those 'strangers' whom from my childhood I have so loved. Only on still summer days, when I am lying alone in the green forest of nature, and know not whether beyond its circle there breathe any other men, or whether I am solitary upon the earth, then the past stirs again in the churchyard of memory. Dead remembrances rise up out of their graves. The omnipotence of passion flows back into my heart, and streams out toward that fair being who again is gazing on me with her deep, unfathomable eyes; and then my affection for 'the millions' is lost in my affection for the one, and my thoughts sink baffled before the inscrutable mystery of the finite and infinite love."

With these words the book ends. Were it a fiction, the story would have been made more complicated, or would have been told with less intensity of passion. Only real life can provide materials at once so simple and so beautiful. Whether, however, it is well for us to dwell in this way over sufferings which in some degree fall to us all—whether the wise man does not rather let the dead bury their dead, and live—not in a past which is beyond his control, but in a present and future which are in same degree his own—is a further question. The heart knows its own bitterness; it is rarely that we can wisely advise others, far less undertake to judge them. If the author has found any true comfort in writing this book, it is well. German literature has received a fresh ornament; and a noble nature has shaken off some portion of its distress. But sorrow, if a good medicine, is a dangerous food. There is a luxury of grief, which, like opium, seems to soothe, yet is stealing into the veins like poison, and the victim sinks at last in despair.

From Sharpe's London Magazine.

THE FATAL VOW.

A few years ago, during a short residence that I made in Paris, I found myself domiciliated in one of the least frequented quarters of that city.

My next-door neighbor was a young artist of prepossessing appearance, and of considerable talent; at least so it was said. I myself never had an opportunity of judging of the merit of his performances. He led a very retired life with his wife, who, from the little I saw of her, appeared to be of an inferior rank in society to the one to which her husband evidently belonged.

One morning, an unusual commotion in the quiet street where I resided attracted my attention. On looking out at the window, I saw a crowd collected in front of the painter's door, the cause of which soon became apparent, as, ere a few minutes had elapsed, my maid entered with a terror-stricken face to announce: that Madame Laroche, the artist's wife, had just been found dead on the pavement outside their door. She had evidently thrown herself from her bed-room window, which was of a great height, and death must have been instantaneous. Various were the surmises and conjectures formed as to the probable motive which led Madame Laroche to commit self-destruction; but they did not tend to throw any light on the matter; for the young couple had always appeared to be on the most friendly terms; they bore an irreproachable character in the neighborhood, and thus the busy gossips of the faubourg St. H. failed in obtaining the slightest solution of the mystery. The idle rumors which found so wide a circulation were, however, soon hushed by the sudden disappearance of the bereaved husband.

This tragical event had long passed away from my recollection, when my interest in it was renewed by the arrival of one of my friends from America, who related to me the following singular narrative; the hero of which I found to be

none other than my late mysterious neighbor, Monsieur Delaroche.

It appeared that, earlier in life, this artist had been passionately attached to the young and beautiful daughter of the haughty Marquis de Grismanuel, who returned his love with an equal degree of warmth. Her father, however, who aspired to a higher alliance for his only child, refused to sanction her union with Monsieur Delaroche, and sternly forbade him his door.

The lovely Clarice, finding her tears and entreaties alike of no avail, in an hour of utter despair, fled from her father's roof, and sought refuge in a convent. The year of her noviciate having expired, the fatal day came, when she was to pronounce her irrevocable vows.

Monsieur Delaroche resolved on being a witness of the painful ceremony, which would, as it were, affix the seal on his doom. Much as he dreaded the fearful ordeal, he could not deny himself the melancholy gratification of seeing once more the beloved of his soul. Accordingly, at an early hour on the morning fixed for the ceremony, the artist bent his steps towards the convent chapel, which was already filled with a crowd of eager spectators. But he was scarcely conscious of their presence—his "eyes were with his heart," and that was by the side of her he now fully realized was about to be lost to him for ever. Partially hidden from sight behind one of the massive pillars of the chapel, Eugene Delaroche watched, as under the influence of an oppressive dream, the numerous preparations for the self-inflicted sacrifice, which in his eyes bore such a sublime aspect. Suddenly the tinkling of a small bell was heard, a burst of thrilling melody pealed forth from the deep-toned organ, and a subdued murmur of admiration, not unmixed with compassion, ran through the assembly, as the beautiful novice appeared between two veiled sisters at the open grating which

separated the choir of the nuns from the body of the church. At the same instant, the Bishop who was to receive her vows issued from the vestry, and the ceremony began.

It is customary, when the dress of the novice about to profess has been blessed by the officiating priest, that a curtain is drawn over the grating of which mention has already been made; on its removal, the spectators only perceive a black pall—that which is used for funerals—spread on the ground in the middle of the choir; on this the novice prostrates herself; and the sides being thrown over her, she is hidden from the view of all present. The sisters then commence chanting, in mournful tones, the 130th Psalm, which forms part of the burial service in the Romish Church. It is needless to add that this part of the representation is intended to impress on the minds of the congregated relatives and friends that henceforward their sister, or daughter, or fondly cherished companion, is as entirely cut off from all intercourse with them as if she had really departed this life. With a fixed and agonized look, Monsieur Delaroche gazed on the pall which shrouded from his sight his only earthly treasure, and as he thought of the long farewell that this idol of his heart had bid to all that she held near and dear on earth, he felt, as he imagined, inspired from on high to perform on his side some great sacrifice which would tend to assimilate his lot with that of the self-devoted being who would ever be dearer to him than life itself. The ceremony was concluded. His resolution was taken. He had formed the extraordinary vow to make an offer of marriage to the first woman who would cross his path as he went out of the chapel! The crowd was slowly dispersing. The artist rose from his knees, and, with a throbbing heart and a faltering step, he had just reached the door, when his eyes fell on a young girl engaged in fervent prayer by the side of a woman who appeared to be her mother. They were both simply clad, and evidently belonged to that class of society which in France is designated as the *Bourgeoisie*.

Eugene Delaroche felt that the crisis of his fate was at hand, and heedless of consequences, he thus abruptly addressed the elder of the two women:

"Madame," said he, "I am a gentleman—will you consent to your daughter's becoming my wife?—I give you my word

of honor that I will do every thing that lies in my power to insure her happiness."

The two women, amazed at this unexpected and scarcely warranted address, seemed for an instant inclined to doubt of the sanity of the speaker; but they were speedily reassured when, in a few words, he acquainted them with the vow he had just made, and entreated them to put implicit faith in the integrity of his intentions. Then, perceiving for the first time, that his destined wife was afflicted with lameness, he added, with a melancholy smile, which, however, had not the slightest tinge of sarcasm:

"Mademoiselle, when first you attracted my attention, I was not aware that you were lame, but this circumstance can not influence my decision or cause me to repent of the engagement I have made."

Doubtless it will be the opinion of many of my readers, that the pride of the young girl would have been wounded by this strange and humiliating offer of marriage, and that her first indignant impulse would have led her to decline the doubtful honor proffered her; but the case proved far otherwise. A superstitious dread of being even the *indirect* cause of the violation of a vow, the more sacred, because made in God's own Sanctuary—a feeling of intense compassion for the unhappy lover, whose pale and haggard features bore evident traces of the storms that had swept over him—a latent, scarcely-defined hope, that one day she herself might succeed in winning his affections, and take, at least to a certain extent, the place of her he had loved and lost—all these feelings combined acted so powerfully on the mind of Louise Gauthier, that she consented to become the artist's wife, in spite of sundry misgivings, which her more prudent mother could not forbear expressing, as to the eventual results of a union formed under such unfavorable auspices. The young couple were married shortly after their first momentous interview, and went to reside in the Faubourg St. H.

There seems little reason to doubt that Monsieur Delaroche kept his word, and proved himself none otherwise than a kind and attentive husband. This ought to have satisfied his young wife, who was fully aware that her husband had not promised more than he intended to fulfill. But she lived in the hope that her untiring devotion might at last meet with a

requital adequate to its extent, and that many happy days might yet be in store for her. She was, however, doomed to disappointment. Monsieur Delaroche could not love twice in his life as he had *once* loved, and sternly resolved as he was to banish from his heart every recollection of that past, so fraught at once with sweet and bitter memories, at the same time he was too upright to fain the semblance of an affection which had no room within his breast. Thus month after month passed away, and the wife only found indifference where she sought for love. The child whose birth shed a gleam of ineffable joy over her dreary path, and that doubtless would have formed a bond of union between its parents, was taken from them in the early dawn of its young life—long ere its baby lips had learnt to lisp its mother's name. Then, indeed, she felt desolate, and gave herself up to despair. No friend was near to speak peace to her troubled soul, and to tell her that her "Maker would be her husband;" that there is a "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother," even that pitying Jesus who leaves no sorrow untouched by sympathy, to whom every fainting spirit may bring its fearfulness, every drooping heart its sad burden of woe. There was no one to point out to her that "better land" where she might hope to meet again the babe whose untimely end she mourned,

nor to whisper in her ear the words of heavenly comfort which fall on the aching heart like the early dew on the parched herb; but all was darkness within, and the grave appeared to her the only refuge from the trials of a loveless home.

One morning, her husband having left her at an unusually early hour, to attend to some business of importance, she availed herself of his absence to throw herself out of the window, and on his return home he found his wife a corpse. Undecided of purpose, and scarcely knowing where to go, he bent his steps toward the Far West, and at length settled in America, there devoting himself entirely to his artist's profession. Ere, however, many months had elapsed, the death of an uncle in France, an eccentric old bachelor, whom he scarcely knew, left him in possession of considerable fortune. Since this change in his circumstances, Eugene Delaroche took up his final abode in a remote colony of the Brazils, where he is now known as the founder of an institution, the object of which is to provide a home for a few amongst those, whatever their position in society may be, who, like himself, having failed in early life, and without any hope of earthly happiness, turn aside from the din and glare of a busy world, in search of that solitude which is so precious a boon to the aching heart, and the tempest-tossed spirit.

This is a true story.

SPRING IS COME.

Y^e coax the timid verdure
Along the hills of spring,
Blue skies and gentle breezes,
And soft clouds wandering.
The choir of birds on budding spray,
Loud larks in ether sing;
A fresher pulse, a wider day,
Give joy to every thing.

The gay translucent morning
Lies glittering on the sea,
The noonday sprinkles shadows
Athwart the daisied lea:
The round sun's sinking scarlet rim
In vapor bideth he,
The darkling hours are cool and dim,
As vernal night should be.

Our earth has not grown aged,
With all her countless years;
She works, and never wearies,
Is glad and nothing fears.

The glow of air, broad land and wave
In season reappears;
And shall, when slumber in the grave
These human smiles and tears.

Oh! rich in songs and colors,
Thou joy-reviving Spring!
Some hopes are chill'd with winter
Whose term thou can'st not bring.
Some voices answer not thy call
When sky and woodland ring;
Some faces come not back at all
With primrose-blossoming.

The distant-flying swallow,
The upward yearning seed,
Find nature's promise faithful,
Attain their humble need.
Great Parent! Thou hast also form'd
These hearts which throb and bleed:
With love, truth, hope, their life has warm'd,
And what is best, decreed.

From Chambers's Journal.

F O G - S E A S O F T H E M O O N .

On the evening of the 2d of January, in the present year, the erratic moon passed, while on her wanderings, between the earth and the planet Jupiter. The planet was wide awake, sparkling with brilliancy at the time; but the movements of Cynthia were so brisk, that he found himself excluded from the benefit of earth-shine before he could turn himself round. In ninety short seconds, his pleasant face was entirely hidden from the friendly observers who were watching it from their stations upon the terrestrial sphere.

Although, upon this occasion, the grave and majestic Olympian star was caught at disadvantage by the nimble luminary of the silver horns, he did not lose his ordinary self-possession; his placid temperament proved to be fully equal to the emergency. Having remained quietly in concealment for about sixty minutes, he glided calmly out from behind the screen which had been interposed between him and his terrestrial friends, and as he did so, adroitly turned the tables upon the moon, by giving a sly hint or two concerning certain secrets which it was her intention to have held in reserve from her curious neighbors here below. The readers of *Chambers's Journal*, trained as they have been to like the *bonbons* of science, will be glad to hear how the astute Jovian star contrived to retaliate upon the sprightly night-queen, by throwing light upon her obscurities, in return for the temporary obscuration he suffered at her horns.

During the recent occultation of the planet Jupiter, one half of the civilized territory of the earth was fairly bristling with telescopes turned toward the edge of the moon. An occultation of any of the larger planets is always an occurrence of surpassing interest to astronomers, because the clear, well-defined images which they present in good telescopes, are pictures of such exquisite delicacy, that they afford a very severe test of the condition of the lunar surface as to the presence or absence of gaseous or vaporous investment, when that surface is seen in front

of the picture in the act of sweeping before it; the smallest amount of vapor or gas would perceptibly dim and distort the delicately sketched light image contemplated under such circumstances. When it is Jupiter that undergoes occultation, there is also additional interest, because this planet is waited upon by four satellites of considerable brilliancy, which have to pass in succession behind, and out from, the border of the moon; so that there are, as it were, five occultations in one to be observed.

During the recent occultation of Jupiter, a large number of excellent observations were recorded. From among the trustworthy observers, Messrs. W. R. Grove, Dawes, Hartnup, and J. Watson, Dr. Mann, and Lord Wrottesley agreed in the positive statement that there was no perceptible alteration of the planet's figure, or distortion of outline, while the planetary image was in apparent contact with the moon, and under good optical definition. Mr. William Simms and Mr. Lassell, on the other hand, described the curved outline of the planet as appearing to be flattened, or bent outward toward the moon's limb. Mr. Lassell's observation, however, affords a suggestion for the ready explanation of this discrepancy. This gentleman noted distortion as the planet went behind the moon, but distinctly states that there was none as it came out from concealment; and further remarks, that the *air was very unsettled*, and vision very unsteady at the commencement, but the definition was much more even and satisfactory at the conclusion of the occultation. Mr. William Simms also says that the atmosphere at Carshalton, where his observation was made, was very unsteady. In all probability, the distortion of the planet's figure, noticed by these observers, was due to the *unfavorable state of the earth's own atmosphere* at their stations, causing the image of the planet to tremble and undulate while under inspection.

Mr. Hartnup and Dr. Mann noticed that the line-like segment of the planet's

disc was broken up into three or four beads of light, just before it finally disappeared behind the moon. This result was due to small projections of the moon's border then crossing the streak of light in some places, while portions of the streak were still visible at indentations of the lunar edge in others. Mr. Hartnup saw the third satellite of the planet *shining in the midst of a large indentation* of this kind for a second or two, and looking as if within the circumference of the lunar face. Professor Challis, employing the great Northumberland refractor at Cambridge, noticed that the moon's dark limb, as it swept in front of the bright planetary surface, was distinctly jagged and zigzagged by valleys and mountain-peaks.

As the planet slipped out from behind the *bright side* of the half-illuminated six-day-old moon, the different characters of the planetary and lunar light were strikingly apparent. The planet's face was about as pale again as the moon's, and seemed to most of the observers watching it, to wear, as compared with the moon's aspect, a soft greenish hue. Mr. Lassell was of opinion that the planetary faintness was mainly the result of the relatively large brilliant surface the moon presented in such close proximity; he believed that there would not have seemed anything like so marked a difference of intensity, if the planet had been contemplated in contact with a piece of the moon, having dimensions not larger than itself.

But the most interesting fact yet remains to be told. The bright border of the moon at this time crossed the soft green face of the planet, not with a clear sharply cut outline like that which had been presented as the disc passed into concealment; it was fringed by a streak or band of graduated shadow, commencing at the moon's edge as a deep black line, and being then stippled off outwardly until it dissolved away in the green light of the planet's face. This shade-band was about the tenth part of the planet's disc broad, and of equal breadth from end to end. Mr. Lassell described it as offering to his practiced eye precisely the same appearance that the obscure ring of Saturn presents to a higher magnifying power, where that appendage crosses in front of the body of the Saturnian sphere.

There could be no mistake concerning the actual existence of this curious and

unexpected apparition. It was independently noticed and described by at least six trustworthy observers, and the descriptions of it given by each of these corresponded with the minutest accuracy. The shadow was seen and described by Mr. Lassell, at Liverpool; by the Rev. Professor Challis, at the Observatory of Cambridge; by the Rev. W. R. Dawes, at Waterbury; by Dr. Mann and Captain Swinburne, R. N., at Ventnor; and by Mr. William Simms, at Carshalton. It therefore only needs that the unusual presence should be accounted for: the handwriting being there, the question remains to be answered: "Can its interpretation be found?" Can science read the meaning of this shadow-fringe inscription? Are there minds that can fathom, as well as eyes that could catch, this signal-hint thrown out by Jupiter at the instant of its emergence from its forced concealment behind the moon?

It was Mr. Dawes's impression on the instant, that the mysterious shadow was simply an optical spectrum—a deep blue fringe to the light maze caused by the object-glass of his telescope having been accidentally over-corrected for one of the irregularities incident to chromatic refraction. This notion, of course, became altogether untenable so soon as it was known that the same appearance had been noted by other telescopes, in which the same incidental imperfection had no place. All felt that the shadow could not be referred to a regular atmospheric investment of the moon's solid sphere, because under such circumstances the streak should have been always seen when the rim of the moon rested in a similar way across a planetary disc. The sagacious Plumian professor of astronomy at Cambridge, Professor Challis, seems to have been the first to hit upon the true interpretation of the riddle. This indefatigable star-seer has long suspected that the broad dark patches of the lunar surface—the *seas* of the old selenographers—are really shallow basins filled by a sediment of vapor which has settled down into those depressions; in other words, he conceives that there are FOG-SEAS, although there are NO WATER-SEAS, in the moon. The general surface and higher projections of the lunar spheroid are altogether uncovered and bare; but vapors and mists have rolled down into the lower regions in sufficient quantity to fill

up their basin-like hollows, exactly as water has gravitated into the beds of the terrestrial oceans. The professor, using the high powers of the magnificent telescope furnished to the Cambridge Observatory by the munificence of the late Duke of Northumberland, was able to satisfy himself that the planet actually did come out from behind a widely gaping hollow of the moon's surface—at the bottom of a lunar fog-sea, *seen edgeways*, so to speak. If a shallow basin extended for some distance round the curvature of the lunar spheroid, and if it were filled up with vapor, that vapor would rest at fixed level, exactly after the manner of a collection of liquid, and such fixed level would be concentric with the general spheroidal curvature of the satellite. Under such an arrangement, there would therefore necessarily be a bulging protuberance of the vapor-surface, through which a remote luminary might be seen, when it

rested in the requisite position. This, then, is Professor Challis's understanding of Jupiter's hint. The moon has *fog-seas*, upon her surface, and the band of shadow visible upon the face of Jupiter as the planet came out from behind the earth's satellite, was a thin upper slice of one of those fog-seas seen by the favorable accident of the planet's light shining for the instant from beyond. Destiny was, upon this occasion, propitious to the phalanx of terrestrial observers standing so resolutely and patiently to their telescopes, and brought the planet, which had gone into occultation at a spot where there was high and rough ground, out at a point where the moon's limb was smooth, and depressed below the general level. It is, of course, only when occulted luminaries pass behind such depressed localities, that these shade-bands ought to present themselves, if Professor Challis's shrewd interpretation be a reading of the truth.

ON MOUNT SINAI.—In about an hour and a half from the time we left the convent, we reached the top, the "gray top" of Sinai, for while the great body of the mountain is of red granite, this is of gray. Whether from decay or the peculiarity of the original formation, I do not know, the granite appeared laminated on the top, so that we were able to split off some slices with the help of our hammers, of perhaps an inch in thickness. With these exfoliated fragments we filled our bags or pockets, thinking it worth while to carry home with us specimens of that mountain which "burned with fire," and on which Jehovah himself descended. The wind was strong and the air cold, so we took shelter under part of the low wall at the entrance to one of the chapels. While the monk who was with us was striking a light and preparing coffee, we were gazing on the scene, and writing a few short letters to friends, dated "the top of Sinai." I had taken with me the "ten commandments" in the original, on a large sheet, and, spreading it out, I read over the law, upon the summit of that mountain where it had been given three thousand five hundred years before. The cold and the driving wind were consider-

able hindrances, and more than once my tables of the law were on the point of being torn in pieces and carried away, but I accomplished my purpose. It was interesting at the time; nor is it less so in recollection. The day was not clear; mists were rising in the horizon, so that we did not see afar off. But we saw the "great and terrible wilderness" around us, and it was a vision of more utter barrenness and desolation than we had ever seen or fancied. No soft feature in the landscape to mitigate the unbroken horror. No green spot, no tree, no flower, no rill, no lake—but dark brown ridges, red peaks, like pyramids of solid fire. No rounded hillocks or soft mountain curves, such as one sees even in the ruggedest of home scenes—but monstrous and misshapen cliffs, rising tier above tier, and surmounted here and there by some spire-like summit—serrated for miles into ragged grandeur, and grooved from head to foot by the winter torrents that had swept down like bursting water-spouts, tearing their naked loins, and cutting into the very veins and sinews of the fiery rock.—"The Desert of Sinai: Notes of a Spring Journey from Cairo to Beersheba." By Horatio Bonar, D.D.—*Leisure Hour*.

From the Leisure Hour.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE MOTHER OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.

It was a fine autumn day, says a celebrated French writer, when I had occasion, in the course of my wanderings, to pass through the town of Constance. I was informed that the château of Arenenberg, the residence of the Duchess of St. Lece, the Ex-Queen Hortense, was situated only half a league distant from this ancient city. I felt desirous, therefore, to place my homage at the feet of this fallen sovereign, to see this queen—this graceful daughter of Josephine—this sister of Prince Eugene—this once sparkling jewel of Napoleon's crown. I had often heard Queen Hortense spoken of in my youth as a sort of good fairy, very gracious and very beautiful. I had been told of the young maidens she had dowered, the mothers whose sons she had bought off after conscription, and the condemned culprits whose pardon she had obtained. Added to all this, I still retained a vivid recollection of both the words and the air of various songs composed by her, and which my sister used to sing to me in my boyhood. In those happy days, the idea of a *queen* who both composed and sung was sufficient to transport her in my imagination into fairy regions.

I resolved, therefore, to gratify my long-cherished desire of becoming acquainted with the ex-queen; and, though it was too early in the morning to present myself in person at the château, I left my card at the door, and then, springing into a boat, took a row on the lake to an adjacent island. On returning, after this brief excursion, to my temporary home, I found awaiting me an invitation to dinner from Madame de St. Lece.

The château of Arenenberg wears by no means the aspect of a royal residence; it is simply a pleasant-looking home, such as might belong to any private gentleman of wealth. The emotion which I felt on approaching its precincts did not therefore arise from external circumstances,

but from the thoughts which filled my mind and stirred all the deeper feelings of my heart. I proceeded slowly on my way, and more than once felt tempted to retrace my steps. I had an indistinct dread lest my illusion should be dispelled, and the dream of my early years should lose its enchantment. Suddenly, however, on entering a shady avenue, I perceived three ladies, accompanied by a young man, advancing toward me. Instinctively I recognized in one amongst them the Ex-Queen Hortense, and hastened toward her. Little could she have divined the nature of the emotions which at that moment filled my breast—emotions of mingled respect, pity, and admiration. Had she been alone, I should have felt tempted to bend my knee before her. My countenance probably betrayed, in some degree, the conflicting feelings by which I was agitated, for, smiling sweetly, she held out her hand to me, and said: "It is very good of you to come and visit a poor exile like me."

As she thus expressed her gratitude for the trifling mark of respect I had shown, I could not help mentally exclaiming: "In *this* instance, at least, the dreams of my youth have proved no deception; this tone of voice, this glance, exactly realize the ideal I had formed when thinking of the daughter of Josephine."

The Queen placed her arm in mine, and led me through the grounds. Time glided imperceptibly away, until at last she proposed to me to enter the château. In the drawing-room, the first object which arrested my attention was a magnificent portrait.

"How very beautiful!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, it is a beautiful painting," rejoined Madame de St. Lece; "It represents Bonaparte at the Bridge of Lodi."

"It is painted by Gros, is it not?"

"Yes, it is his, copied from nature, and marvelously like."

I stood for some moments absorbed in

thought, and when I suddenly started, roused from my reverie, I perceived the eyes of Madame de St. Lece fixed upon me with a smiling expression. She then rose, and asked me whether I should like to accompany her, and she would show me her imperial reliquary. I was only too happy to accept the offer, and she conducted me toward a piece of furniture in the form of a book-case, fitted up with glass panes, and on each shelf of which were ranged different objects which had belonged to Josephine or to Napoleon.

First in order came a portfolio, marked with a J. and an N., and containing the familiar correspondence of the Emperor and Empress. Every letter was autograph, and many amongst them were written from the fields of Marengo, of Austerlitz, or of Jena—hastily scribbled at the cannon-mouth, and each containing tidings of victory.

Next followed the talisman of Charlemagne, and to this relic a singular history was attached. When the tomb in which the great monarch had lain buried for well nigh a thousand years was opened at Aix-la-Chapelle, his skeleton was found clad in his robes of state; the double crown of France and Germany rested on his fleshless brow; by his side, together with his pilgrim's purse, hung his good sword Joyeuse—this sword with which, as the monk of St. Denis relates, he felled in twain, at one stroke, a knight in full armor; his feet rested on the shield of massive gold given him by Pope Leo; and around his neck hung an amulet, which secured to him victory in war. This amulet consisted of what was said to be a piece of the true cross, sent to him by the Empress Irene. It was set in emeralds, and suspended by a chain of massive gold. The citizens of Aix-la-Chapelle presented this talisman to Napoleon when he made his entry into their town; and Napoleon, in 1811, one day playfully threw this chain around the neck of Queen Hortense, owing to her, at the same time, that *he* had worn it at the battles of Austerlitz and Wagram, even as Charlemagne had done a thousand years before.

The next relics shown me by the Duchess were, the belt worn by Napoleon in Egypt, the wedding-ring he had himself placed on her mother's hand, and, last of all, the portrait of the King of Rome, embroidered by Marie Louise—a portrait on which the eyes of the dying conqueror

had rested at the latest moment of his existence, and which had been fondly pressed to his expiring lips.

I asked to see the sword which Marchand had brought back from St. Helena, and which the Duke of Reichstadt had bequeathed to Prince Louis Napoleon; but this dying bequest had not yet been forwarded to the Queen, and she seemed to fear it might never reach her hands.

At this moment the dinner-bell rang.

"So soon!" I exclaimed.

"You shall visit my reliquary again to-morrow," she kindly replied.

When dinner was concluded, we returned to the drawing-room, and in a few moments Madame Récamier was announced. This lady, too, was in her own way a queen—a queen of beauty and of intellect; and Madame de St. Lece received her as a sister. I have often heard Madame Récamier's age discussed. I only saw her, it is true, by candle-light, dressed in black, and with a veil of the same color falling over her neck and shoulders; but I should certainly not have supposed her to be more than five-and-twenty, judging from the youthful freshness of her voice, the beauty of her eyes, and her exquisitely molded hand. It struck me, therefore, as something singular to hear these two ladies converse together about the Directory and the Consulate, as of periods in which they had lived, and with the events of which they were familiar.

After some time, Madame de St. Lece was earnestly requested to take her place at the piano. She acceded to our wishes, and sung several airs which she had lately set to music.

"Might I venture to make *one* request?" I inquired.

"And what may your petition be?" rejoined the ex-queen.

"That you would sing one of your *old* compositions."

"Which of them?" she inquired.

"You leave me to march to glory."

"That was one of the very first I ever wrote," she exclaimed; "it dates from 1809. How do *you* happen to remember it? You could scarcely have been born when it was in vogue."

"I was only five years and a half old; but my sister, who was some years older than myself, used to sing to me, and this was my favorite song."

"It is very unfortunate, then," replied

the Duchess, "that the words have altogether passed from my memory."

"I remember them well, however," I rejoined; and rising from my seat, I stood behind her at the piano, and began to repeat to her the lines so familiar to my memory.

"My poor mother!" exclaimed Madame de St. Lece, with a deep sigh, when I had finished the recital.

"It is a mournful recollection," I replied.

"Mournful indeed," said the Duchess. "It was in 1808, as you must be aware, that the rumors concerning a divorce began to circulate: they smote my poor mother to the heart; and, as the Emperor was on the point of setting out for Wagram, she requested M. de Segur to write a song on the subject of his departure. The Count brought her the lines you have just repeated; my mother asked me to set them to music; and I sang them to the Emperor on the evening preceding his departure. My poor mother!—I could almost fancy I see her still—anxiously watching the Emperor's care-worn countenance, and seeking to discover the impression made upon his mind by the words of this song, so admirably suited to the circumstances in which they both were placed at that moment. The Em-

peror listened attentively until the last note had ceased to vibrate; then, turning toward my mother, he said, in a tone which betrayed deep emotion: 'You are the best creature I have ever known;' and so saying, he hastened from the apartment. My mother burst into tears; and from that moment she felt that her fate was sealed. You can now readily understand what touching recollections are associated in my memory with this air, and how vividly it transports me back to by-gone years."

"Pardon me," I exclaimed; "I ought not to have recalled it to your mind."

"On the contrary," replied Queen Hortense, as she again seated herself at the piano, "so many other sorrows have passed over me since then, that I can recall those days without bitterness."

The ex-queen then ran her fingers over the keys, and, after a plaintive prelude, sang the same touching words she had sung before Napoleon on that memorable occasion.

Thus ended my evening at Arensburg; and it was with a heart filled with conflicting emotions that I quitted the presence of Hortense, the Ex-Queen of Holland—the daughter of Josephine, and the mother of Louis Napoleon, the present Emperor of the French.

THE IMPERIAL FRANCE OF TO-DAY.

Who can imagine the effect of an announcement that the British nation had ceased growing? Between the years 1819 and 1855 we contributed two million three hundred thousand immigrants to the population of the United States: within the same period we transmitted vast numbers of colonists to Canada and Australia; since 1800 the inhabitants of our own islands have doubled, in spite of a great famine; what, then, should we think if this process of expansion were suddenly to be arrested? Yet such a suspension of national vitality has taken place in France. From 1841 to 1846, 1,170,000 souls were added to the population; from 1851 to

1856, only 256,000; in 1854 and 1855, the deaths actually exceeded the births, Statists are seeking for explanations of this formidable result; many causes are suggested; to each of these we wish to assign its full value—even to emigration, although not more than ten thousand persons annually quit France for the colonies, England, or America—a number compensated for by the arrival of foreigners. We may go back to the great wars when one prodigious army after another, amounting to a total of two millions, was annihilated under the flag of Napoleon, the idol of the Empire, when it was twice found necessary to reduce the military

standard, when boys were marched to Lutzen and Leipsic, because the supply of men had failed; but the fact interposes, that during the reign of Louis Philippe the energies of France seemed to revive, and more than a million was added to her population within five years. We will allow all due importance to the influence of small agricultural holdings, producing an inexorable entail of poverty, to the extension of the Malthusian economy from the capital to the villages, to the succession of bad harvests, grape blights, silk-worm failures, and other discouragements; these details cannot fairly be left out of the calculation; but do they account for the astonishing and alarming cessation of vital energy we now witness in France? In what have the French people so materially changed since the five years from 1841, when, with the same division of property, the same aversion to large families and no exemption from natural inflictions, they multiplied with comparative rapidity? Whatever change or manners took place after 1851 was certainly preceded by wholesale change of institutions. In front of the whole inquiry stands the conspicuous certainty that, under the Empire, the growth of population has everywhere been checked; while in many places the births have not made up for the deaths.

Not that France is overcrowded. Belgium contains 147 inhabitants to the square mile; England 130; France only 68; yet, with ample scope for development, the body of the nation dwindles instead of dilating. At the same time, the necessaries of life are produced in smaller quantities in the provinces, and luxury flourishes at the capital; the poor congregate in the great cities; an immense displacement of wealth is paraded for prosperity; Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, St. Etienne are swollen by the formation of new faubourgs; thousands forsake the fields without entering the factory; the proportion of deaths among adults is singularly large; but what other process is going on at the same time? The capital that was formerly employed in cultivation or in manufacturing industry, has since 1851 been absorbed in Paris and expended in loans or in luxury; prices rise; bread is artificially cheapened for the dangerous populations of the faubourgs; to the peasantry it is become dearer; France is being gradually reduced in these respects to the level of Spain and Turkey. In the

mean time, the public expenditure increases enormously; the Empire wears literally a mural crown; its works in stone and mortar are confessedly imposing. It has its golden House; it delights in the colossal; with Dion Cassius, Louis Napoleon perceives no difference between public and private funds; while the life of France is drained away as by a mysterious disease, broad, strategical streets, and ornamental façades are certainly added to Paris.

We may take advantage of another opportunity to estimate the value of Louis Napoleon's monuments. Our present business is with the melting of the population, and the causes of its sudden decay from 1851 to 1856. Even if we cast in the gross total of the deportations to Algeria and Cayenne, they sink out of sight in the chasm. It is true that the departments signalized as having experienced the most sensible arrest or decrease of population are precisely those which were more than decimated by the mixed Commission of December—those which were marked in red on the map as strongholds of the Socialist democracy, those from which the agricultural, mechanical, and professional classes were deported wholesale, without trial, to flood the conflict colonies of the Empire. The usurpation of 1851 passed over these provinces like a desolating war; yet some deeper and more abiding cause must be at work; it is, we are compelled to believe, the corruption of society by the example and influence of the Empire. If the great and expanding nation can be violently arrested in its career, its vital forces turned abruptly into sordid channels, its moral consciousness blinded and benumbed, the circulation of its intellectual activity suspended; if it can be cut from the traditions of the past, bewildered by stock-jobbing, encouraged to waste its energies in sensual excesses, deterred by fear or ridicule from healthy or exalted pursuits;—if it can undergo this change without being enfeebled, attenuated, and exhausted, we must utterly repudiate the doctrine of all history—that a deadening despotism, applying itself only to satisfy the material cravings of the populace, infuses into the blood of the debauched nation the virus of a poison.

There is now in France no such thing as public life; it follows that private manners are depraved. The Seine might whisper a story to the Dead Sea, and

France might show other causes for the failure of its productive powers than the determination of domestic economists to limit their family liabilities. Louis Napoleon pretends to stimulate agriculture—the agricultural population is diminishing; he affects to aggrandize Paris—Paris is fed at the expense of the provinces; he points to developed commerce—it scarcely compensates for diminished production at home;—he is the patron of the working classes—they have a falling-sickness among them; the one flourishing class in France consists of speculators, gorged, we repeat, by vast displacements of wealth, but adding nothing to the resources of the country

or the stability of the Government. The Spanish Kingdom exhausted, and the Turkish Empire disorganized, are now the European parallels of Imperial France. It may be that some historian of a future day, when recalling the glories of modern Augustus, will point to the architectural trophies of the capital; but other historians will record that, from the first to the sixth year of Louis Napoleon's reign, it was that France, instead of advancing, began to recede, and that, instead of multiplying and abounding, her population diminished and decayed, exhibiting to the New World the phenomenon of arresting development in the Old.

From Sharpe's London Magazine.

THE UNFLINCHING MURDERER.

I saw a stately lily uprear it's snowy head
Mid lovely flowers that round it their gentle fragrance
shed,
The sunbeams kissed it's petals, and the zephyrs
floated by,
Bearing words of love and joy upon their balmy sigh;
I looked again at noon, but—it's purity had flown—
For Death, the unflinching Murderer, claimed the
Lily for his own.

I heard at eventide a strain of melody, so rare
I scarcely breathed the while it stole upon the stilly
air—
The moon was in the heavens, and not a sound was
heard,
And Nature all seemed listening to that most match-
less bird;
But—alas! the song had ceased, and the night-winds
sadly moan—
For Death, the unflinching Murderer, claimed the
Minstrel for his own.

I saw an infant playing beside a cottage door,
Gazing with happy smiles upon its childish store,
Then a peal of merry laughter rang out upon the air,
And the mother watched with tenderness her little
one so fair;
But—in the cold and drear churchyard the mother
stands alone—
For Death, the unflinching Murderer, claimed her
baby for his own.

I saw a lovely maiden in the glory of her youth,
The roses bloom was on her cheek, on her brow the
seal of truth,
I saw her with another at the altar blushing stand,
And with holy music murmuring give him her heart
and hand;
But—the lover weeps in sadness, his fair young bride
is gone—

For Death, the unflinching Murderer, has claimed
her for his own.

I saw a young and noble man, of Nature's finest
mold,
He sat upon his great black steed, type of the free
and bold,
He waved adieu to his baby boy, and to his fair
young wife,
He waved adieu, and rode to join the battle's stirring
strife;
But I saw him laid upon the bier, I heard the
widow's moan—
For Death, the unflinching Murderer, claimed her
husband for his own.

I saw an old man crowned with years, his locks
were silvery gray,
He sat in his arm-chair by the fire throughout the
long, long day,
His children and their children came, and round him
fondly pressed,
That by the one they loved so well once more they
might be blessed;
But—that hallowed seat is vacant now, the good old
man is gone—
For Death, the unflinching Murderer, has claimed him
for his own.

And thus we lose all that we love upon this changing
earth,
All that we value most all of the greatest worth,
We revel in the love of friends, we call the treasure
ours,
We listen to glad melody, and tend the sweet pure
flowers;
But, the while we madly love them thus, we find
ourselves alone—
For Death, the unflinching Murderer, claims all
things for his own.

J E N N Y L I N D .

[EARNESTLY desirous of pleasing and gratifying the increasing patrons and readers of the *ELECTIC MAGAZINE*, by offering to them the portraits of distinguished personages and celebrities in eminent positions in the world, we present as an embellishment to our Journal of this month, a portrait of Jenny Lind, whose musical reputation is world-wide; and to one so well known as "The Swedish Nightingale," we need only to add a brief biographical sketch.]

JENNY LIND, (Madame Goldschmidt,) was born October 6, 1821, in the city of Stockholm, where her father was a teacher of languages, and her mother kept a school for young ladies. Her musical capabilities and her sweet voice attracted notice while she was yet very young, and she obtained admission as a pupil into the Musical Academy, where her progress in the art of singing was extremely rapid and satisfactory. At the age of ten years she was introduced on the stage as a performer of juvenile characters, and continued to sing and act in vaudevilles with great applause till about her twelfth year, when the upper notes of her voice became less pleasing, and it was deemed advisable to withdraw her from the stage. After an interval of about four years her voice was found to have recovered its tone, as well as increased in power, and when she made her appearance as Agatha in the opera of "Der Freischütz," she excited the greatest admiration. She was engaged for the opera at Stockholm, and continued to be the leading favorite for three or four years, when she removed to Paris in order to improve herself by taking lessons from Garcia, the celebrated singing-master. After remaining about a year in Paris she was introduced to Meyerbeer, who engaged her for the opera in Berlin. It was however deemed advisable to make some preparatory trials before German audiences. Having returned for a short time to Stockholm to complete her engagement there, she repaired in August 1844 to Dresden, where Meyerbeer was then residing. After performing a few characters there with great success, in the summer of 1845 she attended the fêtes on the Rhine given by the King of Prussia to Queen Victoria, and sang at Frankfurt and Cologne. In the following winter she came out at Berlin, where she excited the highest enthusiasm, as well as subsequently at Vienna, where she made her first appearance in April 1846. On the 4th of May, 1847, she appeared for the first

time at the Opera House, London, as Alice in Meyerbeer's opera of "Roberto il Diavolo," and received the enthusiastic plaudits of an audience crowded to excess. She became the star of the season, filling the house with similar audiences on every night of her appearance. She afterward sang in the provinces, and was again engaged for the following season in London. She also sang at concerts and oratorios. Her concluding performance in London was on the 9th of May, 1849, in "Roberto il Diavolo;" after which she returned to Germany, and while at Lübeck entered into an engagement with Mr. Barnum, the American speculator, to sing in America. She landed at New-York in September 1850. The applause which she received there and in other cities and towns of the United States was quite as great as it had been in Europe. In June, 1851, she concluded her engagement with Mr. Barnum, and commenced a series of concerts on her own account. In the same year, Miss Lind was married to M. Otto Goldschmidt, a skilful performer on the piano-forte. Madame Goldschmidt returned with her husband to Europe in 1852. She has since lived partly in retirement, but has appeared occasionally at concerts in Vienna and elsewhere in Germany, and also in England in the winter of 1855-56. Her voice is a soprano, with a compass of nearly two octaves and a half. The upper notes especially are very clear, delicious in tone, flexible, and perfectly at her command. Her acting was also very perfect, particularly in such characters as Amina in "La Sonnambula," Susanna in "Le Nozze di Figaro," Alice in "Roberto il Diavolo," and several others. The private life of this most celebrated of vocalists has always furnished a high example of moral elevation; but her munificent charities, of which England has received abundantly, have produced a love and veneration for her character as warm as the admiration of her professional talents.

From the Building News.

THE NEW HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT.

MANY of the internal portions of the structure are now completed, and the upper portions of the Victoria and Clock towers are proceeding externally, as rapidly as the season will allow and the hazardous nature of their works will admit of. The scaffolding is now erected to its full height for the setting of the crowning portions of the turrets at the angles of the former tower, and the roof of the latter is nearly completed. In the interior, the Peers' staircase is now finished, and is a perfect gem of architectural design in the style of which it is composed. The spandrels between the ribs of the groining of the roof have been colored blue, of the richest ultramarine, and are studded with golden stars, that relieve the quiet light and shade of the moldings of the roof, which are very judiciously left in one color—that of the stone itself. The bosses, clasping the various intersections of the ribs, are embellished with emblazoned shields, surrounded with foliage in great variety. The Peers' corridor, leading directly to the House of Lords, is now also completed. The roof of this communicating passage is constructed of a pointed arch, the form of which is peculiar to the Tudor period, and is divided into compartments, having stained glass inserted in them, which has at once a pleasing effect, and serves also to light the corridor very effectually.

In the Prince's chamber very great advances have been made. Mr. Gibson's colossal group, representing her Majesty Queen Victoria enthroned, having been placed in position under one of the principal arches on one side of the room, and is now entirely finished. The Queen is represented sitting on a throne, holding the scepter in her right hand, and from her left is suspended a laurel wreath. The Sovereign is supported on the right by a statue of Justice, and on the left by Clemency; the former holds the sword and

balance, and the latter has a sheathed sword in her left hand, and an olive branch, emblematical of peace, in her right. The figure of the Queen is 8 feet high, and those on each side upwards of 7 feet each. The whole are carved from the purest blocks of statuary marble that the quarries of Carrara could afford, and, as a great work of ideal sculpture, deserves great praise. The back of the throne on which the Queen sits is surrounded by lions, expressive of British strength and courage. In front of the footstool are sea-horses, emblematic of dominion on the ocean, and inserted in panels on the three sides of the pedestal are *bassi relievi* of Commerce, Science, and the useful arts, having in the background, in faint relief, the steam-engine, the wires of the electric telegraph, and other representations of useful objects.

Around the walls, in panels prepared for them, eight of Mr. Theed's beautiful works have been fixed, together with two paintings of Edward VI., and Mary in the larger panels above them. The former are exquisite productions of the sculptor's art, and have been successively electrotyped in bronze from the original models. The subjects comprehend respectively, "Edward VI. signing the Charter for Christ's Hospital," "Lady Jane Grey," "Bastion Carbot," "Catherine of Aragon appealing to Henry VIII.," Sir "Walter Raleigh spreading the Cloth for Queen Elizabeth," the "Death of Sir Philip Sydney," "Queen Mary looking back on France," and the "Murder of David Rizzio in the presence of Mary Queen of Scots." The two paintings to which we have adverted are stiff, elaborate, and Holbeinish in their character, and by having a somewhat deep plinth at bottom, somewhat destroy the effect and proportion of the oblong panels in which they were placed.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF NERO.

WHEN Nero learned that he had a master in Galba, he upset the table at which he was seated feasting, dashed to pieces his two most favorite crystal glasses, called for a box of poison, which he was afraid to use, and then rushed into the Servilian gardens to think upon what he should do next. There, or within his sleeping-room, he passed a miserable night; and when at daybreak he found that his guards had not only deserted him, but had carried off the little gold box containing the poison, and even the very covering of his bed, he ran headlong down to the Tiber, where he stopped short on the bank, and slowly walked back again. It was then, barefooted and half-dressed as he was, that he was encountered by the faithful Phaon, who flung a cloak over his shoulders, tied an old handkerchief about his head, hoisted the bewildered wretch on to a horse, and rode away toward a country-house four miles off. In danger of discovery, the fugitive party abandoned their horses, scrambled through thickets, brakes, by-paths, and brambles, and at length reached the neighborhood of the desired asylum. The tender feet of the Emperor were mangled and bloody, despite the care which had been shown by his friend to spread his cloak upon the ground for the ex-Emperor to tread upon. Phaon asked him to conceal himself for a while in a gravel-pit; but Nero declared that it looked too much like a grave, and he was determined not to be buried alive. He sat down under a wall, picked the burrs and brambles from his dress, drank from the hollow of his hand a few drops of water, and sighed over the thought of the draughts he used to imbibe of boiled water made cool again in snow. He was

at length got into the house, where he turned away in disgust from the piece of brown bread which was offered him—his last banquet; drank again a little lukewarm water, flung himself on an old flock bed, and cursed his destiny. They who surrounded him counseled him to make an end quickly; and thereupon he had a grave made before him to his exact measure. He ordered sundry preparations to be made for his funeral, commanded water for the washing of his body, wood for the pile, expressed a hope that they who survived him would allow his head to remain on his body, and he then burst into an agony of tears at the thought, as he said, of what a clever fellow the world was about to lose: "*Qualis artifex pereo!*" was his exclamation. It was not his only one. He cited lines from various Greek and Latin authors as applicable to his situation; and when reproached for dallying so long before he put himself to death, very appositely and naturally inquired if any one present was willing to show him the way by setting him the example. He then made a few more pedantic quotations, and finally, with trembling hands, put the dagger to his throat. He would have held it there long enough had it not been for Epaphroditus, who grasped his hands and forced the weapon into his throat. The terror of the ex-monarch was fixed on his features after death. But even *he* had friends; five thousand crowns were expended on his funeral pile, on which his body was laid in a splendid silk coverlet. A couple of his old nurses collected his ashes, and an Imperial concubine accompanied them in the task of solemnly depositing the remains in the tomb of the Domitii.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

LIFE PICTURES: From a Pastor's Note-Book. By ROBERT TURNBULL, Author of CHRIST IN HISTORY, THE GENIUS OF SCOTLAND, ETC. New-York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1857. Pp. 342.

THE name and reputation of Robert Turnbull as an author is a sufficient guarantee that a book from

his pen is worth having and worth reading, because written to improve the mind and mend the heart in the best sense. The life pictures in this volume comprise thirteen graphic moral paintings, whose lineaments stand out in bold relief to the eye of the mind, so as to be seen and felt by reflection on the retina of the heart. The main object of the book seems to be, so to throw the strong light of vivid experimental truth

in its burning sunbeams upon the gloomy clouds of doubt, skepticism, and infidelity, as to make them flee away from minds over which they have been brooding like birds of night. In this regard, and with this object in view, the author has done a good service, and made a good and useful book, which we hope will be read by all skeptical minds, and by those who are not so.

GRACE TRUMAN; OR, LOVE AND PRINCIPLE. By Mrs. SALLIE R. FORD. New-York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. St. Louis: William Crowell: Louisville: Kirk & Clark. 1857. Pp. 500. With a portrait of the Author.

This is a book of twenty-four chapters. It has no preface, no preliminary remarks or introduction; but plunges at once in *medias res*. It begins with a wedding; which, in the estimation of most persons, is the grand climacteric of human life, and of all stories, religious, romantic, or otherwise; and conducts the reader through various scenes and phases in life's journey till its final close. The book is imbued with a strong religious element, prominent in which is the mode of baptism, which is freely discussed. This volume seems to be the author's first book—a sort of first love, and judging from the engraved expression of her countenance, she has a mind of her own, and intends to use it energetically in expressing her views of religion and of life, in that frank, outspoken language which she seems to command, and frequently sparkle, *fortiter in re*, if not *suaviter in modo*.

CHILDHOOD, ITS PROMISE AND TRAINING. By W. W. EVERTS. New-York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., 115 Nassau street. 1857. Pp. 271.

We note with pleasure the publication of any new book, well written and digested, whose object is the proper religious and physical training of the young. "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined;" and he performs a good and useful service who adds to the stock of knowledge as to the best mode of training the young of our species for the duties and activities of life in this world, and a glorious immortality in the next. The pastoral experiences of Mr. Everts fits him to write such a book, which he has divided into two parts. The first is happily illustrated by that only perfect exemplar ever seen on earth—the childhood of Jesus. The second part is forcibly illustrated by a parable of the voyage of life. The fancied point of departure is the port and metropolitan bay of the Western World, and Childhood, "the narrows" of life, through which the miniature man sails out into the broad ocean to encounter the perils of life.

C. S. FRANCIS & Co. have reprinted from the second London edition, "Bacon's Essays, with Annotations by Richard Whateley, D.D.," who, in his preface, says: "Having been accustomed to write down, from time to time, such observations as occurred to me on several of Bacon's Essays, and also to make references to passages in various books which relate to the same subjects, I have been induced to lay the whole before the public in an edition of these Essays. And in this I have availed myself of the assistance of a friend, who, besides offering several valuable suggestions, kindly undertook the task of revising and arranging the loose notes I had written down, and adding, in foot-notes, explanations of obsolete words and phrases." The volume is a thick octavo of over five hundred pages.

A NEW KIND OF FORAGE.—Prince Schwarzenberg has lately made successful experiments in some of his farms for converting the leaves of the ash-tree into forage for cows. About fifty pounds of the leaves were, in October last, arranged in a tub with alternate layers of salt, and kept covered until the beginning of March, when they were taken out, mixed with chopped rye-straw, and given to the cows. The new food appeared so palatable to them that they would select the leaves with the greatest avidity, leaving the straw untouched. The leaves were then given to them without any mixture, and were eaten with the same relish.

MIRAGE.—The curious phenomenon of mirage was lately witnessed at Simand, near Arad, in Hungary, when St. Martin, a village three miles distant, became distinctly visible to the astonished inhabitants of the former place; so distinctly, indeed, that not only the houses, but also the people walking in the streets, could be distinguished, all of colossal size. The inscriptions on the tombstones of the Jewish cemetery were perfectly legible. The apparition lasted about thirty-five minutes, and then faded away. The ignorant multitude interpreted it as a sign of the end of the world, which they confidently expect to take place on the 13th of June.

THE ELM DESTROYER.—This insect, known to naturalists under the name of *Scolytes destructor*, is a most dangerous enemy to the chief ornament of public walks. It is a small beetle, scarcely two lines in length, and is generated under the bark, which it undermines in every direction, thus causing the death of the tree by intercepting the circulation of the sap. Most of the fine elms of the Champs Elysées are ravaged by this insect, and means are now being resorted to save them from certain destruction, by peeling off the old bark. Dr. E. Robert one of the members of the Commission Scientifique du Nord, has, by numerous experiments, ascertained that the whole cortical system may be regenerated by this method. The larvae contained in the bark are thus removed, and the insects in their perfect state destroyed.

DEATH OF H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER. —WHITEHALL, April 30: This morning, at a quarter after five o'clock, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, aunt to her Most Gracious Majesty, departed this life at Gloucester House, to the great grief of her Majesty and of the royal family.

"GLOUCESTER HOUSE, April 30.

"Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester expired, without suffering, at a quarter after five this morning.

"FRANCIS HAWKINS, M.D.

"EDWARD H. HILLS."

In accordance with the desire of the late duchess, the funeral procession will be conducted in a comparatively private manner. With the exception of the presence of a detachment of the Life Guards to escort the funeral cortège to the terminus of the Great Western, Paddington, nothing beyond the ordinary display observable at the funeral of a private individual will take place.

Orders were received this morning at Windsor for the opening of the Royal mausoleum in St. George's Chapel. The remains of the illustrious deceased will be placed by the side of her royal husband.

The bell of the numerous churches in the metropolis tolled during the day, and at the Royal churches the bells rang muffled peals.

The tradesmen at the west-end had their shops partially closed out of respect to the memory of her late Royal Highness, whose private virtues and many charities endeared her to persons in every rank of life.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Mary, Duchess of Gloucester and Edinburgh in the Peerage of Great Britain, and Countess of Connaught in that of Ireland, the fourth daughter of King George III. and Queen Charlotte, was born the 26th April, 1776. She was a lady of great personal attractions, clever, and most amiable. Miss Burney, in her famous *Memoirs*, speaks of her as "the lovely Princess Mary." The Princess was married, the 22d July, 1816, to her first cousin, Prince William Frederick, second Duke of Gloucester and Edinburgh, and Earl of Connaught, a Field Marshal in the Army, who died on the 30th November, 1834, without issue, when his titles became extinct. The Duchess of Gloucester was appointed Ranger and Keeper of Richmond New Park, by letters patent, on the 38th October, 1850. The widowed Duchess, though latterly far advanced in years, still enjoyed and saw society, of which she had been a charm during her whole life. She was continually visited by her Royal niece and other illustrious relatives, and she may be said to have died in the very midst of her august and much beloved kindred.

THE VELOCITY AND COLORS OF LIGHTNING.—The lightning of the first two classes does not last for more than one thousandth part of a second; but a less duration in passing than one millionth part of a second is attributed to the light of electricity of high tension. In comparison with this velocity, the most rapid artificial motion that can be produced appears repose. This has been exemplified by Professor Wheatstone, in a very beautiful experiment. A wheel made to revolve with such celerity as to render its spokes invisible, is seen for an instant with all its spokes distinct, as if at rest, when illuminated by a flash of lightning, because the flash had come and gone before the wheel had time to make a perceptible advance. The color of lightning is variously orange, white, and blue, verging to violet. Its hue appears to depend on the intensity of electricity and height in the atmosphere. The more electricity there is passing through the air in a given time, the whiter and more dazzling is the light. Violet and blue-colored lightnings are observed to be discharged from the storm-clouds high in the atmosphere, where the air is rarefied and analogous. The electric spark made to pass through the receiver of an air-pump exhibits a blue or violet light in proportion as the vacuum is complete.—*Peterman's Physical Geography.*

DR. KANE.—Dr. William Elder, of this city, is now engaged in writing a memoir of the late Doctor Elisha Kent Kane. It can scarcely fail to prove, not only a striking and picturesque narrative of the career of the intrepid adventurer, but also an intelligent delineation of his character, which was more bright and beautiful than the funeral orations and eulogies have told. Christendom, at present, knows nothing of the life of the man now so famous for his deeds. It is the story of that life that we may expect to read in this forthcoming memoir. The public actions of an individual, however admirable, are little in comparison with his noble private qualities. It is Sidney, passing the cup of water from his thirsting lips to the dying soldier at Zutphen, that adds

love to the admiration we give to the historic Sidney of the court and the battle-field; and in like manner, the private generosity and compassion, the self-forgetfulness, the self-sacrifice, and the thousand nobilities which were revealed in Dr. Kane's daily intercourse and relations with his fellow-men, and which the world can not honor only because it does not know, are more to us than the calm intrepidity that dared the dangers and endured the horrors of the Arctic shores and seas. Something of this, the memoir may make known to us. If it prove to be what we expect it will, it can not but add a deeper feeling to our present apprehension of the life and character of one whose epitaph seems most fitly written in the words of the old ballad:

"He was a true and gentle knight—
Ah! well-a-day! Amen."

TURKISH POETRY.—Under the title "Conseils de Nabi Effendi à son fils Aboul Khair," M. de Courteille, Professor of Turkish in the College de France at Paris, has brought out a translation of a poem of Nabi, one of the most distinguished poets of Turkey, who was born under Murad IV., about the year 1632. The translation is pronounced by competent Oriental scholars to be well executed. It treats of religion, the duties of man, science, virtue, the phenomena of nature, and numerous other objects.

THE German papers report the death of Prof. Karl August Hahn, of the University of Vienna, one of the greatest old German scholars belonging to the school of the Grimms and Karl Lachmann. Prof. Hahn was born in 1807, at Heidelberg. This, after the recent death of Prof. von der Hagen, is another heavy loss to that branch of sciences of which Prof. Hahn was one of the chief authorities.

M. W. DODD publishes "Marriage as it Is and as it Should Be," by Rev. John Bayley, a neat 16mo volume, relating to the nature and importance of marriage, the duties of husbands, wives, and parents, etc. The author, "encouraged by the favor with which the public have received a previous work on another subject, and with a grateful sense of the kindness of his friends, offers this humble contribution to the religious literature of the day, in the hope that it may be acceptable to the friends of morality and religion, and with a fervent prayer that it may be attended by the blessing of heaven in every family where it may find a kindly reception."

D. APPLETON & Co. have reprinted in two neat duodecimo volumes, "The Life of Charlotte Brontë," by Mrs. E. C. Gaskell. The volumes are illustrated with a fac-simile of Miss Brontë's manuscript, a portrait, and a view of Haworth Church and Parsonage. The biography includes sketches of the members of the family of the authoress of "*Jane Eyre*," and will prove of great interest to all the admirers of the distinguished novelist.

TICKNOR & FIELDS have published a neat edition, in blue and gold, of Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women," reprinted from the last London edition, "containing many corrections, and some additions, which the Author hopes may be deemed improvements." The volume is uniform with the works of Longfellow and Tennyson, recently issued by the same firm.

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